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LIFE AND LABOURS

OF THE

REV. FOSSEY TACKABERRY;

WITH

NOTICES OF METHODISM IN IRELAND.

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BY THE REV. ROBERT HUSTON.

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SECOND EDITION, REVISED AND IMPROVED.

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PREFACE.

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Soon after it pleased God, in His mysterious Providence, to call away my much-loved friend and brother, MR. TACKABERRY, the idea of publishing a memoir of him arose in my mind. His mother having committed to me his voluminous letters, (which, with some addressed to myself, supply a continuous narrative of his life and labours,) ministerial brethren encouraged me to undertake the task; and, through a strong desire to perpetuate and extend, if possible, the usefulness of one whose name and memory are dear to many, the idea at last assumed the form of a resolution, awaiting its fulfilment only till time and circumstances should permit. Amidst the pressures of deep domestic anxiety and of public duties and cares, I have done what I could to execute the purpose thus formed.

The generous confidence implied in the act by which Mr. Tackaberry's venerable mother confided to me his familiar correspondence, is grateful to my feelings. It is right also to say, that otherwise I could never have undertaken the task proposed. It is my pleasing duty to acknowledge that the compilation has been assisted by communications from his aunt Morris, of St. Louis;

from the Rev. James S. Waugh, of Skibbereen; the Rev. George Grant, of Limerick; and the Rev. William Reilly, of Queenstown.

For two reasons I have aimed to make Mr. Tackaberry, to a large extent, his own biographer. First, because, from the friendship subsisting between us, I supposed that some might consider me unduly partial, had I spoken of him as strongly and fully as I believed consistent with truth; and, secondly, the high esteem in which he was held on every Circuit where he laboured induced the persuasion that *his own words* will be read with the greatest interest and profit,—thus constraining those who admired and loved him to feel, while they say, “HE BEING DEAD, YET SPEAKETH.”

May it please the Father of mercies and God of all comfort to sanction the publication with His blessing!

*Armagh.*

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# THE LIFE AND LABOURS

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## THE REV. FOSSEY TACKABERRY.

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#### INTRODUCTORY.

MOVED by the charity which beareth, believeth, hopeth, endureth all things, and never faileth, the Wesleyan Conference, held in Dublin, July 6, 1799, appointed Gideon Ouseley and Charles Graham as Missionaries to the aboriginal Irish. This charity was more than human compassion—it was the love of Christ constraining them. The appointment was made at the urgent request of an Englishman, the Rev. Thomas Coke, LL.D., President of the Irish Conference that year. He had recently established Missions in Nova-Scotia, New-Brunswick, Newfoundland, and the West Indies; and Ireland also was written upon the Doctor's heart. He therefore formed a plan for introducing the Gospel among the benighted Romish peasantry, by Irish-speaking Missionaries; a plan deemed impracticable by many, considering the character of the people, and the then state of the country; but which, overruling a

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host of objections, and surmounting formidable difficulties, he carried into execution with his usual decision and energy. This Prince of Missionaries, as he has been sometimes called, like the Founder of Methodism himself, fervently longed for the evangelization of Ireland. "O, labour," he writes to Mr. David Gordon, one of the Preachers, "to kindle the same glorious flame in Birr as the Lord blessed us with in Dublin!" He lived to rejoice in witnessing such a flame throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Further evidence of the lively and affectionate interest taken by the Doctor in Ireland is furnished by the following extract from a communication addressed by him to the Rev. Thomas Ridgeway, a few years after the commencement of the Irish Mission:—"My long silence may, perhaps, lead you to imagine that my love for the brethren and the work in Ireland has abated. But I do assure you it is far from being so: for, though I should be reluctant to trust any being with a full view of my heart, but Him who views it through the medium of the atoning blood, and whose candour is infinite; yet I should have no scruple to consent, if it were possible, that you should see every winding of my heart in respect to Ireland, for you would see there nothing but love.....Nothing has been neglected which could forward the work carried on by the Irish Missionaries. It rejoices my very heart that your union with the English Conference is now so closely riveted. May it increase more and more in everything consistent with the essential interests of the work in Ireland. ....I do most sincerely pray that our heavenly Father may unite the Methodists of East and West Britain in indissoluble bonds in this world and to all

eternity." These pages will show how the zeal thus manifested for the welfare of Ireland led to the conversion and subsequent usefulness of FOSSEY TACKABERRY. But the Doctor's philanthropy was unconfined. One of the five Missionaries who accompanied him to India mentioned to me, that every morning on the passage he was wont to sing,—

"To me remains no place or time—  
My country is in every clime;  
I can be calm and free from care  
On any shore, since God is there;  
For regions none remote I call,  
Secure of finding God in all."

The Mission of Ouseley and Graham was opportune. The country was convulsed the previous year by a sanguinary rebellion. Recent events encouraged such an outbreak. The American colonies, now the United States, had been declared independent by the British Government in 1783, after a sharp but fruitless struggle to maintain possession of them. The French, who aided the Americans in that war, gave flattering accounts, on their return, of the new Republic. The people at once thought they saw a nation free and wise; and, excitable and inconstant, they soon gave practical and dread development to their ideas of liberty and equality, by beheading their King. Louis XVI. was led to the scaffold on the 21st of January, 1793. Then followed the French Republic. The chief political leaders and instigators of the Irish rebellion had imbibed American and French principles, having personally visited those countries. Lord Edward Fitzgerald fought under the Marquis of Cornwallis in the War of Independence; Wolfe Tone's connexion with the French envoy

obliged him to quit his native country, and in 1796 we find him an accredited agent in a correspondence between the French Directory and the United Irishmen. Emmet was a determined Republican, trained in the same school; Henry and John Shears resided in Paris during the Reign of Terror, and, on their return home, boldly promulgated their revolutionary principles. Keogh had served in the American war.

Close students of human nature, and observant of passing occurrences, the Methodist Conference could distinguish between the motives and aims of the various parties concerned in the insurrection of 1798. The object of France was to humble Britain, to weaken her power, to lessen her resources. Corsica had been again taken by the English; and Napoleon, in his pride and resentment, reluctantly spared a few thousands of the armies of Italy and of the Rhine—meagre and wan from severe hardships—to undertake, under General Humbert, an expedition to Ireland. The separation of Ireland from England; the organization of an Irish republic after the American or French model; but ultimately the acquisition of territory, and an increase of power and glory, incited France to this aggression.\*

Pure and disinterested patriotism was rare among the Irish insurgents; not, indeed, in profession, but in practice. The political leaders concealed personal and selfish objects under the cloak of nationality, and, like others in later days, traded upon the simplicity and

\* "Recollect America," said this General in one of his manifestoes, "free from the moment she wished to be so. Union! Liberty! the Irish Republic!"—MAXWELL.

credulity of the populace to serve themselves. "While they promised them liberty, they themselves were the servants of corruption."\*

A careful reader of that portion of Irish history will soon perceive that nothing was farther from the intention of these men, generally, than to establish Popery. Rather was it their deep-seated purpose to overthrow all forms of what they regarded as despotism. Emmet was, by his own avowal, a determined infidel. The Clergyman who attended him, after sentence of death had been pronounced, vainly tried to eradicate his erroneous opinions: all arguments were unavailing. While proceeding to the place of execution, Emmet listened for a short time patiently: then he replied, "I appreciate your motives, and thank you for your kindness; but you merely disturb the last moments of a dying man unnecessarily. I am an infidel from conviction, and no reasoning can shake my unbelief."

The French invaders did not care to hide their contempt for the superstitions of Rome. When, at Castlebar, a drunken Priest asked the General's permission

\* The great modern "agitator," who so frequently eulogized the Irish as the "finest peasantry in the world," and Ireland as "the first gem of the sea," after having replenished his coffers for many years by a national "rent," at his death bequeathed his *heart* to Rome! The patriot-poet, whose statue was recently inaugurated in College Green, Dublin, demonstrates his admiration of Irish scenery,—unequalled in "this wide world,"—and his love for his fellow-countrymen, by luxuriating among English aristocracy; while another, the fiery editor of "The Nation," evinces his ardent and undying patriotism by going to Australia in quest of personal wealth and honour! What an impressive contrast between such love of fatherland and that of Jeremiah, Nehemiah, Daniel, or Paul!

to celebrate mass in the Protestant church, Humbert laughed, and replied, that "he might say mass where he pleased, provided that he did not require him to attend it." The men openly boasted that they had just driven the Pope out of Italy, and did not expect to find him so suddenly in Ireland; and the officers were astonished and disgusted to hear the recruits declare, when offering their service, that they were come to take arms for France and *the blessed Virgin*. The ruling idea of these adventurers, and of their leading political allies in the country, was the overthrow of the British monarchy, and the establishment of a democratic form of government.

The object of the ecclesiastical leaders was not to substitute monarchy by oligarchy or democracy,—except so far as either mode might subserve their ultimate purposes,—but to extirpate what they called heresy, and to make the Pope supreme ruler. This design soon being made patent in the proceedings of the Wexford Priests, nominal Protestants, with republican predilections, like Bagenal Harvey, became the subjects, first of alarm and trepidation, and then of mortification and despair. The horrible atrocity at Scullabogue barn, where a large number of Protestants, men, women, and children, were burned to death by the express orders of a Priest, having provoked expressions of displeasure from that *lay* General, the presumption was punished by his deposition from the command. Father Corrin did not interpose to save the lives of Protestants at Wexford Bridge until many had been massacred. This seeming act of mercy was only performed when certain information reached the town that Vinegar-Hill was encompassed by the King's

troops. His interference just then would be a natural expedient to save his own head.

The Romish peasantry can scarcely be said to have had different aims from those of their ghostly advisers. It may be that some of them hoped for temporal advantage when the republican doctrine of equality in rank and property should come into operation. Their chief business, according to their instructions, was to exterminate Protestantism, and thereby to merit heaven. That great Irish evangelist, Ouseley, was ever more disposed to pity than to blame *the people*. "God forgive the Priests," he used to pray, well-knowing that the guilt of Irish ignorance and crime lay chiefly at their door. The populace—undiscerning, excitable, trained from childhood to commit their judgment, conscience, and will to the keeping of others—have too often been made the tools and dupes of designing demagogues. And yet a Romish Prelate of '98 insinuates that the people were the instigators of the Rebellion, and that the Priests, to retain their popularity and secure a livelihood, were forced to comply with the popular will!

As to the part acted in those tragic scenes by the Presbyterians of Ulster, it was easy to foresee that their union with the heretic-hating Southernns could neither be cordial nor of long continuance. The connexion existing between the North of Ireland and the States of America was affectionate and intimate. The colonies and the Northern Protestants were united by ties of blood. From almost every homestead persons had emigrated, for as yet the tide of Popish expatriation had scarcely begun to flow; and, although under different skies, the breasts of parents, brothers, and

children were panting for like freedom. Those, therefore, who, in other circumstances, might have regarded the distant struggle with apathy, ardently sympathized with the revolted colonies, and openly exulted when they gained their independence. Whether this disaffection to England was originated or fostered by the remembrance of persecutions endured by their ancestors under the Second Charles, or whether it is to be traced exclusively to the cause above assigned, is a question which it does not comport with the design of this volume to discuss. The fact itself is matter of painful history. Still, nothing could be more distant than their principles and objects from those of the Southern conspirators. Religious bigotry—a fond hope of making Papal rule predominant and universal—was, in the one case, the actuating spring; in the other, a desire for organic change in the Home Government, and its assimilation to the American model, is apparent. It were well if those Ulster Presbyterians who joined that unholy alliance had pondered the fact, that the spirit and designs of the Church of Rome were the same in 1798 as in the days of George Wishart and Cardinal Beaton; and that the British monarchy had changed its principles since the time that the insane attempt was made to force Episcopacy upon Scotland by sword and gibbet. In proportion as the designs of Popery and Infidelity were developed, Northern zeal cooled. French atheists, Romish enthusiasts, Irish patriots, and Protestant republicans, like the materials of the great image, (Dan. ii.,) could not cohere.

A year after the Methodist Irish Mission had been appointed, the Act was passed constituting Great Britain and Ireland “the United Kingdom.” This Act gave a



death-blow to the hopes of those who had fondly dreamed of separation and independence for a country whose resources and capabilities for self-government existed more in imagination than reality. Numerous facts proved that, had the daring enterprise recently attempted been successful, the yoke ready to be imposed was the ecclesiastical—that of Rome, the most grinding and degrading form of human tyranny. The heavy blow thus given to Utopian schemes, and the consequent subsidence of political excitement, favoured the spread of the Gospel. The land was weary of projects, wars, and commotions, fruitless of everything but disappointment and misery.

Men now began, with a renewal of confidence, to return to their former pursuits. The North was tranquillized; the manufacturer, the agriculturist, the merchant, resuming the shuttle, the spade, the counter. The insurgent Presbyterians, with few exceptions, had thoroughly detected the anti-Protestant, foreign, and anti-national designs treacherously hidden under the guise of liberty, and had become sincere converts to the solid advantages secured to the community by a nicely-balanced and well-ordered Constitution. In other parts of the kingdom the embers smouldered, though the flame was extinguished: the sea heaved after the storm had subsided.

Martial law continued in force till March, 1799. This explains a measure adopted by Dr. Coke, at the ensuing Conference, to facilitate the Mission of Ouseley and Graham. He procured an order for their protection from the Marquis Cornwallis, then Lord-Lieutenant, addressed to all the civil and military authorities. The manner of the appointment was as wise as it was benevo-

lent. They were not confined to a Circuit, but at full liberty to travel through the whole land; to fill Ireland with their doctrine. The permission given by the Government to all the Preachers of the Connexion to exercise their ministry during the insurrection, was no small expression of confidence in their loyalty.

The chief agents employed in the earlier Irish Mission were remarkably fitted for their work. The first of these, THOMAS WALSH, appointed by Mr. Wesley himself, was fluent in the Irish tongue, which sometimes saved his life; and remarkable not only for sanctity, tender pity for the blind led by the blind in the Church of Rome, (to which he had formerly belonged,) cogency of argument, and aptness of illustration, but also for the earnestness of his manner, and the frequency of his appeals to Divine authority. Once that Mr. Tackaberry visited Wexford, he went to see an aged woman, who, as he understood, had been personally acquainted with him. At the mention of his name, her countenance brightened, and her manner became animated. "What do you know," she asked, "about Thomas Walsh?" "Why, I have read his Memoirs with pleasure and profit." "O! but I *knew* him," she added, with deep emotion. "Well, and what sort of preacher was he?" "O, he was the preacher!" "Yes; but what was the character of his preaching?" "O, it was he who knew how to preach! In the middle of his sermon, he used to clasp his hands in an agony of prayer that the people might be converted *now*; and, under his ministry, God saved *my* soul." His habit was, she said, to demonstrate the doctrines he taught by numerous and forcible quotations from the word of God.\*

\* It is related of Mr. Walsh, that, in the midst of severe study,

None of these evangelists, perhaps, equalled OUSELEY in tact for addressing promiscuous multitudes in the open air. An instance of such tact, of which I was an eye and ear witness, occurred one Sabbath evening in the town of Drogheda. Leaving his hat in the Tholsel, and standing on the steps, he commenced singing a hymn. Soon a crowd gathered around, chiefly Romanists. The last verse he sung was,—

“To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Who sweetly all agree  
To save a world of sinners lost,  
Eternal glory be!”

“Now,” he said, in familiar style, “you all believe that: whatever religion you are of, you believe there’s a God? I know you do. Ay, and you believe in the Trinity; that there are three Persons in one God? To be sure, you do. And you’ve all made a covenant with that one God in your baptism, whatever Church you belong to, that you’d renounce the devil and all his works. I’m come here to put you in mind of it; to get you to keep your covenant, and be true to God. And if you keep your covenant, what altered times we’ll have! what happy times we’ll have! Then we’ll have

regardless of bodily weakness and suffering, he was wont to rise and sing,—

“O Love, how cheering is thy ray!  
All pain before thy presence flies;  
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,  
Where’er thy healing beams arise:  
O Jesu! nothing may I see,  
Nothing desire, or seek, but Thee!”

Such an apostrophe to incarnate Love, and at such times, furnishes no slender proof of his high attainments in holiness, and qualifications for the office of the Christian ministry.

no more cursing and swearing; then, no more people will be seen rolling drunk through the streets on a Sunday." Here a man in the crowd shouted, "The devil *thrust* you with a glass yourself, if you had it." At this the Preacher seemed horrified. "O! O!" he cried: "did you hear that man? did you hear him blaspheming in the open day? Look," said he, pointing with his finger, "there he is!" The man held down his head abashed, and gave no further interruption. The Missionary proceeded in the same strain until he uttered a sentiment to which a woman, who stood beside me, objected with great earnestness in Irish. Turning toward her with surprise and displeasure, he exclaimed, "O! did you hear that woman? Did you hear what she said? She's drunk this time o' day! There she is: look at her!" She said no more until, at the close, she observed with much emotion, in my hearing, "Well, that's the best sermon I ever heard!" Mr. Ouseley concluded an address of about twenty-five minutes by repeating the Lord's Prayer. As he bowed, and was going to get his hat, a man cried out, "You forgot the 'Hail Mary:' why didn't you say the 'Hail Mary?'" Mr. Ouseley turned upon him with fervent indignation: "How dare you speak so disrespectfully of the blessed Virgin? You're very impertinent. How dare you?"—a rebuke which seemed to meet with universal approbation.

The sincere reverence with which he was wont to speak of "the blessed Mary" procured him many a respectful hearing. I was present on another occasion, in the town of Granard, when he announced for his text, Mark xvi. 15, 16. The congregation, chiefly Romanists, filled all the available rooms of an un-

tenanted house. His divisions were bold, and rather polemical:—

I. What sort of men did Christ send to preach His Gospel?

II. What was it they preached? The Gospel.

III. The effects which followed.

The difficulty was to discuss the subject inoffensively, and yet not shun to declare the whole counsel of God. In answering the first question, he went on to say that the men who got the commission in the text were not horse-racers, card-players, or drunkards; leaving his congregation to make their own inferences concerning immoral Ministers and Priests. In explaining the second point, he bore heavily upon *tradition*, without once naming it. The Gospel they preached was the inspired and *written* Gospel. “Now,” he said, addressing himself to the mothers present, “if your child was sick, you’d send for the doctor, wouldn’t you? To be sure you would. Well, the doctor comes; you describe the child’s symptoms, and he begins to prescribe. ‘Give it this; don’t give it that; in so many hours give it the other; and in so long a time after repeat it again.’ But you will say, ‘I’m afraid I’ll forget it, doctor: *write it down*, if you please.’” Here there was a loud murmur through the congregation; for they perceived his drift, and there was reason to fear for his personal safety: but he contrived to introduce the name of the Virgin Mary at the moment with an expression of respectful regard. The ferment subsided immediately, and he finished without serious interruption.

The zeal of this evangelist never cooled. In old age it retained all the quenchless ardour of youth; and

it was the pure flame of love—love to the erring and the deceived, especially in Ireland. Once that he was at the Mission-house in London, he was asked in the Committee to engage in prayer for two Missionaries just appointed to the foreign field. A few petitions were devoted to them, when, forgetting all other topics, he poured out his soul, in agonizing earnestness, for his “poor country.” Another visit which he paid to Drogheda will furnish an instructive example of this undiminished zeal. This was in his seventy-third year. After preaching in the chapel on a Sabbath evening, he announced that he would preach there again next morning at seven o’clock. By mistake, he was at the gate an hour before the time. He went to the Tholsel to ascertain the hour correctly: I followed, and found him preaching to the labourers who were waiting to be hired. And here an incident occurred, illustrative of his calm trust in the distinguishing care of Divine Providence. A large sea-shell, flung with violence from a window opposite, fell at his feet with fearful crash. He continued his address unmoved, and without caring to notice it. As we returned to the chapel, I said, “Mr. Ouseley, that shell would have inflicted serious injury had it struck you: it was within half-a-yard of hitting you.” Making the usual motion with his finger, “An inch,” he replied, “is as good as a mile!” He kept his appointment at seven.

As he advanced in life, the overthrow of Popery became his absorbing desire—it might almost be said, his single aim; and the “ruling passion” was “strong in death.” This feature is distinctly marked by the Rev. William Reilly, in his excellent “Memorial” of him. A brother from the country visited the venerable Mis-

sionary in his last illness. The permission to pray was readily given. As he earnestly supplicated that God might graciously sustain His suffering servant, and administer to him an abundant entrance into heaven, Mr. Ouseley interposed, saying, "Stop, dear! Pray—pray that I may live to see an end of that fell apostasy!"

Rough in his exterior; sound in his physical constitution; overflowing in compassion for the millions oppressed and ruined by priestly cupidity and despotism; thoroughly enlightened in his opposition to doctrinal Popery, as embodied in the Trent Canons; chary of politics; decisive in purpose; fearless of danger; ever on the aggressive; superabundant in labours; preaching occasionally six times a day, "in and out," as himself used to phrase it; unmoved by appalling difficulties, like another "Great Heart;" and withal, a refreshing example of patient continuance in well-doing,—he was the Martin Luther of the Irish Reformation.\*

\* "Fearless of danger."—The following is an illustration: Once that he visited a town in the South, where Romanism predominated, he sent round the bellman, as he was wont, to announce preaching in the evening. As he walked through the town, Mr. Ouseley heard the bellman mumbling the announcement indistinctly, evidently under apprehension for his personal safety. Displeased and annoyed, the Missionary went over, took the bell out of his hand, and began to ring, exclaiming with stentorian voice, "This is to give you notice, that Gideon Ouseley, the Irish Missionary, is to preach this evening in such a place, at such an hour. *And I'm the man myself!*"

"Super-abundant in labours."—Some of these labours were hortatory addresses to companies of persons whom he met as he journeyed from place to place. For instance: Travelling along one day, he met a number of men cutting turf. "What's that you're doing, boys?" "Cutting turf, Sir." "Why don't you leave it till

Scarcely inferior—in some respects superior—was CHARLES GRAHAM, his early companion in labour and travel; a man whose memory is worthy of all honour, and to whose character, as an Irish evangelist, there is reason to hope justice will yet be done.

Mr. Graham was eminently spiritual, a good man, full of the Holy Ghost and of faith. Toward the close of his ministry, he was in the habit of making a pastoral visit monthly, at midday, to the family of Mr. Morris, of Ballycanew. The last time he called, there was such extraordinary power and unction in his prayer, that Mrs. Morris inquired, “Mr. Graham, is your soul nearer to God than usual?” “O, yes!” he replied, “much nearer.” She never saw him more.

In him, also, abhorrence to Romish delusions, pity for the deluded, and indignation against the deluders, fervently commingled. Preaching once in a village, he took for his text, “Why stand ye here all the day idle?” Not caring to spend long time in demonstrating what was the original scope of the parable, he proceeded to make a practical use of the pointed interrogatory, by showing who might be considered “idle.” Having instanced other examples, “This morning,” he said, “as I was riding here to preach, I was overtaken by a man galloping furiously to go for the Priest.” Then, after pausing, he exclaimed with energy, “He was idle!”

His regular custom was, when on the Newtownbarry Mission, to preach in the markets weekly. In this work he had trial of cruel mockings, with various

Christmas?” “Till Christmas, Sir? Sure we couldn’t cut turf at Christmas.” He then gave them an impressive exhortation on the wisdom of securing salvation *now*, and on the folly and danger of delay.



other annoyances. But none of these things moved him. For out-door preaching he was pre-eminently qualified. A penetrating look, a commanding voice, and an authoritative manner, awed, silenced, and fixed the attention of his street-congregations. An instance may be given. At a watch-night in Gorey he published that the Rev. Charles Mayne would preach in the street the next day. The time arrived, but the crowd yelled, and some began to stone the Preacher. Unable to proceed, that mild and amiable Minister said, "If you keep quiet, I'll preach;" but in vain. Here Mr. Graham stood up, and, stretching out his hand, cried, with stentorian voice, "Mark him that throws! mark him that throws!" He then gave them a brief, pointed, affectionate exhortation on the fall of man, the desperate wickedness of the human heart, the necessity of repentance, and the right method of turning to God: to which they listened with patient attention. Addressing a friend who accompanied him through the street to his lodging, he said, "Mark my words: good will result from this meeting." It was according to his faith. A man, thoroughly awakened to a sense of his condition as a sinner, soon after obtained mercy, became established in grace, and had a church formed in his house. Thus did the hardy husbandman sow without regarding the wind, and thus did God multiply the sower's seed.

Nor was it only by preaching in the highways and hedges, the streets and lanes, that Mr. Graham laboured to bring Romanists to the knowledge of the truth, but by personal argument when opportunity served. His reasonings, in free and friendly discussion, were often irresistible. On one occasion he held a lengthened debate with one, on "Which is the true Church?"

“Now, friend,” said Mr. Graham, at last, “I will ask you one question: If I went next Sunday to the chapel where you attend, and took out of it all the bad people, —the rogues, liars, drunkards, swearers, profligates, &c., —hōw many, think you, would I leave behind?” “Why, Sir,” the man replied, confounded, “if you went so close as that, you would take the Priest off the altar!” An argument more conclusive, because more intelligible, more simple, more palpable than that in Milner’s “End of Controversy!” Two Romanists, who afterwards became able Ministers of the New Testament, in the Wesleyan body, were converted, through grace, from error to truth, from sin to God, by such affectionate demonstrations and appeals in private, on the part of Mr. Graham. He was held in the highest veneration and esteem by those among whom he laboured. His great faithfulness and usefulness as a Preacher, his pastoral spirit and fatherly manner, when on the Mission above named, had so endeared him to the people, that his parting from them bore an almost literal resemblance to that of Paul from the Ephesian elders: “And they all wept sore, and fell on Paul’s neck, and kissed him, sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake, that they should see his face no more.”

The following contrast between him and Ouseley is from the pen of one who had an intimate acquaintance with the men and their communications:—

“The Irish Missionaries most distinguished at any time, were the late Rev. Gideon Ouseley and the Rev. Charles Graham,—men dissimilar in their character and talents, but each inspired with a pure zeal for the truth of Christ, and for the salvation of sinners; and both perfect masters of the Irish language. Mr. Graham

had no pretensions to grammatical knowledge: Mr. Ouseley was a scholar. The former was gifted naturally with the power of persuasion; the latter, with powers of reasoning that were irresistible. The voice of Mr. Graham was soft and musical, and his words flowed like a river that swept all resistance before it: the voice of Mr. Ouseley was sometimes rough and sepulchral, from frequently preaching in the open air; but his eloquence, particularly in the Irish language, was like the torrent that dashed over the impending rock, and spread a verdure and freshness on the vale. Mr. Graham would sometimes, by the natural force of a mind filled with holy truth, bring the Scriptures to bear upon the errors and prejudices of men in a manner that would convince all. Mr. Ouseley, by arguments the most logical, by research varied and extensive, applied to every case and every mind, would stop the mouths of gainsayers, and make even the enemies of truth cry out, 'It's all true, and it's useless to deny it.' During the earlier times of their career, many hundreds of those educated in the errors of the Romish creed were converted from their delusions and sins, and added to the living church of Jesus Christ. Graham laboured until, *as he went to one of his places* from the town of Athlone, the weary wheels of life nearly stood still; his head fell down on his horse's neck, and he was conveyed to his house. In a few days his happy spirit took its flight.

"Ouseley laboured until within a few days of his lamented death. The names of those devoted men have no longer a place in the annals of time; but the remembrance of their zeal, their labours, and their virtues shall be cherished while patriotism and a love of truth shall have a place in our country."

WILLIAM HAMILTON, appointed Missionary to the Province of Ulster in 1804, but called to the Irish Itinerancy in 1788 by the Rev. John Wesley, exhibited a more striking and happy adaptation to the evangelistic work, in some respects, than any of his contemporary fellow-labourers. Could he but have preached in the Irish language, he would have been truly eminent as the Minister of God for good to his countrymen. As it was, he possessed qualities of mind and heart which rendered him everywhere acceptable and useful. Plain and unprepossessing in his personal appearance; unpolished in manner; homely, if not rude, in speech; kindly affectioned to all, especially to the young; ever burning with desire to honour his Divine Master by saving souls from death; he was endowed with an original genius, a sparkling wit, generally exciting the pleasurable emotions—not to say the risibility—of his hearers, and largely subserving the purposes of his Mission. Sententious, pointed, full of familiar and sometimes humorous illustration,—allowable, perhaps, in him, but dangerous to imitate,—his sermons were short, designed for impression, and could not fail to be understood, felt, and remembered.

Originality is manifest in all his epistolary communications. Shortly after I was stationed at Dundalk, (he having spent two years there previously as a Supernumerary,) I received a letter from him, of which the following is an extract:—

“MY DEAR BROTHER,

“I HAVE no personal acquaintance with you; but, as you are a brother chip, I make free to write you a line. I spent two happy years in Dundalk, and love the people there

very much. I hope they are increasing in number and grace; and would be greatly pleased to know it. Sure you will search all the corners of the town, warning every man, and teaching every man, that you may be a general blessing; and don't wait till the people send for you, but run into every house, and say, 'Behold the Lamb.'

"I hope you have left shame and fear behind you, or sent them to hell, where they came from. They are great enemies to Methodist Preachers: they will prevent you from preaching on the street, if they can, at the upper market-house, after church, where you would have a great congregation; and this would help to fill your house in the evening. But the devil, and even some of our old friends there, would not like it. Never ask them; but, like the herald of the Lord, go out with your trumpet, and sound an alarm in that open place. I remember, four-and-forty years ago, in Tralee, when I was but a boy, and had only a small ram's horn, to be up on the street, crying aloud, 'Turn, or burn.' It is true the stones were flying over my head, which is now white, but was never cut yet. Street-preaching should never cease till time is no more.

"I wish you would inquire after Mr. C——'s sister about Forkhill: her son lives next to the inn in Dundalk. Call there. His brother A—— was in Society: follow him. Sit and read for B. G—— sometimes; and if old K—— is out of hell, don't let him into it, if you can. Go out the road through the turn-pike; call at M. M——'s school, and over the hills where I used to go; call with Mr. P——, the old Preacher's son, and in many houses up the road toward B. H——'s, and down Barrack-street, and everywhere

the devil has been; and leave your track behind you. The more you do for God, the better He will like you, and the brighter your crown.

"Perhaps I have cut out as much work for you as you will be able to make up for a while.....

"Yours in sincerity,

"WM. HAMILTON."

The following extracts will place Mr. Hamilton's character more vividly before the reader:—

"MY GOOD BROTHER,

"You live in my affections. My heart is full of the Preachers. I was highly pleased that Mr. Newton preached there in Kilkenny. I have a sermon of his, in the American newspaper sent me by my son, on Phil. iv. 6, 7, well worth a pound-note. May God spare him long to the church!

"Mr. Ouseley and I raised the devil on the street in Kilkenny, about thirty years ago, and the Mayor was brought to lay him. The mob pelted him when he came, and we had to fly to the preaching-house. You are at the Gaelic, you say. You do well to learn all you can, and use it when needful. (See 1 Cor. xiv. 39.) A little of it may be very useful on the streets, and in travelling the road. They would take you for the *sagart* [Priest], and confess, as they have done with me. A newspaper tells me that about 700 of the Papists have turned to Church, about Dingle: so much out of their 'seven millions,' as they say. Babylon must fall.—We had a good class-meeting last Sunday. I was up and over the hills before seven o'clock. I have now seen about eleven years of Sundays, and [am] still more alive to God than ever. I never was a man of sorrows.

I had my trials in common with others, but I endeavoured to sing my cares away :

‘Cheerful and blithe my way pursue,  
And with the promised land in view,  
Singing to God return.’

“Do you keep all the Rules of Society yourself, and insist on the members to do so? The Rules should be read from the pulpit sometimes, and explained, instead of a sermon. Why not?—The Preacher would do well to ask the family where he lodges, one by one, Has he got religion? For I see some in Society not even seeking for it. And inquire if they have family-worship on the week-days.....Alas! there is too much ill-temper in families when the Preacher is not there; and these things should be often hinted at in the congregation. I do not like long sermons or meetings of any kind.....Get acquainted with all you can, make free with every one, and it is a hard turf a warm coal would not kindle.”

The following is a graphic description of the toils, endurances, dangers, and encouragements of our early Irish Missionaries:—

“My hand is stiff, as you see; and, only for a sense of duty, I would hardly write any. When you mentioned Keady, and preaching on the streets there, I remembered that on the road one Sunday, above Keady, the Missionary spirit came upon me, near forty years ago, and in a few minutes I had an opportunity of exercising it, by a crowd coming down the road. So I dismounted, called them to the side of a turf-stack, and preached like an angel—as well as I could. Next day I went to the market of Aughnacloy and preached.

The same spirit has remained with me ever since, and will, I think, to the end. I have been ten years on the Irish Mission, riding through fairs and markets in every part of the kingdom, sometimes shouting, 'Come all of you here! come all of you here!' and, sitting on my saddle, preached with delight; sometimes on, 'The devil has desired to have you;' at other times on, 'Christ died for the ungodly;' but chiefly on, 'Cease to do evil, learn to do well.' I never slept sounder than after a day's work of this kind. I often had to endure cruel mockings, with many a *honomondhoul*, ['your soul to the devil,'] and stones flying: but I watched as well as prayed, and still escaped wonderfully. When up the country I was in most danger, had to get license and carry arms for my defence, after being way-laid by a crowd of Papists, in a lonely place, who started up on all sides, and cried, 'Deliver.' By a strong horse and good spurs I made my way through them; but they beat poor Ouseley greatly.

"In the county Mayo our lodgings were not good. The little kitchen was the cow-house, preaching-house, dining-room, and sometimes bed-chamber and all. If there was a bed-room, I had to pick my steps going to bed, for the wet. Often the dog would come through the hole of the wall, and lie down beyond me; and madam sow, with her family, under the bed. But the blessing of God was with us.....Often, while the people were crying for pardon, the cows had like to break their ties. The conversion of many of the Papists made up for all the trouble.

"Mr. Ouseley has been a blessing to thousands in Ireland. His zeal has stirred up many of the Preachers to open their mouths wider. Methodism is only in its



youth. By the time it is another hundred years old, it will be the glory of the earth. With respect to the jubilee to come, [the Centenary celebration,] I leave that to wiser heads; but I believe it will be a good time. My own soul is often as full of heavenly joy as it can well contain. We serve a good Master: He will soon say, 'Well done!' and then, O how joyful the conqueror's song!.....The Preacher's wife should be the second volume to himself. Mind the outskirts of the town, where I used to be. I suppose you have prayer-meetings among them in the week.

"P.S.—J. F——, intending to be a Priest, I met in the Bullock-land, and put a little book in his hand,—'Alleine's Alarm.' God opened his eyes, and he is now a Clergyman in the Church, in the county Roscommon,—the fruit of the Mission."

The Missionary spirit remained with him, as well as his friend Ouseley, to the end. He heard, with joy, that Mr. Holmes "had made the streets of Newry ring with the sound of his ram's horn," because this was "the way to fill the house with the congregation, and to keep the people from sleeping." He went out himself to the fields, when residing near that town, stood on a great rock every dry Sunday, and ministered to listening crowds. He counselled me earnestly to follow the soldiers, to speak to them on the streets, and to "make haste; for the devil was busy, and would run everywhere." He warned me kindly to keep out of debt; saying, "Much depends on the Preacher's wife in this matter; but I suppose you have the best you could get, in every sense." He urged attention to the children's meeting, because it was "a fine nursery for

the church;" and that young persons should be employed as Missionary and Chapel-Fund collectors. His motto was, "All hands to work for a good Master."

The brother appointed with me to the Dundalk Circuit, a young man of promise, having yielded to discouragement, resolved, almost immediately, to return home. At my instance, Mr. Hamilton wrote to dissuade him from his purpose. The letter will at once be recognised as a true picture of the man, mentally, spiritually, ministerially:—

"MY DEAR BROTHER B——,

"LAST night, I heard that you have thoughts of *grounding your arms*. That is to me a good sign: if you were not likely to be very useful in the church, the devil would rather you should stay in the work; but he is afraid of you, and wishes you to go home. If you would, all the devils in hell would set up a shout, and say, 'See how we chased him off his station!' Forbid it, Lord! My first Circuit was Brookborough—1788. I had not gone twice round till I met the devil, who told me (what was very true) that I was a weak and useless creature, and that it was a shame to impose upon the people by sending such a novice amongst them. I believed all he said, and off I ran, till I was half-way home, and met a good woman who asked me where I was going? I told her. She said it was the devil was hunting me; and turned me back to the work, saying it was like what the devil would do. When W. D—— came to me his second year, in Sligo, he took the same disorder; began to cry one day, said he was not fit for the work, and should go home. I hooted him out of it, dried up his tears, encouraged him, and

he did very well ever since. 'Tis a shame to be cowardly. Take courage; draw your sword like a man, be it long or short, sharp or blunt; and make a flourish, as if you were not afraid, and you'll frighten the fiend to his own hell. Take your harp from the willow, and sing your cares away. You will do as well as you can, and an angel can do no more. If all the Preachers in the Connexion were to look at themselves more than at their Helper, we might all go home; but God is with us, and that is all, and the best of all.

"I will be glad to correspond with you, and help you against your foe. Take your sling—God will put a stone in it; and you'll win the well-fought day.

"Yours affectionately,

"WM. HAMILTON, an Old Soldier.

"To Brother B——, a Young Recruit."

Devoted to God from the age of fourteen; called by the Rev. John Wesley into the Irish Itinerancy; the joyful witness of many blessed revivals of religion; well versed in holy Scripture; apt to teach; earnestly solicitous for the welfare of the young; an ardent lover of his country; vigorous in faith; warm in charity; buoyant in spirit; cheerful in hope; patient in tribulation; William Hamilton finished his self-sacrificing course, his race of glory and of shame, with this refreshing and edifying testimony: "My soul is on the wing. I am very happy. I bless the day that I was born. 'What hath the world to equal this?' I bid its smiles and frowns farewell; for 'angels beckon me away, and Jesus bids me come.' If I could shout that the world might hear, I would tell of the love of God my Saviour. Not a cloud! Victory over death! The sting is taken away! Glory to God!"

The success of the Irish Mission soon rendered necessary an increase in the number of agents. ANDREW TAYLOR was added in 1805. Other estimable men also shared its toils and triumphs. Our design requires that these characteristic notices be closed with him.

Mr. Taylor could not preach in Irish, and yet he was an able and effective Irish Missionary. To suppose that fluency in the native tongue is an absolutely *essential* qualification for an Irish evangelist, is an error. This the career of Messrs. Hamilton and Taylor abundantly proves. It is most desirable—it is invaluable—when found in connexion with piety to God, charity to man, and burning zeal. Before the famine, it is calculated that the Irish-speaking population amounted to 3,000,000. But how many of these understood English more or less? The major part of them. And shall such multitudes be left to perish in ignorance and vice, until, as if by miracle, men are raised up able to preach to them in the vernacular? Let the churches employ the most suitable agents within reach, until they can secure such as they desire. Meanwhile, if Irish-speaking Romanists are ever to be converted from the error of their way, why not Missionaries take the same pains to qualify themselves for the task as those do who are sent to distant lands? \*

Another mistake into which some persons, sincerely anxious for Ireland's regeneration, have fallen, is, that the school-system is everything as to instrumentality; that the old Missionary modes should be exploded; that

\* Impressed with the importance of this, the Conference of 1858 appointed the Rev. W. G. Campbell, one of the General Missionaries, to an Irish-speaking district, that he might have greater facilities for acquiring the language.

the only hope for Ireland is to educate the young. Thus the sanguine expectation is cherished, that, in a very few years, the country will be turned into another paradise. The salvation of the adult population, it would seem, is, to such persons, not indeed matter of indifference, but of despair. The Apostle Paul, according to such theory, should have established schools throughout his whole progress first. The foolishness of God is wiser than men; and it pleases Him, by the foolishness of preaching, His own standing ordinance, however unsuitable or insufficient in the eyes of would-be-wise men, "to save them that believe." By all means let angry politics be discountenanced; let the land-question be settled; let Parliamentary legislation for Ireland be generous in its spirit and objects; let Industrial and Scriptural schools be everywhere set up; let all these be employed as *auxiliaries* in the work of Ireland's social and spiritual regeneration: but, if one or all of them be made a *substitute* for a preached Gospel, then other remedy is sought for Ireland's maladies and woes than that devised and prescribed by the unerring wisdom of God.

In 1814 Mr. Taylor was appointed as a Missionary to Enniscorthy, a town at the foot of the far-famed Vinegar Hill; his field of toil embracing a large portion of the county of Wexford. There was great wisdom in assigning this part of the country to him as the sphere of his evangelistic labours. He had been one of the prisoners in the Market-house of Wexford in 1798, awaiting his turn to be brought out and piked on the bridge by the infuriate insurgents. Five or six times he had been liberated by a rebel-captain, who, favourably impressed by his Christian bearing, thought to save his

life; but as often he was seized again, and thrown back into prison. One of these times, wandering through the town, a pikeman accosted him, with murderous look and attitude, "Who are you?" "I am," said Mr. Taylor, calmly, "a Methodist Preacher." "Ay," replied the rebel, terror-stricken, "you wouldn't tell a lie!" And he turned away, leaving the man of God unmolested. These facts were known by the Protestants of the country, connexions or descendants of those men who had suffered in '98, and who, while regarding Methodism as an innovation, opened wide their hearts and doors to receive one who had passed unscathed through those sanguinary scenes. Everywhere he was welcomed as an angel of God. Nor did he so exhibit his Methodism as to excite their suspicions or wound their prejudices. He, too, was "a Protestant, and the son of a Protestant." Ere long he was universally esteemed as the redoubtable champion of Protestantism.

The staple of his ministry consisted of a distinct announcement, a clear exposition, a forcible application of those Scripture truths which stand opposed to Popish error, and to all formalism in religion. Fact, figure, fable, he occasionally introduced, in familiar illustration, especially if its bearing were against Rome: the Pope and his Cardinals, as represented in the picture, trying, one after another, to blow out the candle of the Reformation,—for example. In sustaining his position by numerous and irresistible Scripture proofs, he seemed to have taken Thomas Walsh for his model. "As Paul says," "as John says," "as our Lord says,"—his usual mode of quotation,—explains the manner in which he preached the word. These quotations, expounded and amplified, were generally accompanied by a palpable,

sometimes an overwhelming, unction from the Holy One. His ministry, therefore, was in demonstration of the Spirit, and with power.

MR. TACKABERRY was born October 22, 1796. The place of his birth was Tomagaddy, in the county of Wexford; within a mile of Ballycanew, the village where the celebrated Priest Murphy officiated, who, showing his dupes a handful of musket-balls at the battle of Arklow, persuaded them that his person was impervious to heretic bullets.\* It is also contiguous to Oulart, where a gallant detachment of the North Cork Militia were cut to pieces; and to the fatal pass of Tubberneerin, where a column of military, under Colonel Walpole, were surprised and slaughtered. The locality and the period of Mr. Tackaberry's birth, together with the fact that his father's house and offices had been all burned down, and that the first Bible in which he read had been pierced by a pikeman in the Rebellion, will account for the strong Protestant views and convictions which he cherished from early youth, and which he was wont to express, as occasion offered, to the close of life.

\* The fact is accredited, beyond doubt, that he produced to the unhappy savages who obeyed his orders, a number of musket-bullets, assuring them that they had struck him without harm during the action, or were caught by him as they innocently whistled by. He fell soon after by a round shot from one of the Durham guns, while waving a banner over his head, emblazoned with a huge cross, and the motto of "Death or liberty!" The chapel of this Priest, a rude building, was occupied by the Methodists, after the Rebellion, as a place of preaching; some paintings in the wall remaining uneffaced,—reminding them of their late deliverance, and inspiring them with salutary dread of a Church and system whose avowed aim was the extirpation of "heretics."

Early Sabbath-school training laid the foundation, in his case, as in that of many others, for eminent piety and extensive ministerial usefulness: a fact which explains the lively interest he ever felt in this mode of doing good. The Rev. John Wesley, intensely alive to the importance of this agency, called first into operation in his day, thus records his estimate of it in writing to the Rev. Charles Atmore: "I am glad you have set up Sunday-schools at Newcastle. This is one of the best institutions which have been seen in Europe for centuries, and will do more and more good, provided the teachers and inspectors do their duty." Then, with his usual foresight and sagacity, he observes, "Nothing can prevent the success of this blessed work but the neglect of the instruments. Therefore"—here he inculcates ministerial oversight—"be sure to watch them with all care, that they may not grow weary of well-doing."\*

In 1806-8 Mr. Tackaberry attended the Sabbath-school in Monomolin, and also evening lectures, conducted by the Rev. Mr. Mosse, a pious and laborious Clergyman of the Church of England. Methodism was the direct means of this Clergyman's conversion, and of teaching him the way of God more perfectly. Attending a meeting, held in Priest Murphy's old chapel, already noticed,—a meeting crowned with more than ordinary displays of the Holy Spirit's grace and power,—Mr. Mosse earnestly listened to the word preached, and then stayed to hear the relation of Christian experience. When a few gracious souls had thankfully declared what God had done for them, to the surprise of all, he stood up, and testified that he had, on that occasion, obtained peace and joy through believing. A memoir

\* Works, 12mo., vol. xiii., p. 113.



of this good man's life has been lately published. His biographer could not tell at what time he became acquainted with experimental religion. It was in 1801, and in the manner described, as attested by an eye and ear witness.\*

Mr. Tackaberry joined the Methodist Society in 1811. It was not, however, until the year 1815, that he was brought into the enjoyment of Divine favour. That year an extensive revival of religion took place, chiefly under the ministry of the Rev. A. Taylor, whose Mission embraced the counties of Wexford and Wicklow. The circumstances of Mr. Tackaberry's conversion are not known to the writer, with the exception of a single incident, which goes to show that he had already acquired a character for sobriety. Going one day to witness a horse-race, while the subject of religious impressions, but not as yet partaker of the faith which overcometh the world, a person exclaimed, "There goes the sainted Tackaberry!" The word got such hold of his conscience, and rendered him so wretched, that he returned home without waiting to witness the amusement.

Before he became confirmed in religion, he yielded, in one instance, to temptation. Starting in alarm and dismay from ruin's brink, he cried, in deep anguish, to the God of all grace for mercy, who, through the merit of the atonement, brought him up out of the horrible pit, out of the miry clay, set his feet upon a rock, and established his goings. If, with bitter reason, like Peter, he wept; his after-life was, like Peter's, an act of humble, ardent, self-denying consecration to the service and the glory of his pardoning Lord.

\* See the Rev. M. Lanktree's Personal Narrative, p. 101.

To the reproach of some who profess and call themselves *regenerate* Christians,—while apparently anxious to serve the spiritual interests of all the world beside, they make little or no effort to save the souls of their own families. It was otherwise with the subject of our narrative. His kindred and acquaintance were the primary objects of his concern. Like Andrew, who “first findeth his own brother Simon,” (and his finding him implies that he sought him with fraternal solicitude,) Mr. Tackaberry first induced “his own” mother to hear the word preached,—a woman who subsequently became an example of every Christian virtue. They were obliged to go to the meetings by stealth; so strong was the general prejudice against Methodism. Soon after, his aunt Morris, spending an evening at Tomagaddy, was prevailed on to accompany him to hear Mr. Taylor. Her consent was the result of much reasoning and persuasion, since, although the subject of religious awakening at the time, she was accustomed to regard the Methodists as the deceivers who, it was foretold, should appear in the latter days. That night, so clearly and palpably did the Missionary show the way of salvation through Christ, that, believing, she found life through His name. Her husband was immediately seized with deep conviction of his sin and danger. He could scarce eat or drink for days, such was the anguish of his spirit. While she kneeled beside him, and poured out her soul for him in an agony of prayer, the Lord Jesus was evidently set forth crucified before him. Looking to Him, he was suddenly lightened of his load of guilty woe. This couple need no eulogy. Their works—of love to God, His Ministers, His cause—praise them in the gate.

The flame thus kindled soon spread through the whole family-circle. The conversion of Mr. Tackaberry's brother John, subsequently a Minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church of America,—of his stepfather, and of his aunts Eades and Gill, of Dublin,—followed in rapid succession. Mrs. Gill walked "high in salvation." Induced by the importunity of friends, who had newly found the Saviour, to visit the scene of this revival, and by this time "deep wounded by the Spirit's sword," she said to Mr. Tackaberry, one day, "Fossey, I am very miserable." He proposed prayer. Before they rose from their knees, her soul was filled with unutterable peace and joy through believing. Her lot in life was one of suffering. To the praise of all-sufficient grace, she could say, "The Lord only knows the inward and outward trials I have had. Blessed be God, *I do not feel a wish they had not been.* Good is the will of the Lord." Her death-bed testimony, surcharged with "glorious matter," though expressed in few and plain words, is here recorded to the honour of God: "At first, the Lord deeply convinced me of sin; He then soundly converted me; a little after, He wholly sanctified me; ever since He has kept me; and now He is going to take me to praise Him for ever."

Cheered with the result of Mrs. Gill's visit, Mrs. Morris corresponded also with her sister Eades "on the necessity and happiness of serving God;" urging her also to come and see them. The invitation was accepted, but with the object of bringing her friends back from their folly and enthusiasm. The first evening, at family-worship, her understanding became enlightened, her conscience thoroughly awakened and alarmed. In repeating the Lord's Prayer, Mrs. Morris paraphrased

each petition: showing how God was their Father through the sacrifice and mediation of Christ; what is implied in hallowing His name; what the nature of His kingdom is;—what are the trespasses which need forgiveness, &c.:—that her sister might have a view of the spiritual and extensive import of the prayer she had been *saying* all her life. Mrs. Eades rose from her knees with the appalling conviction that, up to that hour, she had never prayed! The goodly formal saint stood confest. With a burdened conscience, she remained nearly three weeks,—having purposed at first to stay but a few days,—unwilling to return home unhappy. She had to leave, however, under the full power of the Spirit of bondage to fear. After intense wrestlings night and day for some weeks, she wrote to request the Missionary, Mr. Graham, and the class, to remember her in prayer at the appointed time on Sabbath morning. While she met them at the mercy-seat, in the selfsame hour—

“She heard the glad sound,  
And liberty found  
Through the blood of the Lamb;  
And plentiful pardon in Jesus’s name!”

This excellent woman was in the habit of retiring to Whitefriars’-street chapel on Saturdays for prayer on behalf of her family. Nor did she pray in vain. Several of her children became subjects of grace; affording ground of hope, that the almost prophetic confidence to which she gave expression, as she lay dying, will be fulfilled. “*My whole family*,” she said, with energy and delight, “will serve God.” This is what I set my heart on.”

Seldom are spirituality and heavenly-mindedness

found associated with worldly affluence and prosperity. Mrs. Eades had all things richly to enjoy, yet set her affection on things above. Of this, some of her last words give refreshing evidence. "Who can tell the danger," she said, "of having all, or more than all, the heart can wish in this world? I had this. I saw the danger. I asked the Lord to keep my *heart* from it. He did save me: and now all that I ever had is no more in my view, compared to what God has set before me, than a bit of rumpled paper." Simple and unostentatious in piety; humble, elevated, and regular in devotion; pure and enlarged in charity; ardent and unswerving in her attachment to the Ministers and cause of Christ; she adorned the religion of the Lord Jesus through life, and, having sustained a severe and protracted illness with resignation and fortitude, witnessed a good confession, and went in tranquil triumph to heaven.

Mr. Tackaberry had now vigorously started in that race of holy love and soul-saving zeal which he so ran—so uniformly, so unweariedly—as to obtain not only the esteem, confidence, and admiration of all who knew him, but the promised crown from his approving Lord. Successful in bringing those of his own house under the power, as well as the sound, of the Gospel, henceforward he was carried out in sweet constraint to live and labour for the salvation of all who were "dead"—dead in sin, dead in law, and liable to death eternal. He was signally owned of God as the messenger of mercy to many in the revival under the ministry of Mr. Taylor: a revival which was the Lord's doing, and marvellous in the eyes of all classes, bigoted Romanists and formal Protestants alike; in which multitudes of the latter

creed, and some of the former, turned to God, did works meet for repentance, obtained forgiveness of sins, and a title to the heavenly inheritance, by faith that is in Christ: a revival, the glorious results of which it is impossible to estimate, as to the numbers immediately saved, and who were faithful unto death; to say nothing of the myriads who have shared, and shall yet share, its gracious benefits, not only on both sides the Atlantic, but in the upper and better world.

Everywhere Mr. Tackaberry went, during this revival, God was with him, and made him a blessing. The Pharisee was stripped of his self-righteousness; the hardened was subdued; the stout-hearted trembled; the scoffer remained to pray; mournful broken hearts rejoiced to feel the curse removed; the shout of a King was among them. Classes were organized, and young men, full of faith and power, met with him weekly to receive their allotted work.

Alive to the inestimable importance of such agency, he established a Sabbath-school in the village of Ballycanew. The revival extended to the school. Several of the elder children were converted, and devoted themselves to God.

The object aimed at in some Sunday-schools, there is reason to fear, is merely the instruction, mental gratification, or gradual reformation—something short of the immediate conversion—of the young. Sabbath-school teachers! should not your object be that of Him who redeemed your youthful charge; namely, to seek that you may save them? Is your duty well done when you give them information as to the bare letter or facts in the lesson; inculcating no vital doctrinal truth, exposing no vice, extolling no virtue, exhibiting no

blessing to attain, no privilege to secure, no duty to perform, no snare to shun; whiling away the hour as if the precious immortals committed to you had no conscience to convince and alarm, no heart to affect, no will to move, no soul to save? Is it enough to live and teach so as to encourage hope that *hereafter* some impression may be produced, followed by *undefined* good results? Then, *now* is not God's accepted time to bless the young with His salvation! What if some of your class should die unconverted through your unfaithfulness? will not God require their blood at your hands? "They are incapable," you think, "of conversion as yet." You cannot be sure of that; and for you and them it will be far safer to act on the contrary assumption. Has not God said, "Those that seek Me early shall find Me?" and how early they may seek and find Him, who can determine? You do not postpone the attainment of secular advantages, when they may be secured immediately. And what finite good can compare to the salvation of a child, whose future career may be fraught with blessing to the church and to the world? To this end, see to it that you yourselves be the subjects of conversion; and that, in principle, motive, object, you walk worthy of such high vocation.

The Rev. Andrew Taylor, called "the apostle of the county of Wexford," died in Upper Canada, surrounded by his own children after the common faith, with their descendants and connexions.

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## CHAPTER II.

1818-1823.—SKIBBEREEN.

DURING these years Mr. Tackaberry's labours, in the character of a "Local Preacher," were more properly those of an Itinerant; for, as business and health permitted, after the example of his Lord, he went about doing good. At this period, he was frequently the subject of disease and weakness. His duties on the farm were often intermitted of necessity. It was good for others, as well as for himself, that he was afflicted. Diligent in his secular calling when he had strength, he felt evangelic labour more congenial. The indications of Providence became distinct, and imperative. His avocation, as a spiritual husbandman, was soon manifest to all; for God abundantly multiplied the sower's seed. The fields all around were white already to harvest.

Infirm in health, he visited Dublin in December, 1818. "Thank God," he writes, "my soul has been kept rejoicing, and I trust my coming will be for good; for, after I came in, while waiting on the Lord *alone*, my soul was indeed watered—filled with love. O, the goodness of my God!"

In answer to maternal inquiry how his soul prospered, the reply was: "Hanging on, and rejoicing in, Jesus. I was exceedingly happy with my aunt Gill to-day. O, how near the time seemed when we should be all *at home*! Surely religion is worth living for; and heaven, or rather CHRIST, is worth dying for! I feel



my mind far above everything beneath; yet, accusing myself every hour. I do nothing, I do not live one moment, as I ought; but God is love.

“I am, my dear mother, yours, in double bonds,

“F. TACKABERRY.”

That evening, despite of earnest reasoning, and remonstrance on his part, he had to preach in Gravel-walk chapel. The word was with heavenly unction. An aged woman waited on him after sermon to say she had been seeking the Saviour for four years, but had now found Him. He ministered also in the other large chapels,—in Whitefriars’-street, at half-past six in the morning. In these exercises he could say, “My loving Lord gives me moments of refreshing, coming from His presence. I do rest in Him. O, what blessed service! O, what sweet employment! Glory to my God!”

In apostolic times, and in the days of Whitefield and the Wesleys, the Gospel preached was the power of God unto salvation. Why? Ministers and people had faith in the saving truth, the Divine energy, of the Gospel itself. Conversion under sermons then was the rule, not the exception. If in any given case it be otherwise now, would it not be the dictate of wisdom to ascertain the reason? Is it that the Minister does not live and pray for it? that he does not “first steep the seed” in his closet? Is it that he does not aim at immediate conversion in the selection and preparation of his subjects? Is it that he does not preach, that he does not believe, for such instantaneous effect? Or, is it that the word preached does not profit, not being mixed with faith in them that hear it? If it be want of faith in Minister or hearers, can such want be explained? Is it that expectation is postponed, faith reserved, for

an after or future service? In such case, is not the Divinely-instituted ordinance of preaching depreciated, and the exercise of a present faith for a present salvation necessarily and injuriously hindered? Subsequent and prolonged devotional exercises are occasionally desirable and valuable; but, if these are estimated, confided in, looked forward to, as the grand instrumentality, is not the ministry of reconciliation overlooked, undervalued, and, consequently, rendered unsuccessful? Would the person have been saved while Mr. Tackaberry preached, as related above, had hope been deferred until an after prayer-meeting?

The incessant noise and bustle of Dublin, so different from the undisturbed calm of country life, at first produced mental dissipation. This was increased by physical weakness. In everything Mr. Tackaberry's custom was to make his requests known to God. Asking for grace to stay his mind upon Him, so as to be kept in perfect peace, as he walked the streets, he obtained in good measure the desired power. The self-government acquired was not the effect of tedious self-discipline or habit. It was speedily obtained as the result of importunate urgency in closet-prayer. "Thanks to my good Lord," is his grateful testimony on this point, "I had a *meal of prayer and comfort* at my favourite hour of twelve, and again at five. I can walk through the streets without any distraction of mind; my soul just as happy as if I were in my room." The Rev. John Fletcher's letter on Recollection, always a great favourite with Mr. Tackaberry, contains sentiments and recommendations upon which this record furnishes an edifying comment:—

"Recollection is a dwelling within ourselves; a being

abstracted from the creature, and turned towards God. It is both outward and inward. Outward recollection consists in silence from all idle and superfluous words, and....a wise disentanglement from the world; keeping to our own business, observing and following the order of God for ourselves, and shutting the ear against all curious and unprofitable matters. Inward recollection consists in shutting the door of the senses; in a deep attention to the presence of God, and in a continual care of entertaining holy thoughts for fear of spiritual idleness. Through the power of the Spirit let this recollection be steady, even in the midst of hurrying business: let it be calm and peaceable, and let it be lasting. 'Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation.' To maintain this recollection, beware of engaging too deeply, and beyond what is necessary, in outward things; beware of suffering your affections to be entangled by worldly desire, your imagination to amuse itself with unprofitable objects, and indulging yourself in the commission of what are called 'small faults.' For want of continuing in a recollected frame all the day, our times of prayer are frequently dry and useless; imagination prevails, and the heart wanders; whereas we pass easily from recollection to delightful prayer. Without this spirit there can be no useful self-denial, nor can we know ourselves: but where it dwells, it makes the soul all eye, all ear; traces and discovers sin; repels its first assaults, or crushes it in its earliest risings. But take care here to be more taken up with thoughts of God than of yourself; and consider how hardly recollection is sometimes obtained, and how easily it is lost. Use no forced labour to raise a particular frame; nor tire, fret, and grow impatient, if

you have no comfort; but meekly acquiesce, confess yourself unworthy of it, lie prostrate in humble submission before God, and patiently wait for the smiles of Jesus." Among the motives to recollection, Mr. Fletcher urges the following:—"Without it God's voice cannot be heard in the soul. It is instrumentally a ladder [by which] to descend into God. By it the soul gets to its centre, out of which it cannot rest. Man's soul is the temple of God; recollection the holy of holies. As the wicked by recollection find hell in their hearts, so faithful souls find heaven. Without recollection, all means of grace are useless, or make but a light and transitory impression. Dissipated souls are severely punished. Recollection never fails of its reward. After patient waiting comes communion with God, and the sweet sense of His peace and love. Recollection is a castle, an inviolable fortress against the world and the devil. It renders all times and places alike, and is the habitation where Christ and His bride dwell. I give you these hints, not to set Christ aside, but that you may, according to the light and power given to you, take these stones and place them upon the chief cornerstone, and cement them with the blood of Jesus, until the superstructure, in some measure, answers to the excellence of the foundation."

Examples of superior gifts, in combination with humble and exalted piety, are as refreshing as they are rare; talent being too often esteemed as if it were a substitute for grace, both by its possessors and its admirers. Such estimate in every case is fraught with danger. Under date May 20, 1819, Mr. Tackaberry refers, with gratified feeling, to some very profitable interviews he had with Mr. Summerfield, a young man

of extraordinary powers of eloquence, but a *burning* as well as a shining light.

The Missionary spirit was stirred within him shortly after. Hearing some letters read at a Missionary prayer-meeting, he says, "The falling tear at one moment, and the longing ardour at another, evidenced to myself that a Missionary spark existed in my poor heart. Men of God are gone over, others are going, and more will go: glory to God!" Doubtless he panted, at the moment, to preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ. Possessed of strong faith, heavenly-mindedness, and fervent zeal, who can doubt that he was qualified even then, did health permit, and Providence so direct? In one of his excursions of mercy, he thus writes to calm a parent's fears for his health and safety: "O my dear mother, sure the very hairs of my head are *all* numbered. I have been exceedingly happy since I left home. Never did I live more above earth, and everything in it, than these few days. Glorious eternity! I shall inherit a glorious eternity! God is mine." Yes, he tasted unutterable bliss in the thought of being an heir of God, who had sent forth His Spirit into his heart, crying, "Abba, Father."

He was early made a partaker also of the precious faith which purifies the heart; which works by perfect love to God, and fervent charity to man; and overcomes the world. He could say, "We speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen." Hence the clearness and power with which he preached and wrote on the subject of Christian holiness. He was kept at this time, by his own testimony, "living near eternity." His occasional visits to Newcastle were eminently owned

of God. The joy of the people, when he went thither in May, 1819, was excessive. Among those who thus hailed his arrival was Mrs. Leslie, of whom he writes:—

“On Monday, E—— and I came to precious Mrs. Leslie’s. I believe we gave her an agreeable surprise. Surely our hearts were glad together. Yesterday morning, after breakfast, she asked me to walk out a little, and began such a conversation on the deep things of God as I have seldom been privileged with. How she did make me ashamed when she began to praise the Lord for sending me to that neighbourhood, the time Mr. Taylor and I went there first; for making me the means of good to her soul! Surely I would sit at her feet. Her soul is much farther advanced than when I saw her last. I think she walks in the full light of God’s countenance.”\*

In the November following, Mr. Tackaberry visited Newcastle again. God acknowledged his labours in the conversion of a Romanist servant of the family. The people whom he visited, from house to house, urged him with affectionate importunity to prolong his stay, at least for a month, were he to do no more than repeat and extend these truly profitable visits.

Shortly after his arrival in Dublin, he went with a

\* Of this holy woman the Rev. William Reilly writes: “I had the privilege of an intimate acquaintance with her for two years about that time, and have not often met her equal. The exquisite personal beauty of Mrs. Leslie was only surpassed by the gentleness of her manners, the sweetness of her refined mind, and the depth of her piety. The vale which she adorned was one of the richest and most picturesque in the county Wicklow; and

‘The nymph did like the scene appear,  
Serenely pleasant, calmly fair;  
Soft fell her words, as flew the air.’”

friend to Kilmainham jail, anxious to see the criminals and direct them to the sinner's Friend; especially a Captain Gordon, sentenced to death for forgery. When the keeper ascertained their object, he promptly and kindly admitted them. "The Captain," says Mr. Tackaberry, "was very glad to see us. We conversed and prayed with him and another Protestant man. The Captain seemed to feel a good deal. The other appeared quite unfeeling. Neither of them seems to have any clear view of the plan of salvation. I felt, notwithstanding, power to plead with God for them, especially for the Captain. We would gladly have stayed longer, but at four o'clock the jailer told us our time was up. I purpose going earlier to-day. I never was in a prison before. It was dismal to me, especially the clanking of the criminals' chains."

Christian! is not practical pity for all prisoners and captives one of the incumbent duties of our benign religion? It is recognised as such in those scriptural "Rules" by which members of the Wesleyan Church profess to be governed; since they are expected, in order to continued membership, to do good of every possible sort, to all men; and visiting or helping them that are sick or in prison is distinctly specified. It is urged by the career of a Howard, whose high ambition it was "to gauge the dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt; to remember the forgotten; to attend to the neglected; to visit the forsaken; and to compare and collate the distresses of all men in all countries." It is enforced by those precepts of Christianity which require us to do good unto all men; to deny ourselves, and take up our cross daily, that we may follow Christ;—and by the solemn sanction of the final judgment.

The obligation is clear and palpable; but what of its actuating influence? Who, among all who profess and call themselves Christians, is faithful in the duty? It may be said, the prison-regulations at present do not permit the necessary access. Chaplains are regularly appointed, who are jealous of their prerogatives, and will not allow any interference with their duties. *The wish of prisoners themselves will be respected by the authorities, especially if under sentence of death.* Your duty is to show the condemned culprit the way of salvation, should the Chaplain be a stranger to vital piety, and ignorant of the Gospel plan. Say not the door of access is entirely shut. Are you sure that you would be denied a personal interview? And, if so, could you not fulfil the duty by a suitable tract, or an affectionate, instructive, and persuasive letter? Is not the use of the most likely means, by which to rescue from perdition this soul for whom Christ died, imperatively required of you? Can you neglect the use of such means and be guiltless? And is there not motive sufficiently stirring in the declaration, that, if successful, you “save a soul from death, and hide a multitude of sins?”

While he sojourned in the city this time also, Mr. Tackaberry preached in Gravel-walk chapel. His subject was, “Thou shalt call His name Jesus; for He shall save His people from their sins.” “I had much freedom,” he observes, “in speaking. I do delight in holding forth Jesus as a Saviour. After sermon we had a prayer-meeting. One was made happy, and several seemed much stirred up. To God be all the glory! I rode to Kilmainham jail at three. The jailer immediately admitted me, although alone; but I did not get



to see the criminals. The Minister was with some, and the Priest with others; so, after waiting till four, I came home. I intend going to-morrow in the forenoon."

In January, 1819, he accompanied Mr. Taylor on one of his Missionary tours. He preached in Arklow, Sunday evening, on 1 Tim. i. 15, to about two hundred and fifty hearers. God was with him of a truth. One obtained a clear evidence of pardon; several others were deeply convinced of their want of it. On the morning of the 18th Mr. Taylor met thirty-three—mostly new—members in class. It was a time of power: the unconverted were weeping on every hand. A Sergeant who had fallen from grace had his backslidings healed. "Such a change," observes Mr. Tackaberry, "in the countenance of a man, and in so short a time, I have hardly ever seen." In the evening Mr. Taylor preached on Num. x. 29. The invitation, "Come thou with us, and we will do thee good," was not urged in vain. Forty-two persons joined the Society on trial!

The events of the same tour he describes more minutely to another friend:—"Monday, assisted Mr. Taylor in meeting new members who had joined, or were about to join, the Society. We had an extraordinary time. Two persons were made happy; and almost every one present was bathed in tears. In the evening Mr. Taylor preached a brave sermon. When he dismissed the people, they did not go, and he began again. The house was so thronged, I had to stand on a form while praying, otherwise I could not have kept my feet. There were added to the Society that day forty-two persons. Tuesday, went to Newtown, and spoke from

Heb. ii. 3; I find since, not altogether in vain. Thursday, back to Wicklow to meet Mr. Taylor. Spoke from Rev. iii. 20,"—a favourite text, from which he often preached with persuasive power. "Friday, held a children's meeting at ten. Was very happy through the day. Said to Mr. Taylor, before meeting, I was nearly as happy as I could bear. I believe he answered, 'it was a good sign.' Mr. Taylor preached a good sermon on Acts iii. 19. At class-meeting the shower came down. Six persons were made happy: three of them had been backsliders. It was one of the most powerful seasons I ever witnessed. The Lord seemed to take all out of our hands, and work Himself. Saturday, Mr. Taylor and I were sent for to see a person in distress. We went; found Mrs. S., wife to a good man, on the brink of despair. We went to prayer, and the God of Elijah answered by fire. Her joy was as transporting as her wretchedness previously was extreme. We came with light hearts to Newcastle. Mr. Taylor preached on Sunday morning, and joined nine persons in a class. I forgot to mention that eighteen persons joined the Society in Arklow, after I left it, making sixty in all." Composed, recollected, "*happy*," to use his own word, Mr. Tackaberry finished this Missionary excursion, triumphing in Christ, who had made manifest the savour of His knowledge by him in every place.

Arklow is a town on the sea-coast, the fishery forming a large village on the beach, almost as distinct from the town in the character of its inhabitants as in its position. "No small stir" was made "about this way," in consequence of the scenes above described. Another Missionary, who still lives, followed some time after, and preached on the sandy beach to an immense multi-

tude. Fish had been scarce for some time; and, knowing the consequent destitution of many families, he prayed with importunate earnestness that God, in His merciful providence, would be pleased to send a supply speedily into the bay. He had learned from his Bible that it was the privilege of Christians to make their requests known to God IN EVERYTHING. The next morning before he rose, a man, more earnest and grateful in feeling than correct in language, knocked at his bed-room door, exclaiming, "The herrins is come! The herrins is come!" The fact was so; and to this day it is remembered gratefully by the villagers as a most remarkable and seasonable answer to prayer.\*

The following year, Mr. Tackaberry took another Missionary journey in company with his friend, Mr. Taylor. They visited several new places with some encouragement; but as they had many inconveniences to endure, this drew forth the significant observation from the subject of our narrative:—"I have a strange mind. When I am at home, I think I ought to go often abroad, and am ready to conclude that I should do more good from home. When I am abroad, I think every day a week till I get home again. O, my God, help me to live and act for Thee at home and abroad!"

\* The Missionary here referred to was the Rev. William Reilly. Arklow, at that time, was embraced in his sphere of labour, and a gracious revival had commenced there under his ministry before the visit of Messrs. Taylor and Tackaberry. Mr. Ouseley, passing through, had prevailed on Mr. Reilly to accompany him southward; and the latter requested Mr. Taylor, then a supernumerary Minister at Enniscorthy, to take charge of the Mission in his absence. The answer to prayer, as to the herrings, was vouchsafed two years in succession. This was the second time. It was thus rendered the more impressive and memorable.

Of "charity" we know, on the highest authority, that it "beareth all things," and "never faileth." The description given by our Lord of Christian perfection is eminently practical. According to His definition, it does not consist merely in the attainment of privilege, and in consequent high spiritual enjoyment, but in the meek endurance of injuries, and in a forbearing and forgiving carriage toward them that are evil. "Love your enemies," said the Teacher sent from God,—not, indeed, with a complacent regard, as if we approved of their conduct, but with a love of benevolence; a love that works no ill to them, but wishes them well, while we pity their madness and folly. "Bless them that curse you:"—speak well of them, so far as you may have it in your power; and speak civilly to them, if thrown into their society. When God blesses us, He does good to us. When we bless God, we speak good of Him. To bless them that curse us is to unite the two; to do them service, as well as utter kind words to and concerning them. Children usually resemble their parents. Take this course, if you would demonstrate that you are the children of your Father which is in Heaven; that you possess His nature, and bear His image. For He loves His enemies; He makes His sun to shine, He sends His rain on them. "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." How important that Ministers, especially, who are expected not merely to recommend from the pulpit, but to exemplify in their lives, the religion of the Gospel, should themselves be the subjects of this great salvation! Mr. Tackaberry thus notices, with warm expressions of commendation, an example of this true perfection: "On Saturday last I met my dear old

Mr. Graham [the Missionary], at Gorey-well, and in his right mind; yes, in his *right, right mind*. After I gave him ——'s letter, he talked very sweetly to me on that unpleasant subject. Among other things, he said, 'I forgive him, and every man alive.'"

In January, 1822, Mr. Tackaberry again visited Dublin. In his correspondence with home, he speaks of having had, one day especially, intimately near "access to the throne of God, and the heart of Jesus." "Surely," he exclaims, "it is sweet to dwell with Jesus! O the nearness of that hour when I shall see Him as He is! We lose much for want of a realizing faith. *Believe and receive, is the way.*"

It is the way—the way of holiness, of progress, of pure enjoyment—the way to heaven on earth; but few there be that find it. One would suppose, from the practice of some Christians, that self-reflection, self-reproach, self-condemnation, self-complaint, is "the way." Scripture and experience teach that endlessly to pore over personal defects is not the way to honour God, or to profit ourselves or others. The race which the Apostle counsels us to run, Heb. xii. 1, is one of duty. With what wisdom and propriety does he exhort us to keep looking to Jesus for that purpose! Who ever made progress, so as to excel in knowledge, piety, or usefulness, otherwise? The phrase, "looking to Jesus," Dr. Macknight translates "looking *off* to Jesus;" clearly implying that the mind is not to dwell on things calculated to clog, hinder, or discourage in running the heavenly race. If I am unworthy, Jesus is worthy to receive all I want. He merits the blessing for me, which I do not deserve for myself. If I am ignorant, in Him dwell all the treasures of wisdom and know-

ledge, and all for me. If I am weak, "weaker than a bruised reed," He is almighty to save,—

"Stronger than all the powers of hell,  
And greater than my heart."

He, therefore, is able to keep me from falling, and to present me faultless before the presence of His glory, with exceeding joy. Thus faith finds a supply in Christ for personal deficiency, no matter how varied or depressing.

God was now eminently preparing Mr. Tackaberry for the service of the sanctuary. "Holiness to the Lord" was inscribed upon persons and things devoted to the purposes of the tabernacle and temple; and in the Gospel dispensation, only "sanctified" vessels are "meet for the Master's use."\* From Enniscorthy he writes, May 1, 1822: "I feel determined to live and preach as I have never done yet. I have moments of communion with God that are worth the world. Since I left home, I have been living in the world almost as if I were out of it. O the state that I see to be my privilege! Surely the Lord teaches me much by His Spirit." He did not aspire to that state in vain. Two days after, he writes: "I had a very agreeable time in Enniscorthy—large congregations, and some freedom in speaking to them. I had access to Miss R—— every day. Her friends were very glad that I should go; but health is the time to get good. I never felt much more interest for a soul, I thought, than for hers. My very heart seemed to go out in prayer that God might visit and bless her. O, may I be as earnest with people *in health* from this time forward! I left the house

\* 2 Tim. ii. 21.

and town, determined to live and preach more FOR ETERNITY." He went thence to Wexford, where he preached to a goodly number, including some persons of note, not with much freedom, but, of set purpose, with great plainness of speech. He continues: "I have been this morning pleading with the Lord for more of everything that will make me like Himself. Especially I feel my heart go out this day in desire for more communion with Him, for a greater and more constant sense of His presence. Lord, help me! Eternity is at the door—at the very door! Everything seems little, but as it refers to eternity. I feel my heart saying this day, 'What shall I do, that I may live rightly for God and eternity?'"

At the District-Meeting he was elected representative to the Chapel-Fund Committee. The following is his journal-letter, describing his preparation, journey, and visit to Dublin on the occasion:—"I begin by observing that the Sabbath before I left home, while you and the family were at class-meeting, I was endeavouring to examine myself, and to renew my covenant with the Lord, to be wholly His for time and for eternity. Thank God, a measure of the sweetness of that morning has continued with me since. Monday evening late, I got to Mr. Pierce's, and felt much comfort in prayer with the family before I went to rest. Tuesday, after the rain, Mr. Graham and I set out, had much profitable conversation, and were at Newcastle just as Mr. Carson was giving out the second hymn. I had to preach with about two minutes' warning; was much straitened, but the people professed to have received much good; and that fully satisfied my soul. Thursday, sat with the Building and Chapel-Fund Committee from half-past ten

till just four o'clock. I believe much good will accrue to Methodism in Ireland from that Fund. At four dined at uncle Eades's. I will endeavour to give you a short description of the company, conversation, &c. We had Mr. Marsden, the President,—an uncommonly sweet man, about forty-five in appearance. In his character there seems to be a mixture of gentleness, weightiness, and coolness. Next, Mr. Newton—his countenance expressive of benevolence, penetration, and thought. We had also Mr. Tobias, Mr. Smith, Mr. Deery, Mr. Kyle, and Mr. Noble, Irish Preachers. Much useful conversation was carried on, and many instructive anecdotes related concerning the work and servants of God.

“At seven I went to hear Mr. Newton preach. Preach he did with a witness! He is reckoned the second greatest preacher among the Methodists; but, if there be a greater, it is indeed a wonder. He spoke for an hour and three minutes on Phil. iii. 8, first half of the verse. Surely such a sermon I never heard before! The vast crowded congregation seemed as if nailed to their seats; hardly a cough or breath through the house; and not a few falling tears witnessed that they *felt* as well as *admired*.—This day is observed as a day of fasting and prayer. The prayer-meeting at six this morning was well attended. The President opened it, and Messrs. Wood, Mayne, and Newton prayed. It was a time of power. It is just now twelve, when the next prayer-meeting will begin. May God bless us!”

At this Conference, having been previously examined and approved by the Waterford District, upon the recommendation of the Rev. Robert Banks, his Superintendent, Mr. Tackaberry was accepted as a candidate for the Wesleyan ministry, and placed upon the List of



Reserve. The testimony in question was alike honourable to both parties.

A service called "the Preachers' love-feast" was at that time a usual appendage to the Irish Conference. This year it was memorable, and is thus described by Mr. Tackaberry: "No person spoke but Travelling Preachers. It was a time of the greatest power I ever experienced. Several present said they never felt so much of the power of God before. The Lord is evidently reviving His work in the hearts of the Preachers; and it seemed that night as if He was about to revive it through the kingdom generally. O the *faith* that seemed to be in that meeting! Several of the Preachers gave cheering accounts of revivals on their Circuits in the past year. I think I shall never forget that night. Yesterday the two blessed Englishmen sailed, with the heartiest prayers and blessings of the Preachers, and of the Dublin Society."

Mr. Tackaberry was sent, as one of the young men on the List of Reserve, to the Drogheda Circuit, to supply the place of the Rev. William Stewart during his absence at the English Conference. It was a trial to go to Drogheda without seeing home. The love of Christ constrained him. "I hope," he observes, "to see good before I return. My soul feels a foretaste of it."

The Rev. Samuel Kyle having been incapacitated for the work of his Circuit, (Skibbereen,) by an occurrence which well nigh cost him his life, Mr. Tackaberry was dispatched to his assistance in the following December. A journey of one hundred and seventy-four miles on horseback, made in safety, through strange and disturbed parts of the country, affected his tender spirit, and

excited the liveliest emotions of gratitude to his Divine Preserver. Among the most amiable characteristics of this good man were a mind ever quick to discern, and a heart prompt to appreciate, mercies received. To forget Divine benefits could never be reckoned among his failings. This "comely" feature will often appear with impressive and edifying distinctness in the following pages. Even "every-day mercies" were the subjects of devout and continual acknowledgment. Hence he found matter for joy and praise, on his arrival at Skibbereen, "that no son of man had lifted up his voice against him" during the journey; "that he had never gone a quarter of a mile astray; that his mare had never made a start or stumble." At Kilkenny, Mrs. B., the Missionary's wife, could scarcely have treated a son with greater kindness. She gave him to understand, however, that he was to eat no idle bread; and a congregation assembled the evening of his arrival, to whom he spoke with much freedom. At Clonmel, Mrs. Russel gave him some advices, "which," he emphatically remarks, "I will be apt to remember." Winding his way through the great and dreary mountains of the counties of Tipperary and Cork, he passed by the place where the family of the Sheas were maliciously burned; an occasion exciting thankfulness, subsequently, for his own safety. At Fermoy, he "met with a prodigy indeed,—the head surgeon of the 26th Regiment of Foot, rightly converted." "At first," he says, "I wished to avoid him, plain persons generally suiting me best; but, after one conversation, I shunned him no more. A simpler, plainer, sweeter man I have not seen since I left home than Dr. Coldstream. He told me all about his conversion, which took place at Gibraltar, before he became

acquainted with the Methodists." At Bandon, Mr. ——— received him as an angel of God. "His kindness," he records, "I think I shall not forget for twenty years at least. These things are peculiarly grateful after parting with such a mother, family, and friends, as I have left. He would not let me leave Bandon on Thursday, and I earned the privilege of my stay by having to preach in their great house in the evening." Next day he set out for Skibbereen, passing through Clonakilty. It was market-day in Skibbereen; and, *Irish* being a scarce commodity in his native place, it was passing strange to him that he did not hear a word of *English* spoken during his whole progress through the crowded streets. Referring to the kind reception given him by Mr. Swanton, and dwelling with encouragement on the refreshing sense of the Divine presence enjoyed by the way, and on the tokens for good vouchsafed to him at Fermoy, especially in private, he fervently prays: "O, may my God be with me here, and help me to be wholly His!" The first day he laboured in the town afforded ground for hopeful anticipations: "I have now spent a Sabbath among this people. There are some precious souls here. I had much freedom in speaking to them. God was with us. I trust my dear mother will not fret, and I will not. When my mind gets depressed, I go to prayer, and am lightened. I am the Lord's. His place is my place. I hope to see good times by and by, and this will make up every loss to me."

Vigorously resolved on mental and theological improvement from the outset, he adds, in a postscript, "I could not at all think of doing without my books;" and then he names the following,—no ill-selected library for a young Itinerant,—to be forwarded to him with all

convenient speed :—" Dr. Clarke on the New Testament, with the Index; Cruden's Concordance; Latin and Greek Testaments and Lexicons; Walker's Dictionary; Dr. Clarke's Letter to a Young Preacher; and Bickersteth's Scripture Help."

The facts related of the gentleman whom Mr. Tackaberry met at Fermoy suggest reflections and inquiries in reference to the *vitally* religious interests of British soldiers. Dr. Coldstream was a converted man. Mr. Tackaberry found him consequently an affable, open, simple Christian, willing to receive and communicate in conversation upon Divine things. Such are the results of true conversion. The number of devout soldiers has been lamentably few. It might and it should be otherwise. Every facility is now afforded for soldiers desiring liberty of worship in the chapel, to enjoy that liberty. *The Minister, however, must seek the privilege for them, if, through fear or shame, they hesitate to claim it for themselves.* By the regulations of the army, the right of worship, according to his conscience, is now accorded to every British soldier. In March, 1852, being then stationed in Dublin, I made application to the Commander, H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, that the men of that garrison, preferring to worship in our chapels, might have such permission. The application was courteously granted. Commanders of regiments were directed "to afford every reasonable facility for the soldiers of their respective regiments belonging to the Wesleyan persuasion to attend Divine service in their own places of worship, under all circumstances; the men to be marched, if the number did not exceed 6, by a Corporal; if over 6 and under 20, by a Sergeant; if above 20, by a Captain or other officer." The order

was immediately acted on at Hendrick-street, to which chapel about seventy men from different regiments were marched the following Sabbath at noon. The history of Methodism, and of Methodist Missions, shows how highly important it is to seek the spiritual good of this class of the community. The preaching of Captain Webb in his regimentals largely contributed to the extension and consolidation of the first Society in America, subsequently organized into the "Methodist Episcopal Church." He, with the assistance of his friends, erected a chapel at New-York, in the year 1768, the first chapel belonging to the Methodists in that country.\* The Gibraltar Mission, established by means of some pious soldiers converted to God in the Old Gravel-walk chapel in Dublin, is another instance. A Society of fifty members having been formed on the Rock, who walked according to the "Rules," application was made to the English Conference that a Preacher might be sent to them.† A Mission was commenced there in 1808. Captain Tripp, of the 26th Regiment, who left by will £50 to the Missionary Society, and £600 to liquidate the debt on the chapel, was one of the fruits of this Mission.‡ Dr. Baird, of America, who visited Gibraltar early in 1847, records: "I never had my heart so touched in my life, as, when staying at Gibraltar, I attended a service of 140 boys and youths connected with the Wesleyan school, to whom a young man was preaching in Spanish."§ And the person who formed the first Methodist class in Hong Kong, and may therefore be regarded as the founder of our

\* Myles's Chronology, p. 122.

† Ibid. p. 251.

‡ Williams's Missionary Gazetteer, p. 246.

§ Year Book of Missions, p. 378.

Mission in China, was Sergeant Ross, of the 59th Regiment.\*

The wild and bleak scenery of the Skibbereen Circuit did not favourably impress Mr. Tackaberry's mind, mid-winter as it now was; although he anticipated it would be pleasant in summer. Among the people he felt at home and happy, having "uncommon liberty" in preaching almost in every place. His whole soul was drawn out in prayer that God would revive His work among the classes. He resolved "to live in the enjoyment of purity of heart, to preach it, to talk of it, and to enforce it in every place." Wise and worthy resolution! The holy God, viewing His own image with complacency in His devoted servant, delighted to honour His ministry, and thus always caused him to triumph in Christ.

On this Circuit he had from sixty to eighty miles of very bad roads to ride, twenty-two sermons to preach, and fourteen or sixteen classes to meet every fortnight. "This," he considered, "to a heart full of love, to a man full of strength, was delightful work." If, with sufficient physical strength, such work be ever felt a drudgery by those otherwise fitted for it, would not the remedy for the morbid feeling be found in "*a heart full of love?*"

\* Quarter-Master M'Bride, of the 39th, and one of our Leaders, when quartered recently in Dublin, informed me that this same Sergeant Ross, who served with him formerly in the 59th Regiment, and was one of his class-mates, was born in the town of Longford, in Ireland; that he was remarkable for Scripture-knowledge when a child; that he was a man of good understanding, and of considerable reasoning power; that he joined the Methodist Society in his native town of Longford; afterwards gave evidence of having passed from death unto life; and that he obtained much spiritual good in a revival which took place in the Island of Jersey, previously to his embarkation for Hong Kong. *Thus the Wesleyan Mission recently commenced in the empire of China is another direct fruit of Irish Methodism.*

Mr. Tackaberry's account of the occurrence which laid Mr. Kyle aside for a season, supplies matter for profitable reflection on the sleepless providence with which God

“ Watches every number'd hair,  
And every step attends,”

of His ministering servants. It is as follows :—“ At Mr. G.'s, where I now stop, the stable adjoining the tan-yard, and something having provoked the dogs, they set on Mr. Kyle's mare, and tore her a good deal before help came. Mr. Kyle had then to borrow a horse to travel his Circuit; and this horse, becoming uneasy on going down a hill, continued to go back until his hinder feet went into a deep dike, when, plunging to recover himself, Mr. Kyle was thrown off into the ditch, the horse falling on him. He knows not whether it was his own fall, or the fall of the horse upon him, that dislocated his hip. I was showed the spot where he fell. I did not see so deep a dike the whole round of the Circuit. It is more than six feet perpendicular. Mr. Kyle is the greatest pattern of resignation and meekness under affliction that I have seen. He is a father whom I shall feel pleasure in serving as a son in the Gospel.” Mr. Tackaberry adds pleasantly, in a postscript: “ The people in this town are as affectionate, for the length of acquaintance, as any I have ever known. They tell me I must not leave them next Conference; that they will not take half-year's Preachers.”

His resolution to enjoy and urge the attainment of purity of heart was no idle purpose. “ I find,” he says, in a communication to a friend, shortly after, “ little hungering and thirsting after holiness. I have been enforcing conformity to the will and image of God nearly all round the Circuit, I hope not in vain. I do not know

one who has a clear witness of sanctification. *And where sanctification is low in an individual, a Society, or a Circuit, all is low in proportion.* My own soul never was happier. I am living, and determined to live, wholly for God. O the happiness of even striving to do this! I am enabled to rise at five in general; nor do I find it so difficult to retire in time, as I was led to expect it would be."

"Where sanctification is low in an individual, a Society, or a Circuit, all is low in proportion." With Mr. Tackaberry this was a cardinal principle; it had all the force of an axiom. The sentiment was truly Wesleyan, and not less scriptural. "Where Christian perfection is not strongly and explicitly preached," says the Rev. John Wesley, "there is seldom any remarkable blessing from God; and, consequently, little addition to the Society, and little life in the members of it. Therefore, if Jacob Rowell is grown faint, and says but little about it, do you supply his lack of service. Speak and spare not. Let not regard for any man induce you to betray the truth of God. Till you press the believers to expect full salvation *now*, you must not look for any revival."\* Again: "There is an amazing increase of the work of God within these few months in the North of Ireland. And no wonder; for the five Preachers who have laboured there are all men devoted to God; *men of a single eye, whose whole heart is in the work*, and who

'Constantly trample on pleasure and pain.'†

Again: "I am glad Richard Taylor is of use. He will be more and more so, if he continues simple of heart, and speaks explicitly of full redemption, and exhorts believers to accept it *now*. The same rule it will be well

\* Works, 12mo., vol. xii., p. 252.

† Ibid, p. 331.



for *you* to observe in conversation with all that are in earnest.”\* Again: “That point, entire salvation from inbred sin, can hardly ever be insisted upon, either in preaching or prayer, without a particular blessing. Honest Isaac Brown firmly believes this doctrine, that we are to be saved from all sin in this life. But I wish, when opportunity serves, you would encourage him, 1. to preach Christian perfection constantly, strongly, and explicitly; 2. to assert and prove that it may be received now; and, 3. (which indeed is implied therein,) that it is to be received by simple faith.”†

Once more: “In the success of Mr. Leech’s preaching, we have one proof of a thousand, that the blessing of God always attends the publishing of full salvation, as attainable now, by simple faith.”‡

The state of the Corinthian church was “low.” As the proof of this, they were torn by internal strife and division. This was the occasion of much grief and pain to the Apostle Paul, and drew forth from him frequent and bitter complaints. “For it hath been declared unto me of you, my brethren, by them which are of the house of Chloe, that there are contentions among you.”§ “There is among you envying, and strife, and divisions”—factions, parties.|| And, as the necessary and unavoidable fruit of such schism, they had acquired a bad notoriety for “debates, envyings, wraths, strifes, backbitings, whisperings, swellings, tumults:” sufficient cause to “humble” the Apostle when he should next visit them.¶ One subject of their contentions and debates was the gifts of Ministers. Some were depre-

\* Works, 12mo., vol. xii., p. 376.

† Ibid., vol. xiii., p. 59.

‡ Ibid., vol. xiii., p. 78.

§ 1 Cor. i. 11.

|| 1 Cor. iii. 3.

¶ 2 Cor. xii. 20, 21.

ciated; others idolized; not because of the inferiority of the former or the superiority of the latter in grace or usefulness, but in *gifts*. One said, "I am of Paul;" another, "I of Apollos;" another, "I of Cephas." They reflected censoriously on those whom they considered deficient in natural endowments, as if such deficiency were their *fault*. St. Paul shows that variety of talent in the Ministers of Christ was a Divine arrangement. "If the whole body were an eye, where were the hearing? If the whole were hearing, where were the smelling? And the eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee: nor again the head to the feet, I have no need of you."\* "There are diversities of gifts," he says again, "but the same Spirit; and there are differences of administrations, but the same Lord; and there are diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh all in all."† Why all their angry collisions of opinion and feeling in their strifes and debates on this subject? Why all this favouritism, this disparagement of Ministers less gifted than others, but equally necessary to the health and energy of the body? *Their personal sanctification was low.*

There was much immorality among them, rendering the exercise of discipline painfully necessary. Gluttony, drunkenness, impious disregard of the nature and design of the Lord's Supper, and other crimes, not so much as named among the Gentiles, had found entrance among them. So lax was their administration of discipline, that the Apostle had at last to command them to put away the wicked person. Why all this laxity of morals, and of discipline? *Their personal sanctification was low.*

\* 1 Cor. xii. 17, 21.

† 1 Cor. xii. 4—6.

They incurred the sharp censures, the pungent re-proofs of the Apostle, for their intimacies and associations with the Heathen. "What fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness? and what concord hath Christ with Belial? or what part hath he that believeth with an infidel? Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate." Why this unnatural and dangerous communion; this friendship with the world, which is enmity against God? *Their personal sanctification was low.*

They listened to, and then circulated, calumnies injurious to the character and usefulness of St. Paul, the chief of those Ministers by whom they believed. So far did they forget their obligations to him, that they spoke contemptuously of his personal appearance and his preaching; impugning his motives, and employing the most unworthy means to invalidate his claims to the apostleship. Why this ingratitude and baseness? *Their personal sanctification was low.*

Although affluent,—abounding "in everything,"—they were reluctant to perform deeds of benevolence and mercy, entreated as they were by the Apostle to help the poor saints in Judea; while the churches of Macedonia,—those of Philippi, Berea, and Thessalonica,—notwithstanding their deep poverty, were willing of themselves, and contributed even beyond their power. Instead of coming forward spontaneously in this extremity, with generous heart and open hand, the Apostle had to give "order" and direction to them for this purpose, and even to employ Titus to *solicit* them. By him it was "begun," but after a whole year it was unfinished. Why this miserly spirit? And why their

dishonesty, too, in defrauding their Ministers of their “wages?”\* *Their personal sanctification was low.* “For whereas,” says the Apostle, “there is among you envying, and strife, and divisions, are ye not carnal, and walk as men?”—are ye not in great part carnal, and walk as unrenewed men?†

Mr. Tackaberry was soon cheered by positive tokens of prosperity on the Skibbereen Circuit. Several persons were added to the Society; the Society itself was generally quickened; and there were some decided instances of conversion.

\* 1 Cor. ix.

† 1 Cor. iii. 3.

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## CHAPTER III.

1823-1826.—MOUNTRATH, BOYLE, MOUNTRATH.

“MANY a preacher,” says Richard Baxter, “is now in hell, that hath an hundred times called upon his hearers to use the utmost care and diligence to escape it.” To have to do *professionally* with sacred things enhances and aggravates a Minister’s condemnation, unless he be *personally* the subject of religion in its experimental and practical power. It would not suffice for Timothy to be careful as to the *doctrine* he taught; he must take heed to *himself*.<sup>\*</sup> Nor was it enough to urge the church to purity of heart and life; he must keep *himself* pure.<sup>†</sup> The Ephesian Elders were to exercise vigilant care over all the flock committed to them, but also to take heed to *themselves*.<sup>‡</sup> Such care is essential not only to the *pastoral* duty, but to their personal salvation: “In doing this thou shalt both save thyself, and them that hear thee.”<sup>§</sup> If Ministers are not even superior to their people in holiness, in what sense can they be an example to the believers? How can they say, “Be ye followers of me,” unless they can add, “As I also am of Christ?” How suitable, therefore, how necessary, how important, the prayer,—

“Fully in my life express  
All the heights of holiness!”

Is it not impossible that otherwise they can have pure enjoyment in the study of their heavenly themes, in

<sup>\*</sup> 1 Tim. iv. 16.    <sup>†</sup> 1 Tim. v. 22.    <sup>‡</sup> Acts xx. 28.    <sup>§</sup> 1 Tim. iv. 16

prosecuting the objects of their high and holy calling? Unless eminently spiritual, must they not ever and anon be actuated by low and selfish considerations? How else can they, with single heart and eye, aim unceasingly at the glory of God? How can they bear sufferings with patience? How can they endure slights and reproaches with meekness? How can they pleurably perform duties which are painful to slothful flesh and blood; such as visiting the sick, the poor, the suffering, the dying? How can they take delight in the spiritual instruction of the young? How can they heal the broken in heart, and bind up their wounds? And what thrilling motives there are, beside, to stir up Ministers to more than ordinary sanctity of heart and life! Do not those who try to fulfil the duties of their office without personal holiness render their work a drudgery, and endanger their own salvation? "Many will say in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in Thy name?" (Matt. vii. 22,)—whom He shall answer, to their eternal dismay, "I never knew you: depart from Me, ye that work iniquity." Ministers are the subjects often of peculiar temptations. Satan bears the most deadly malice against those whose office is designed to overthrow his kingdom. How can they detect, resist, and overcome such temptations, if their spiritual strength be small? Ministers have many eyes upon them; many who look narrowly to see if their practice correspond with their preaching; and who, if they observe any, even the least, discrepancy, will not fail to say, "Physician, heal thyself." Ministerial failures can scarcely be unknown or unnoticed. "The eclipses of the sun by day-time are seldom without witnesses." The fact that some of these eyes are "evil," that they "watch for the halting" of Ministers, is no reason why

some advantage may not be gained by it. Samson found honey in the lion, so that "out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong sweetness." An unsanctified Minister will work, not for God, but for himself. How then can he expect the blessing of Heaven upon his labours? Well would it be for the church and the world, if conclusions and sentiments like those of the Rev. J. A. James, in his invaluable work, "An Earnest Ministry the Want of the Times," could secure the serious perusal of all who sustain the sacred office.—"Here then let us begin, where indeed we ought to begin, with our own spirits; *for what should be the piety of that man on the state of whose heart depends, in no small degree, the spiritual condition of a whole Christian community?* If we turn to any department of human action, we shall learn that no one can inspire a taste, much less a passion, for the object of his own pursuit, who is not himself most powerfully moved by it. Lukewarmness can excite no ardour, originate no activity, produce no effect; it benumbs whatever it touches. If we inquire for the sources of energy, the springs of activity, in the most successful Ministers of Christ, we shall find that these lay in the ardour of their devotion. They were men of prayer and faith. They dwelt upon the mount of communion with God, from whence they came down like Moses to the people, radiant with the glory on which they themselves had been intently gazing. They stationed themselves where they could look at things unseen and eternal, and came with the stupendous visions fresh in their view, and spoke of them under the impression of what they had just seen and heard. They drew their thoughts and made their sermons from their minds and from their books, but they breathed life and power into them from

their hearts and in their closets. Trace either Whitefield or Wesley in their career, and you will see how beaten was the road between the pulpit and the closet; the grass was not allowed to grow in that path. This was in great part the secret of their power. They were mighty in public, because, in their retirement, they had clothed themselves, so to speak, with Omnipotence. They reflected the lustre they had caught in the Divine presence; and its attraction was irresistible. The same might be said of all others who have attained to eminence as successful preachers of the Gospel. If, then, we would see a revival of the power of the pulpit, we must first of all see a revival in the piety of those who occupy it; and when this is the case, then 'He that is feeble among us shall be as David, and the house of David shall be as God, as the angel of the Lord before them.'"

Mr. Tackaberry was one of those who "attained to eminence as a *successful* preacher of the Gospel." His very "entrance in" on the Mountrath Circuit was not "in vain." Early in August he writes that he had already witnessed three conversions. Can this be wondered at, when the following was the manner in which he sought success? "When I came to this Circuit, I offered myself soul and body more unreservedly than ever to God; for life, for death, for eternity; and pleaded hard with Him to revive His work *within*, and He is doing it. You may be ready to say I grow more in earnest when I like. Man cannot of himself grow more holy; but I have often felt that, through the grace already given, we may *determine* to seek an increase. I have had no such prospects the last twelve months as there are here. Surely there is



an open door ; but there are many adversaries. I am very well, and very happy. *Gloria Deo.*"

Having finished the tour of his Circuit, he writes : "My soul was not as happy since I left Drogheda as it has been the last two weeks. I find *much* prayer is necessary to him that would enjoy much happiness in God. Constant employment also is very helpful. My busiest day generally is my happiest. O that I may breathe every breath for eternity! It seems at times inexpressibly near. O the thought of being in heaven by and by!" His joy was augmented in no small degree, the following month, by observing the exemplary deportment of one recently converted in Mountrath; thus demonstrating the reality of the change, and exciting prayerful and enlarged expectations. His next visit there was memorable. Having preached three times to large congregations on the Sabbath, and met two classes, he announced a prayer-meeting, inviting the penitents to come to it the following morning. The power of the Lord was present to heal. Four persons obtained pardoning mercy. Several followed him to a place within two miles of the town that same evening, when, at class-meeting, after preaching, a young man professed to receive an evidence of pardon. These were all members of the Society. Here was earnestness. Many would have rested satisfied with the Sabbath's labours without holding a prayer-meeting for penitents the next morning; or, having done so, would have excused themselves from extra effort that evening. And here was wisdom too. Men must be wise to win souls. He did not overtax his strength on the Sabbath, or weary out the attention and patience of his hearers, by a protracted service at the close of the *third*

sermon, but met those that were anxious for salvation, invigorated, and fresh for devotional exercises, the following morning. There was wisdom in varying his plan also on that evening. In no place on the Circuit were there so many adversaries and hindrances as in Mountrath; and yet in no place were the tokens of prosperity so marked. If God will work, who can let it? When Herod stretched forth his hand to vex the church and destroy Christianity, and, having killed James and imprisoned Peter, considered his object just accomplished, God interposed in answer to prayer, miraculously delivered Peter, and called the royal persecutor to his account by a signal judgment: *then* it was that "the word of God grew and multiplied."\* Mr. Tackaberry's greatest discouragement, as it was the greatest barrier to his success, was "discord among brethren." The feeling was not new. How did it wring the heart of an Apostle, when, writing from Corinth to the church of Thessalonica, he entreated them, "Brethren, pray for us, that the word of the Lord may have free course, and be glorified, even as it is with you." What were the chief impediments to the spread and triumphs of the Gospel in that city? Were they those existing in general society,—its legalized licentiousness, its inflated philosophy, its pride of wealth; or those existing within the church itself? Was not the "schism in the body," accompanied by envying and contention, a more towering obstacle still? "There is more difference of sentiment," observes Mr. Tackaberry, "more disunion, more party spirit, on this Circuit than in any other place I have ever been. However, I just go straight forward, as if nothing of all this

\* Acts xii.

existed; though it has sometimes brought tears from my eyes." How careful should every Christian community be to avoid the *Corinthian* evil! Not only because in itself it causes "much affliction and anguish of heart" to the Ministers of the Gospel, but because it wastes the time and exhausts the energies of the church, indisposing and disqualifying them for benevolent effort. What myriads are thus permitted to rush into perdition, without any concern or exertion to save them!

Well knowing from Scripture-example that the fomenters of discord in the church are the "carnal," who "walk as" unregenerate "men," Mr. Tackaberry sought, in part, to remedy the evil by the matter and manner of his preaching. "I think," he says, "I never preached plainer than since I came here. In almost every sermon I insist pointedly on conversion, the witness and fruits of the Spirit; and I often tell the people that I would not give anything to have them called by the name of *Methodists*, if they were not converted and devoted to God." Zeal and fidelity in pastoral duties he also felt essential for the same purpose. "I see clearly the necessity of being more active in visiting and praying with the people from house to house than I have ever been. In the name of God I have set heartily about this work. I also purpose meeting every class round the Circuit as often as will be convenient to the classes themselves. All this and much more is possible, and yet to have time to read and pray much, if no time be lost. I have again attacked my dry studies since I got my books from Skibbereen."

The expressed desire of friends that he might visit

home at this time drew forth the following reply, indicative of healthy, growing piety, and of delight in his work:—"My mind is kept tranquil. To see home would be sweet; but the will of my heavenly Father is sweeter. A few years more, and we will be safe at home in heaven." The desired visit was made shortly after, and he returned to his Circuit "more than ever determined to *live* and *preach* HOLINESS:" a determination made in self-distrust; for he prays, "May I feel my dependence, and lean with all my might upon the arm of Omnipotence! O, may God help me to breathe my every breath for Him!"

"Determined to *LIVE* and preach holiness." Had he resolved only to exhibit Christian privileges, without securing the personal possession of them, or to enforce Christian duties, without caring to practise those duties himself,—no matter how orthodox, no matter how earnest, no matter how eloquent his ministry,—how inconsistent, how fruitless, such resolution! If a Minister's attainments in piety be dwarfish, with what propriety can he urge his hearers to press toward the mark of holiness for the prize of heaven? If he be proud, haughty, overbearing, how unseemly his inculcation of humility! If he be notoriously a money-lover, how pointless and powerless his declamations against covetousness, and his exhortations to a large-hearted liberality! If he be passionate, sullen, revengeful, with what ill-grace does he enforce the duties of meekness and the forgiveness of injuries! "Ministers," says Baxter, "should study as hard how to live well, as how to preach well." If to "*live* holiness," and that so as to be an example to the believers, be not indispensable in Ministers, then the unholiness of those sustaining the office is no hindrance

to their ministrations, according to the teaching of the Church of Rome; which affirms that Priests living in mortal sin can efficiently perform the duties of their office,\* and that wickedness in the Minister does not invalidate any of his official acts.†

Mr. Tackaberry was always more or less successful as he increased or declined in spirituality. Not that he was wholly unspiritual at any period of his ministerial life, or altogether unsuccessful; but his usefulness was ever in proportion to his piety. Of this, the following extract will supply an illustration:—"I am striving after what will make me more like God. Our Circuit is certainly looking up. The Sabbath evening after I came back, I preached in this town [Abbeyleix] on Rev. vi. 17. Two young men were awakened under that sermon, one of whom found peace two weeks after. The other is still seeking. They are both sons of Class-Leaders, and both of them began to meet in class the next Sabbath. I had this account from the converted young man last night. You may be sure it did me good."

He had found, by experience, (what Christian has not?) that a grateful and constant sense of Divine benefits, small as well as great, together with an *immediate* use of Christ by faith, when conscience upbraids for personal failures, is the secret of being always happy. He adds: "My soul has had much of the loving Redeemer's presence to-day. O, to be holy, to be like our precious Jesus! I am learning to be more thankful for what I used to consider little things; and I am praying that I may be yet more so. Much consists in this, and looking unto Jesus."—Agonizing solicitude for personal purity, and for the prosperity of his Circuit, did not abate his

\* Council of Trent, 14.

† Peter Dens.

concern for the salvation of the unconverted members of his family. Thus he writes to one of his sisters:—

“MY DEAR JENNY,—You are much and often on my mind. O that I may see you truly happy in God before long! Give your whole heart to Jehovah, and leave results to Him. O, how my heart goes out in prayer for you that it may be so! Help, Lord! O, help speedily! Eternity will soon arrive. I feel it inexpressibly near and important. I am striving more than ever to be on the right hand. O God! on which hand shall I see my Jenny? My dear, the thought, the most distant thought, of your being on the left, would be more than I could bear. Then, glad my heart by giving yourself fully to the Lord,—to the Lord who loves you; to the Lord who waits to be gracious, and to establish you in righteousness. I pray for you every day; and can never be satisfied until I hear that, spirit, soul, and body, you are the Lord’s. May He bless you, lift the light of His countenance on you, and give you peace!

“I am your affectionate brother and servant in Jesus,  
“F. T.”

Nor did he neglect his own vineyard while he kept that of others. Of this, the communications immediately succeeding the above afford refreshing evidence, containing such records as these:—

“Our prospects on this Circuit are still brightening; but it will take labour and patience to secure a general stir. I do think I never strove so hard for HOLINESS as I have done the last two weeks. I believe my soul will ascend. Glory to God!

“I am learning to be more thankful for a little than I used to be. I see the reason I am not more holy and

happy. There is not enough 'looking to Jesus.' I am often shown that unbelief is a God-dishonouring sin, and that not looking to Jesus continually is only one remove from unbelief. I feel much disengagement from earth, and much delight at the thought of glory; yet there is not a constant living in heaven. We are expecting great times to-morrow and next day in this town [Mountrath]. The Lord be with us, and with my dear friends in Ballycanew!"

Expectation from God, devoutly cherished and rightly directed, is never disappointed. On Christmas-day, 1823, the congregations in Mountrath were large, and the indications hopeful. The lovefeast was held the following day. Mr. Downing preached, Mr. Tackaberry observes, one of the best sermons he ever heard; and such an overwhelming sense of the Divine presence was felt in the after-meeting, as he had not witnessed since he came to the country. Nearly all declared they never were so happy before. Many in the classes now began to speak of sanctification; the result of the strong and explicit manner in which it was explained and enforced in the ministry of the word.

Mr. Tackaberry thus describes the spirit and purposes with which he entered upon the new year: "I am resolving to live more fully to the Lord this year than ever. May I, while spared, be wholly His. I had this morning a most glorious season, while Mr. C—— and I prayed together. This old saint always does me good. He is among the very best of men, and will shine brighter in heaven than many who have been much more known."

Intent on spreading scriptural holiness throughout his Circuit, he formed six bands in Mountmellick, on New-Year's day; cheered with the assurance, that, "if rightly

attended to, they would be made a great blessing to that Society." He formed another for young men in Mountrath. All this, taken in connexion with the following reflections, will be regarded as a healthy spiritual pulse; indicative of vigorous and growing piety:—"Nearly all this day that sweet text, Psalm cviii. 1, was on my mind: 'O God, my heart is fixed; I will sing and give praise.' I feel there is much wisdom in this mode of conduct: First, to get the heart fixed, fixed to be fully the Lord's, in every case, under all circumstances. Then we ought, secondly, to 'sing,'—this implies joy; 'and give praise,'—this, I suppose, means that we adore God for His goodness, and that we tell others of it..... May I be more fully the Lord's! O, how my heart longs to be His; His, as I have never yet been! I am this morning with a newly-awakened family, who are all seeking Jesus. My own soul is in a sweet frame, forming plans to be more holy and more devoted to God."

Aged Ministers, if kind, sympathizing, and communicative, may be of incalculable service to their younger brethren, and through them to many, by inquiring as to their habits, and giving suitable instructions, cautions, and encouragements. The dictate of humility and prudence to the juniors, in such case, would be, to give respectful and obedient heed to counsel, the fruit of matured wisdom and experience. Mr. Tackaberry thus earnestly and thankfully availed himself of such advantage: "I think the acquaintance of Mr. M'Kee, of Mountmellick, will be a blessing to me. He travelled twenty-nine years in our Connexion, was useful, and much beloved. He is now a Supernumerary. He is a man of very sweet spirit: but I imagine he should know a person a while before being very friendly; and then his friendship would



be valuable, especially to a young man. He seems to be coming much nearer to me than at first. He has not begun to advise me as freely as I would wish; but I think he will soon. He asks me about my reading, my plan of sermonizing, my visiting, &c. He also offered me the loan of some useful books which I had not read. You see the Lord raises up friends for me, as I need them."

Satisfied that he was in the order of Providence, he pursued his course of duty with loving zeal, and even joy. The Societies in most places were quickened. Prayer ascended from many a heart, longing for an increase of personal piety, and for the conversion of sinners. Faith waxed stronger and stronger; hope grew more lively; and the prayer of faith, signally answered, was succeeded by songs of triumphant praise. The successes of Dr. Carey in India suggested to the Baptist Missionary Society, as a motto for their medal,—

"ATTEMPT GREAT THINGS FOR GOD;  
EXPECT GREAT THINGS FROM GOD."

And does not the sure word of prophetic promise warrant such expectation? "Fear not, O land; be glad and rejoice: for the Lord will do great things."\* "We are praying and hoping"—the language of Mr. Tackaberry at this time—"for *great* things." He laboured, as well as prayed and hoped. It is done to Christians according to their faith: it might also be said, according to their work of faith. Feeble faith, and scanty, fitful effort, can only produce corresponding results, according to the axioms: "He which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly; and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully." "Every man shall receive his own reward according to his own labour." The subject of our nar-

\* Joel ii. 21.

rative was, consequently, enabled to bear this testimony: "Although I cannot say, with Bramwell, 'I see some saved every night,' thank God, I can say I see some saved every round. Lord, help me to labour for great things, and yet to be thankful for little things. I am getting more fearful to say much about my experience, than I used to be; but I will say, to the glory of God, that my soul has enjoyed peculiar sweetness for several days past. My soul has been resting in God, my All. I see I am only beginning to live. I will not be satisfied short of all the fulness of God. There is an eternity of love before me. I often feel power to wrestle in prayer for my dear mother. We will be in heaven yet."

These are some of the "great things." More are to follow:—"The Mountrath meeting was a blessed one indeed. Many declared they never saw such a meeting. Our house was very full, ground-floor and gallery, in the lovefeast; and ALL felt that God was there. We had a few testimonies to entire sanctification, and several hungering after it; and we had a cloud of witnesses clearly testifying that Christ hath power upon earth to forgive sins. Two received a conscious pardon during the meeting. Mr. Downing says he saw nothing like it since he came, nor does he think the Mountrath Circuit was in so good a state these ten years. It will be a cross to me to leave it, if I happen to be moved; but 'Thy will be done' will enable me to take it up. Mr. Downing has been made very useful. Many will regret his removal."

The narrative is interrupted with an important suggestion: "May my mother be so taken up with looking to Jesus and giving thanks, as to have no time for unbelieving reasoning or complaint. '*All are yours.*' O, how

great the legacy! Claim all that is left you in your heavenly Father's will."

Then he resumes: "My soul is longing after God. He has my heart, and has emptied it. O that He may fill it! I get into the fields before and after preaching some of these fine evenings, and have blessed times. My God! help me to hunger after more of Thyself every day.—*Mountmellick*. Striving to go to heaven. I bless God *that* is always uppermost.—After ten: Come in from meeting the bands, and praying with some families. Three in the bands testified clearly to the cleansing power of the blood of Christ."

Yearning for the salvation of "those of his own household," he shortly after writes the following letter, so characteristic, to one of his brothers, urging him to turn to God:—

"MY DEAR HENRY,—You are very often on my mind. Your welfare lies very near my heart. I frequently regret that we did not speak more about that ETERNITY to which we are hastening. Were I at home now, I think we would converse and pray more together concerning it. I trust you are yourself beginning to think on the subject in right earnest. It is high time to give your heart to God. You know He made you for this; that Christ died for this: and you know you could not yourself relinquish the thought, no, not for a moment, of getting to heaven. Lose heaven? Lose heaven? O Henry! sure you could not think of losing heaven. Begin to seek God *now*. O, put not off, but begin *to-day*! You often wish to be holy. Then set about seeking the Lord. You will find the ways of religion pleasant. I greatly long for your conversion, and am sometimes full of hope. O, disappoint me not! Did I say, *me*? Disappoint not

the angels who have long waited to carry the news to heaven, 'The lost is found!' Disappoint not the God who made you, the Saviour who redeemed you, the good Spirit who is, who long has been, striving with you. *But* disappoint hell of her hope, and Satan of his expectation, by now turning to God. Lord, what shall I say to persuade? Lay to Thy hand! Melt him by Thy love! Horrify him at the thought of being lost, and lead him to Thyself! \* \* \* \* \*

"Read the best practical works,—such as Alleine's Alarm, Baxter's Call, Doddridge's Rise and Progress, and Wesley's Sermons; still having God's Book first and last. You ask, 'When can I read all these?' I answer, *Do not waste time*, and you will get over all, and more."

A few months after writing this letter, he conducted the lovefeast in Abbeyleix; the best held there, the people said, for long time. The expectation was general that a revival was near, and many hearts were drawn out to pray for it. Meanwhile his own soul "longed, sometimes intensely, to be in everything like Jesus."

To devise and execute plans of usefulness, extensive and permanent, is at once the privilege and the duty of the Christian. He is bound, by obligations innumerable and affecting, to make provision, if possible, to benefit the church and the world *after his death*. One certain mode for this purpose is to promote the erection of places of worship, where the Gospel may be purely preached, and the ordinances and discipline of Christianity duly administered. How rich the consolation, that he may thus live, and his influence be thus felt, to the glory of God and the welfare of man, hundreds of years after the grave has closed upon him! With these convictions, desires, and hopes, Mr. Tackaberry obtained from Lord

De Vesci a site, on easy terms, on which to erect a Methodist chapel in the town of Abbeyleix. The manner of the gift enhanced its value, and led Mr. Tackaberry to regard his lordship as "amongst the best noblemen in the world."

In July, 1824, he was appointed to the Boyle and Killesandra Circuit. Having arrived at his destination, he writes home: "I got safe to Killesandra on Friday evening. My dear, kind-hearted John S. Wilson came *more than forty miles* out of his way to show me the road, and talk with me. He is truly in earnest. O, may our great Master bless and keep him!" They formerly resided near each other, and were the fruit of the same religious revival in the county of Wexford. The ardour of Mr. Wilson, and of the early Methodists, may by some be regarded as excessive; but better give reason for such imputation, than that the poet's character of the primitive Christians should have no counterpart in modern times:—

"With grace abundantly endued,  
A pure, believing multitude;  
They all were of one heart and soul,  
And only love inspired the whole."

Mr. Tackaberry's predecessor had given him a higher character than he found convenient, since, he said, the people were led to expect great things. The Circuit was not such as he would choose. There was much to do, and something to suffer. The travelling was extensive, the population chiefly rustic; and he seldom had opportunity of intercourse with his ministerial brethren, except when his "warm-hearted" brother Wilson, then stationed on the Trim Mission, came to see him;—intercourse which, on such stations, and under such circumstances, must have been mutually grateful and refreshing.

He felt "quite easy as to his appointment," trusting that all was in the order of God. Renewing his covenant engagements, he gave himself "continually to prayer and to the ministry of the word," not without palpable tokens for good. In his correspondence he speaks of his effort to be much alone, that he might have much time for prayer and reading; and of the blessedness of communion with God. His prospects soon began to brighten in some places. In others, through the prevalence of Romanism, "there was no clay to make brick." He enjoyed the scenery, so new to him, which he thus describes: "The appearance of this country is quite different from the county Wexford. It is all hills and lakes. The noble Shannon flows through parts of the Circuit. These things are very agreeable when the soul is happy in Jesus. O, what must the heavenly country be! Glory be to God that we have it in prospect!"

It will be seen from his next communication, dated October, 1824, that already his ministry had excited general attention, and lively expectations of prosperity: "Aunt Morris asks me some questions, which I may answer through you. 'Are your lodgings comfortable?' With one exception, I have no damp beds on this Circuit, and the people are very affectionate; but the lodgings are not what they were on the Mountrath Circuit. 'How is your health?' Just as good as at any time since I came out to travel; and I never expect it to be much better." It would probably have been otherwise, had he been dissatisfied with his appointment, and repined at his lot. "'Have you laid out any time to come home?' I need not answer this question till April next. If spared till then, I may be laying out. There would not be the least use now in talking about home.—We have

encouraging hopes of a revival here. There are great congregations. I have had an unusual sense of the Divine presence this last round. I often think I am one of the happiest men in existence. A child of God, all my sins forgiven, loving people to associate with, good books to read, and time to read them! Above all, called to preach His word, of which I have no doubt; a work my soul delights in above all others, and which I think by far the most glorious under the sun. Surely I ought never to cease praising the Lord. And then the prospect of heaven! Glory to God that ever I was born!"

It was his meat and drink to minister to the health and comfort of "the flock of God," by letter as well as otherwise; "strengthening the diseased, healing the sick, binding up that which is broken." He thus counsels one of the weaklings of that flock: "I hope you are kept looking to Jesus from moment to moment. This is the royal way, the safe way, God's own way; but the way that Satan peculiarly hates. *He* will do his utmost to turn you out of this way. He will make you look at earth, at business, at cares, at trifles, at self, at shortcomings, at past unfaithfulness, at the sins which God has long since blotted out,—anywhere, or at anything, so he may induce you to *look off from Christ*. By this stratagem he keeps the soul from cultivating the spirit of praise, and prevents its continual happiness in God. I know all this. May we therefore resist him, and he will fly from us. Praise the Redeemer this moment! Sick or well, joyful or sorrowful, perplexed or comforted, praise Him! You are His; He is yours; and in having Him, you have all." He adds some information regarding himself and his Circuit: "My health and spirits are

remarkably good. All well, if I had more holiness. The congregations in some places are very large for this country. In Carrick-on-Shannon we had an outcry lately. There are a few whom I greatly love for the length of our acquaintance. One blessing out of many attached to the life of a Preacher is, that he gets acquainted with so many of the excellent of the earth. I am at the very top of my ambition in my present calling. My love to your Preachers. I regard myself as of one flesh and blood with all the Methodist Preachers."

The next month there was "no small stir" in several localities. His own account of it is: "We have blessed prospects on this Circuit at present. The congregations are amazing, especially in this neighbourhood [Carrick-on-Shannon]; and some have joined the Carrick class every week for some time past. I have not seen many thoroughly converted yet; but there is a marvellous move among the people." And then he describes his method with the penitents: "I have been trying my favourite plan of proceeding with penitents, and I believe God made it a blessing. That is, I inquire, 'Do you believe the Lord is able—is willing—is willing now—now, this moment, to bless you?' These questions answered, 'Then, surely, you are willing to receive the blessing at His hand?' 'O, yes!' Then we kneel down and pray, and pray, and pray again; and the Lord generally answers for Himself."

It is true that God is able and willing to pardon the penitent just now. But why? Because a sufficient oblation and satisfaction has been made for sin by the death of His Son; and He can therefore forgive all sins that are past, consistently with the holiness of His



nature, the honour of His law, and the rectitude of His administration ; thus expressing infinite abhorrence to sin, and intense love to the sinner ; inexorable justice, punishing sin in the person of the Substitute ; and abounding grace, pardoning the transgressor, in consideration of that vicarious atonement.

In February Mr. Tackaberry relates that some were converted, and joined the Society, every month. His ministry, in one place, was attended by the gentry, and proved useful to some of them. He speaks with affectionate interest of Captain and Mrs. —, and of their very promising family. “He is thoroughly converted,” remarks Mr. Tackaberry ; “but I do not like to reckon too soon upon grand folk.” In the midst of these labours and encouragements, death was regarded with complacency, unmixed with a single boding fear :— “I am very happy at times. Eternity seems very near, and the thought of heaven always delights me. But, O! I wish I were very holy. I hope I shall be.”

At the Conference of 1825 he was re-appointed to the Mountrath Circuit, after an interval of but a year, with the Rev. James Johnston as Superintendent. This was very grateful to his feelings, and his return was hailed with lively emotions of joy by the congregations and Societies. His impressions concerning the Rev. Thomas Kerr and his wife, the father and mother of Mrs. Johnston, will not be uninteresting or unedifying :— “Mr. Kerr is at first a little distant and sharp, and I think could give a young Preacher a smart brushing, if he deserved it : however, we seem to be coming nearer to each other. Mrs. Kerr is a holy woman. She always reminds me of Mrs. Fletcher when I see her. She is

really a fine old saint; her heart full of God, her tongue full of His praise."

Heartily ashamed of himself, yet greatly comforted and encouraged, he gave himself afresh to God in covenant, and entered upon his work in the spirit of prayer, and of entire consecration. His communion with God became more intimate; and, with that closer communion, his personal enjoyment sensibly increased. "Some days the last fortnight," he writes, "I have been so happy, as I rode along, that I could scarcely contain myself. One day in particular I thought of Bunyan, who said he would have told his happiness to the crows, could they have understood him. Last night, after a field-meeting at the rock of Dunamace, Mr. and Mrs. Johnston and I spent the night at good Mr. T——'s. At family-prayer the presence of the Lord came down, and quite overwhelmed us. We wept aloud; we prayed, concluded, and remained on our knees, for no one would rise. Thus were we engaged for more than an hour. This, I hope, is a token for good. O, how I wish that I had always loved God! O that I may never love Him less than at this moment!"

His reflection on the death of Summerfield is admonitory: "That prodigy and eminent Preacher, John Summerfield, died of dropsy of the chest, at New-York, on the 10th of last June. How many great men die young! Brainerd, Walsh, Martyn, Kirke White, and now Summerfield—all under thirty! Life, life, what a vapour! May we all live for heaven *to-day*!"

September 12, he writes: "Last Sunday evening, in Mountmellick, two persons had to regulate the house, in order to get the people stowed into it. I never saw it so full before." Thus did listening crowds

testify their satisfaction at his re-appointment to the Circuit.

It was a wise purpose he formed at this time,—a wise purpose at all times: “I find it well to determine, *I will be happy, if I can.* When thus resolved, trifles no longer disturb; there is a sweet calm. Glory to God, it is so with me! I have had very sweet seasons in secret these weeks past. My soul is sometimes exceedingly happy.”

Again: “We had a most blessed lovefeast on Tuesday last. Five or six professed to receive purity of heart. Mr. Johnston was sometimes so happy, in the course of the meeting, as to sit down in the pulpit quite overwhelmed.”

Union between a Superintendent and his colleague or colleagues, the fruit of mutual affection and confidence, is essential, not only to their personal comfort, but to the harmony and prosperity of the Circuit. Where this is not the case, suspicions, jealousies, evil-speakings, party-spirit, generating “schism in the body,” with all its frightful evils, are the natural, inevitable, and deplorable consequences. Where unity takes place, cordial, sincere, practical, (and a respectful candour, an honest frankness, is not inimical to such unity,) the beneficial results, as to their number, magnitude, and permanency, cannot be too highly estimated. “Perhaps,” says Mr. Tackaberry, “no two Preachers ever pulled together more sweetly than Mr. Johnston and I do.” And the influence for good of their hearty affection and co-operation is felt by many to this day.

I have still in remembrance the animated manner in which, at our annual Conferences, Mr. Tackaberry has sometimes expressed to me the pleasure with which he

looked forward to seasons of closet-communion with God the ensuing year. His experience at the period now under consideration was especially the result of such exercises. "I often review my inheritance. Whenever faith is clear and strong, I could then willingly wing my way to the city in the skies. The thought of this is very sweet, and the earnest of it sweeter. I have many precious times in secret, and am every week expecting more." Again: "I think, upon the whole, the quarter that has elapsed since Conference has been one of the best of my life. I am usually blessed with such a sense of Jehovah's presence, as causes everything to flow evenly on. I am very busy and very happy. Between preaching, reading, writing, visiting families, hard study, and private devotion, I have plenty to occupy every moment of my time; and, O, how sweet to look through all to a happy eternity! When I get right views of *it*, everything below seems little indeed! O the weight of glory!"

The winter of this year was a time of great mortality on the Circuit. Some with whom he was wont to be a guest, in regular course, having exchanged worlds, he was led to adopt the poet's reflections as his own:—

"What says the transportation of our friends?  
It bids us love the place where now they dwell,  
And scorn this wretched spot they leave so poor.  
Heaven gives us friends, to bless the present scene;  
Resumes them, to prepare us for the next."

To keep the tongue in proper control, is one of the most important, as it is perhaps one of the most difficult, branches of self-government; and to keep the heart engaged with God in prayer and praise, in the midst of agreeable and edifying conversation, may not be less so.

Mr. Tackaberry entered upon the year 1826 with such conviction, and there followed the happiest results. Under date January 25, he writes: "I have been trying these few days what *saying little* and *praying much* will do. O the blessedness of drawing very near to the Lord! Last night, while giving out the first hymn in Clonaslee, I was so melted and affected with the love of Jesus to *me*, that I could scarcely sing or speak."

The adaptation of Satan's devices is as complete as their variety is extensive. His wiles are suited to all stages of religious experience, all external circumstances, all relations of life, all periods of existence, and all offices in the church. Churches collectively, in their administrative capacity, are not exempt from them. At one time the enemy may tempt to laxity of discipline in the case of immoral members, and at another to measures of undue severity. The latter was the stratagem against which the Apostle found it needful, in one instance, to caution the Corinthian church. What wisdom, prudence, charity, fidelity are required by the executive of every Christian community! Ministers also, especially useful Ministers, are peculiarly the objects of diabolic cunning, malice, treachery; as, in the battle-field, commanders are marked men, and many a deadly aim will be taken to bring them down. Mr. Tackaberry thus notices one of these wiles: "I have been thinking of one of Satan's most common temptations; namely, that full sanctification should not be sought till we are about to leave the world; since, having attained it, we must be so watchful as to have no comfort of our lives, and probably might lose it again. Now the higher we rise in religion, the greater our degree of enjoyment and of power."

One of Mr. Tackaberry's maxims was, that "popularity

without usefulness is a dangerous thing,"—a maxim which exerted a beneficial influence upon his own heart and ministry. The danger is imminent. In the present day such is the estimate in which talent is held, apart from piety and soul-saving qualities in Ministers, that superior intellect, a brilliant genius, and an excursive fancy, combined with advantages of voice and manner, are sure to attract the crowd. But is there no ground for apprehension, in such case, that the preacher is in danger of being satisfied at having secured the admiration of his auditory as his *end* and *reward*? Is there no room to fear that the hearers are in danger of solacing themselves with the intellectual treat, contented and resolved meanwhile to continue the slaves of sin? Just, forcible, and necessary are the following sentiments on this subject:—"I am afraid the taste is not quite so pure, correct, and elevated, on this matter, as it should be. There is, it is true, a demand, and it is well there is, for a vivacious and animated manner of preaching; and, provided there be what is intellectual, there is a decided preference for what is evangelical in association with it. But there is reason to fear that, in some cases, a small modicum of evangelical truth would do, provided there was an abundance of talent. Earnestness is demanded; but, with some, it is rather the earnestness of the head than of the heart; the laboured and eloquent effusion of the scholar, the philosopher, or the poet, rather than the gush of hallowed feeling of him who watcheth for souls as one that must give account. There is an idolatry of talent in this day which runs through society; and this man-worship has crept also into the church, and corrupted its members. It is painful to perceive how far this is carried in many circles, and to see what homage is

paid, what incense is burnt, to some popular favourites. It is not religion or holiness that is thus elevated, but genius and knowledge. It is not moral beauty, but intellectual strength, that is lauded to the skies: the loftiest models of human goodness receive but few devotees and scanty offerings at their shrine, compared with the gods of the understanding. It is very evident that, in many cases, the Gospel is loved, if loved at all, for the sake of the talent with which it is preached, and not the talent for the sake of the Gospel. There can be no surer mark of a moral apostasy, a lapse from man's primeval innocence, when he came perfect from the hands of his Maker, bearing the moral image of his Creator, than this disposition to exalt genius above piety."\*

Another of Mr. Tackaberry's pulpit-maxims was, that "a Minister should always tell his hearers something they did not know before." Hence he gave himself incessantly to reading and study, as well as to prayer. His preaching combined instruction, correction, warning, persuasion, and consolation, in their due proportions. He was a popular preacher; but his popularity was of the desirable and safe kind. The people were drawn to hear him *more from a desire to be profited than to be pleased; more from a view to their salvation than to their intellectual gratification.* Of this, an example is furnished in a communication dated Mountmellick, March 20, 1826: "We had a good lovefeast at Abbeyleix, on Friday; and I preached to the largest congregations I ever saw in our house here last night and this night—but to reach their hearts. This has been with me a

\* An earnest Ministry the want of the Times. By Rev. John Angell James. Page 296.

week of much labour in private prayer, and of unusual happiness of soul. O, how near seems eternity! The Lord, I hope, is drawing me into more recollectedness and guardedness; more into Himself."

Religious meditation is a certain means of high and pure enjoyment. Thus, when the Psalmist says, "My meditation of Him shall be sweet," he immediately adds, "I will be glad in the Lord."\* Again, the same connexion is observable where he says, "When I remember Thee upon my bed, and meditate on Thee in the night-watches, my soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness; and my mouth shall praise Thee with joyful lips."† Mr. Tackaberry found it especially so at this time. "That text," he remarks, "has been on my mind every day this week. 'My meditation of Him shall be sweet.' O, how sweet to contemplate the happiness we shall soon enjoy in His presence!" Again: "The thought of glory should occupy most of our thoughts. It has enraptured me sometimes this month. Heaven! heaven! And shall we be there directly? I am striving and praying that I may not fret for anything, but be always happy." Again: "The heart kept above by looking to Jesus, meditation, and prayer, what happiness is enjoyed! The want of this is the reason why we have so little sitting in heavenly places; so little rejoicing evermore. How refreshing often to retire, and in delightful meditation to contemplate the glories of the upper world; to feel heaven a reality; to anticipate being there soon! At first the heart may be cold, and the mind wander; but, when we persevere, the affections glow with Divine warmth, and melt in adoring thankfulness. Our home

\* Psalm civ. 34.

† Psalm lxxiii. 5, 6.



seems at hand! Already we are in spirit amongst saints and angels—already at the feet of Jesus; Jesus, who loved *me*, and gave Himself for *me*.”

The times in which we live, the spirit of the age, and the example of most Christian professors, may be unfavourable to this contemplative piety, this hidden life; but yet is its cultivation as possible and profitable as ever. Nor can there be any want of subjects for meditation, since the holy Scriptures supply them in number and diversity. Were we shut up to two,—God and heaven,—there were no dearth of matter for hallowed and felicitous thought. God, in His varied and infinite perfections, His plenitude of glories, His amazing wisdom, His wonderful counsels, His boundless benevolence, His redeeming mercy, His pardoning, adopting, and sanctifying grace, His preserving power, His purposes of love towards His obedient children; for His thoughts concerning them are thoughts of peace, and not of evil. And HEAVEN: its amplitude, the perfection of its inhabitants, its universal and complete harmony—no difference of judgment, no discordance of sentiment, no alienation or coldness of affection; its exemption from mental and physical infirmity, its beatific vision, its pure and exalted fellowship, the variety of its enjoyments, the perpetuity of its bliss.

Mr. Tackaberry sympathized with apprentices, and young men serving as business-assistants, in their trials and dangers. He thus admonishes one of these, a friend of his own: “In general, the first set that is made on a boy when he goes to business is to get him to give credit, and to lend small sums without acquainting his master. To induce him to do this, it will be argued, ‘Surely there can be no harm in it. I will pay you

before long; the master cannot know; and, as it will oblige me, and be no loss to him, why not let me have it? Nor need you enter it either; for I will pay you so soon, it is not worth while.' All this looks very plausible. The credit is given; and, given once, how can it be refused a second time, or how can it be refused to others whom they may tell? Some, no doubt, might be honest, and pay it; others would not. You ask them; they put it off; you are afraid to tell the master: so they would have it; and how is it to end? O, beware of this snare! I knew last year, in ———, a nice young lad who so deeply hurt his character by a thing of that sort, that I think it will never recover. Character is very precious. Be civil, be courteous, be obliging *to all*. I do not mean that assumed shop-civility which continues just so long as they are gaining, and then changes into incivility and unkindness; but that desire to please which is the essence of true courtesy, and which, while it costs nothing, makes others happy, and leaves a sweet savour on the mind. Study also to gratify your master in everything lawful. The directions of a master, while consistent with reason and religion, should be sacredly attended to."

Apprentices would do well to remember that, according to the meaning of the term, (from *apprendre*, "to learn,") during this period of their life they must, like earnest students, make up their minds cheerfully to submit to inconveniences, endure what they consider hardships, and encounter difficulties, in order to master the handicraft or business, animated by the assurance that the enjoyments of after-life will, with the Divine blessing, amply reward their pains. Meanwhile, it is incumbent on the master to render the lot of the

apprentice, sufficiently trying at best, as happy as may be; having due regard to the anxieties of parents, to the indescribable feelings of a lad away from under a mother's eye, and deprived of her tender care, and to the treatment he would claim for his own son in similar circumstances.

As the Annual Conference drew near, Mr. Tackaberry desired the privilege of attending it, assigning, as his reasons: "It would teach me wit, if it were not my own fault; and would revive my spirit to see our dear assembled veterans."

## CHAPTER IV.

1826-1828.—DUBLIN.

IN cities and large towns, unquestionably, the *manner* of Gospel-preaching requires the most skilful adaptations. *There* are to be found accomplished scholars, men of taste and refinement, who can receive little profit—unless, indeed, the pride of intellect be subdued by grace—from a ministry, no matter how practical, that is not distinguished by intelligence and research, together with those various qualities sought after by persons of superior minds and attainments. There also are to be found infidels and sceptics of various grades, all exercising a baneful influence in their circles; an influence which will live in its bitter results after they are dead: gifted men, it may be, men of no mean acquirements in literature and science, whose knowledge is desecrated; who sneer at what is sacred, and labour to sap the foundations of truth and virtue. To reach their case, and to preserve others from contamination, how needful that the Gospel Minister be qualified to “contend earnestly” and successfully “for the faith once delivered to the saints!”

In large and populous towns and cities there is great variety of character and occupation. A considerable proportion of the inhabitants, perhaps the majority, is comprised of the working classes,—those who have to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow. “The poor have the Gospel preached to them;” and it should

be so preached as to suit their capacities, their condition, their necessities. The case of those whose labour is more mental than manual is also to be provided for in the public ministry; those who have a craving for intellectual improvement, but whose occupation gives them little or no time for mental culture. These are to be fed "with knowledge and understanding."

In such places are to be found the wealthy, those who are rich by inheritance, or those who have risen to opulence by commercial diligence and enterprise. Such are to be admonished of the danger of riches; that it is *next to impossible* for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God.\* They are to be reminded that riches are "uncertain" and unsatisfying, and therefore the possessor of them must not trust in them: they are to be charged to be "rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate." They are to be cautioned against "the deceitfulness of riches;"† because they promise happiness and security, but bring perplexity, care, fear, vexation, peril. These truths, unpalatable to rich men, must be enunciated frequently and fearlessly by the Minister of God, if he would be pure from their blood.

Here also are to be found the proud, the gay, the vain, since the marts of merchandise and the emporiums of wealth are sure to be at once the source and centre of the fashions of the country and of the day. Here the votaries of fashion are most numerous and enthusiastic. On her worshippers, reason, argument, satire are spent in vain. What anxiety is felt, what hours are squandered, that one of her imperious rules may not be violated! What lavish expenditure of money is incessantly demanded to procure offerings for her shrine!

\* Matt. xix. 24.

† Matt. xiii. 22.

Can rational and immortal beings pay this homage, without intolerable mental bondage and degradation? But who has courage to make war against this tyranny? Who will "rise up" for God "against the evil-doers?" Who will make a stand "against the workers of iniquity?" Who, if the Minister of Christ does not? It is his province to declare, with solemn emphasis, that "the fashion of this world passeth away;" that money is a talent, the use of which must be accounted for in the day of judgment,—that day when "the lofty looks shall be humbled, and the haughtiness of the children of men shall be bowed down."

Here, again, are to be found multitudes whose daily calling exposes them to subtle and dangerous temptations; temptations perhaps unsuspected and unperceived, but all the more dangerous for that reason. Men in the same branch of trade, for example, are rivals in business. One of these employs successful means to secure attention and custom: no expense is spared to attract the public eye, to impress the public mind. His object is attained. What envies, jealousies, suspicions, and even hatred, are thus awakened in the heart of his competitor! With what eagerness do they contend for the prize of public favour; a prize which, when one has won, is likely to make the other a prey to the basest passions! Here is occasion for the spiritual watchman to sound an alarm; to define envy, to expose its evils, to prescribe its remedy. Most correct is the picture of an envious man, as drawn by Bishop Hall: "He is an enemy to God's favours, if they fall beside himself; the best nurse of ill-fame; a man of the worst diet, for he consumes himself, and delights in pining; a thorn-hedge covered with nettles; a peevish interpreter of good things; and

no other than a lean and pale carcass quickened with a fiend." Hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness are properly associated with envy; and when a person becomes the object of these deadly passions, the tongue will be set on fire of hell to blast his reputation, to wound his feelings, and, if possible, to compass his ruin. Hence the necessity for ministerial denunciation of sins of temper and of the tongue, and earnest exhortations to keep that unruly member under needful restraint, though a severe bit and bridle be required for the purpose.

Extravagant dispositions and habits will not unfrequently call for reproof and correction in such places. The stimulus to profuse outlay, that there may be the *appearance* of property and respectability, in imitation of the wealth and elegance of other citizens, is powerfully and extensively operative. Meanwhile much of this show is fictitious; the splendid equipage, the country-house, the rich furniture, the sumptuous entertainments, all at the expense of truth and uprightness, being procured by schemes of cozenage and dishonour. Such disreputable arts, such flagrant though disguised violations of the Eighth Commandment, demand from the pulpit unsparing exposure and warning, and the inculcation of those plain duties: "Owe no man anything, but to love one another;" "Render to all their dues." It were well if all to whom the above remarks are applicable would, in time, ponder the adage of the mother of Philip Melancthon:—

" If more than your field  
Can produce, you consume;  
Reckon ruin, at least,  
If not hanging, your doom." \*

In large manufacturing and commercial towns the

\* D'Aubigné.

temptations of the *young* are varied and powerful, their dangers imminent, and their claims upon ministerial solicitude, consequently, affecting and urgent. What opportunities and inducements to mingle in the company of the vain, the frivolous, the profane, the licentious,—to read books of fiction, gratifying the fancy, it may be, but vitiating the mind and corrupting the heart,—to throw off parental restraint, to despise parental authority, to indulge the pride of independence! What temptation to violate the holy Sabbath! And how many excuses will be pleaded for its violation! recreation so necessary after the week's confinement; and so fine an opportunity to study and admire the works of nature and art! Meanwhile the house and worship of God are neglected; the Sabbath is made a day of traffic, a day of pleasure, often a day of toil and fatigue; thus turning aside the holy day from the original design of its institution, in open and daring defiance of the Divine will and law! How many evils follow in the wake of Sabbath desecration! “Of all the persons,” says that distinguished Judge, Sir Matthew Hale, “who were convicted of capital crimes while I was on the bench, I found few only who would not confess, on inquiry, that they began their career of wickedness by a neglect of the duties of the Sabbath, and vicious conduct on that day.”

Then in these places how numerous and fascinating the opportunities for what imagination paints as respectable and lucrative gambling! Here a lottery, there a billiard-room,—but to entrap, to bewitch, to spoil! A great painter has admirably illustrated this propensity when he exhibits the soldiers on the ground engaged in gambling at the very moment the decision was taken that the Son of God should be put to death. They



were too much absorbed to look up, or take any interest in the scene!

Not to dwell on the melancholy fact, it must be added, that the snares against which Solomon so often raises his warning voice, in tones distinct and palpable, are here numerous,—snares into which many an unwary youth has fallen to rise no more: “For the lips of a strange woman drop as an honeycomb, and her mouth is smother than oil: who forsaketh the guide of her youth, and the covenant of her God. For her house inclineth unto death, and her paths unto the dead. I beheld among the simple ones a young man void of understanding passing through the street near her corner: with her much fair speech she caused him to yield; with the flattering of her lips she forced him. He goeth after her straightway, as an ox goeth to the slaughter, or as a fool to the correction of the stocks; till a dart strike through his liver; as a bird hasteth to the snare, and knoweth not that it is for his life.”

How varied and enticing are other sources of unhallowed pleasure! The flaming placard, and the newspaper advertisement, constantly announce some new attraction; something of which the multitude speak with enthusiasm, and which it would be vulgar and unfashionable not to have seen. What great harm to go for once?—although conscience speaks in accents not to be misunderstood, as to the folly and danger of a single compliance. Theatrical amusements are among the most enchanting, seductive, and pernicious. Our Lord’s words are a sufficient refutation of the arguments usually advanced in favour of the stage: “The tree is known by its fruit.” The fruit is notoriously evil, and therefore the tree itself is corrupt. The fact that

persons seldom justify the theatre *as it is*, but as it might be, or as it was designed to be, ought to suffice for its condemnation. Persons talk of reforming the theatre. It has been tried; and the question is now settled that a theatre loses its attractions so soon as it is reformed.

But what are the fruits of this tree? Money is needlessly, and, therefore, sinfully expended; the imagination is polluted, the taste is vitiated, the passions are inflamed; and then follow licentiousness, poverty, wretchedness, eternal misery. But this is not all. The play-goer exerts a baneful influence upon others. The evil is prolific. Its name is Legion; for the pleasing vice cannot be indulged, such is its nature, and so Satan would have it, without deadly consequences, that are relative as well as personal; consequences which are multiplied and aggravated as time rolls on, and which, therefore, as to their number and magnitude, are beyond all power of calculation.

In order to meet the necessities of the various classes and circumstances of the population in such places, it will at once be evident that the public ministry of the word must not only instruct and please, and thus prove acceptable to the intelligent and refined, but it must adapt itself to the masses; it must deal largely with the conscience; it must affect the heart; it must move the will; or otherwise few, if any, will be saved from death.

Mr. Tackaberry was appointed to the Dublin Circuit, at the Conference of 1826, with the Rev. Messrs. Samuel Wood and John Stuart. The morning after his arrival in the city, he made a renewed and solemn dedication of himself to God; thenceforward giving

himself to ministerial and pastoral duties in the spirit of unreserved consecration. His own words will best describe the freedom from mental dissipation and distraction, and from uneasy fear, with which he entered upon his work:—"I never found coming into this city take so little effect upon my mind. I scarcely look at anything in it, but walk on as unconcernedly as if I were in Tomagaddy-fields. I have been giving myself afresh to God this morning, and trust He will accept the offering, and be with me. I have not now the fears with which I was agitated when I first received the appointment. Thank God, they are gone."

August 28 he writes: "Thank the Lord, I get on very smoothly. I preached but once yesterday, for a wonder. Mr. Myles, one of the oldest Preachers in the world, filled my place at twelve in Abbey-street. I hope I shall like this city much better than I thought I would." And then he relates an incident which instructively exhibits the *aim* of his ministry: "One of the Local Preachers of this city told me a circumstance on Saturday which encouraged me a good deal. 'I went,' he said, 'to Whitefriars-street, on the Sunday evening, determined to criticize every word. When you named your text,—2 Cor. xiii. 5, *Examine yourselves, whether ye be in the faith; prove your own selves. Know ye not your own selves, how that Jesus Christ is in you, except ye be reprobates?*—I thought I should observe closely, for that was one of my texts, and one upon which I had thought much. But I was soon driven to look at my own heart, and almost beaten from my purpose. However, I soon rallied, resolved again to criticize; but, before you were half done, seeing your object was to save souls, I forgot my

errand, and criticized no more.' This he related before three others and myself, and finished by saying, that I 'converted him from criticizing.' You can scarcely conceive how much this has encouraged me. I am thankful for the happiness I feel, and do hope to be more devoted to God than I have ever been yet."

The *direct aim* of his preaching was highly appreciated—no mean proof of their good sense and piety—by the Dublin people. This had a salutary influence upon his heart and ministry, of which the following extract gives evidence:—"We walked a good deal through the city to-day, and then took a look at it from the top of Nelson's Pillar, a place on which I had never been before. I have come now to my room to try to get on the mountain-top, and to obtain a view of a more glorious city: yes, more glorious far to me; for in this city I have none inheritance, no, not so much as to set my foot on, save the loan of a couple of rooms for a few months; but

'There is my house, my portion fair;  
My treasure and my heart are there,  
And my abiding home.'

And I bless the Lord my heart often exults while I review it, and never more than at some times since I came to Dublin. The Lord is very good to me: I thank Him, I love Him, I hope to be more fully His than ever. I think I shall like Dublin better than I expected. There are some precious people—several praying souls in it; and not a few who love plain, unvarnished, experimental preaching. I never preached plainer in all my life than these last three weeks." Next month he writes again: "There are many spiritual people in the Dublin Society; persons whom I will get very fond

of. Our congregations are large, and very attentive. Having met various classes for tickets this fortnight, I praise God for our people."

His next communication states a fact which opens up a question full of interest, but which it may not be so easy to solve: "We have had two or three remarkable instances lately of persons, given over, recovering again in answer to prayer. One of these cases has excited considerable observation, and I hope led many to have more faith in God." True, the prayer of faith saves the sick, and the Lord raises him up. But faith cannot be legitimately exercised, prayer cannot be successfully offered, except in accordance with the Divine will, *as revealed*. "This is the confidence that we have in Him, that, if we ask anything according to His will, He heareth us: and if we know that He hear us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of Him."\* The difficulty is to know whether it is the Divine will that the sick person in question should recover. It is not the subject of a written revelation. It is appointed unto all men once to die. Then how can it be known that restoration in this case is agreeable to the mind of God? How else than by a distinct intimation to that effect from His Spirit to the heart?—an intimation understood, credited, laid hold of, by the suppliant who has devotional intimacy and power with Him.

In October Mr. Tackaberry informs one of his brothers: "I have had sweet foretastes of heaven this week. I am longing to be holy. I find little ground is gained without much *labour* in prayer; and this is sometimes hard work. May I thus labour for the meat that

\* 1 John v. 14, 15.

endureth unto everlasting life!"—It may be "hard work" to fix the mind intently; to recall it when it wanders; to resist temptations, in such case, to discouragement and unbelief; to exercise the full assurance of faith, in circumstances unfavourable almost to *any* degree of faith. But "he that regardeth the wind will not sow;" and the hardy husbandman sows in hope. To despair of a crop would paralyse all his energies. But what an abundant yield is uniformly vouchsafed by the Lord of the harvest, when the Christian perseveringly "labours in prayer!"

Then follows an impressive admonition: "Are *you* seeking God? I have stood by the death-bed of a young man, since I came to Dublin, who was taken off with a few days' illness, only two months married, and but twenty-one years old! It was an affecting sight. O, how he warned his younger brothers, and promised to serve God should he recover!"

The same month he thus pours out his heart to an afflicted Christian friend: "The pious Baxter used to say, an affliction is lost when we are not made better by it. I do trust you will preach to us such lessons of patience, of resignation, and, when you shall have fully recovered, of gratitude, as you have never done before. In heaven we shall know more fully than we can now; and I believe we shall then see that all these *painful weaning fits* were in mercy. Tell me, do you praise the Lord more or less than you used to do? Do you look more at Christ and heaven, than at self and the world?—I often feel greatly surrounded with mercies. Everything here has turned out more favourably than I expected. The people bear plain preaching well; and in general we have good congregations. Although I

cannot read as much as I wish, still I have many opportunities for improvement that I could not have on a country Circuit. Our 'Strangers' Friend' breakfast-meeting is very profitable. It is held the last Sunday of every month. The Preachers, Travelling and Local, the Leaders, with the wives of all, are present. The Superintendent presides; a subject for conversation having been announced the week before, on which all present are at liberty to speak. The meetings generally are very edifying. The subject last month was Romans v. 1. Many delightful remarks were made on justification by faith."

Next month he gives the following narration to his mother, with filial unreserve:—"From occurrences which came to my knowledge recently, I have been encouraged to go forward, and humbly to hope that the Lord will continue to make use of me as an instrument of good to immortal souls. On Sunday, 7th instant, I dined with a pious couple. After dinner, they introduced me to a young lad who for years had been seeking the Lord, but had not obtained a sense of pardon. After speaking freely and fully to him, we went to prayer. Two or three of us prayed alternately for some time; and, thanks to our God, He answered for Himself, and enabled this steady seeker to rejoice in His love. The youth is a distributer of tracts; and will, I trust, be the means of good to others. For years he has been modest and steady, and is now very happy. Two or three persons, partly in despair, have joined my Tuesday eleven-o'clock class; and though not yet as happy as I could wish, or as I think they will be, are nevertheless encouraged and comforted. I trust they will make well-wearing Christians. Two others, who were backsliders,

have also joined lately, and are recovering their first love. Another, daughter to a very good woman in this city, and who had been in a state of despair, came on Tuesday week to my class, instead of going to the one in which she usually met. She opened her whole heart in the class-room; and added, that when she told this to her Leader, he would not believe her. I spoke to her at some length, told some of my own sorrowful experience of former years, encouraged her to come to Jesus *just then*, and went to prayer. She did not, while in the class-room, inform us that her sorrow was turned into joy, but she told it in her own class last Tuesday; and her mother says there is a wondrous change in her in every respect—in words, looks, ALL! ‘I have also received different letters since I came to Dublin, either requesting spiritual direction, or professing to have received good under some of my little sermons, and encouraging me especially to preach to backsliders. These things are cheering; and, while we have nothing very great as yet, I do thank my heavenly Father that matters are as they are. I am more thankful for what some would consider *little things*, than I was years ago. Nothing now is *little* to me which in any measure furthers the salvation of a SOUL; an immortal, blood-redeemed SOUL.

“In addition to all this,—greater mercy to me than all I have mentioned yet,—I can generally look up with much sweetness and unshaken confidence to God as *my Father*, as *my God*; and am sometimes favoured with such visits of His love, such views of my heavenly inheritance, as lift my mind above all things below. O, how shall we sufficiently love God! Sometimes, when I am very happy, I cry out, ‘When I get to heaven, I will satisfy myself then!’



"C—— and I read an hour and a half together, at Greek and Hebrew, in my room every morning.— Monday, November 20. We had a lovefeast at Gravel-walk last night. Among some things which filled me with thankful joy, was the experience of a soldier whose backslidings were healed in that house, a few weeks ago, while I was preaching on Psalm xl. 1—3. This I did not know before. It was a very good meeting."

Thanksgiving to God is as much the Christian's duty as any other; *more so* in the Divine estimation than some others, one would infer, since it is more frequently enjoined by Scripture precept and example. And yet how many of the people of God might, with greater reason, make the confession of the saintly Fletcher, "I am poor in nothing but thanksgiving!"

A seven-paged letter to his mother, dated January 19, 1827, enumerating, amplifying, and adoring God for mercies received, commences Mr. Tackaberry's home-correspondence for that year. An extract is given,—the artless and glowing effusion of his heart,—in which many will soon recognise the likeness of a much-loved friend:—

"Listen to your son while he tells you some of *his* causes of rejoicing, some of *your own* also, and then some of *our* mercies as a family; and, when we have reviewed them, we will praise our God together. Here I sit at this moment crowned with loving-kindness. I have all I want now. To-morrow I leave to my God. I have books on my table and shelves in which I greatly delight, though indeed I read little but the word of God in the different languages. I am sweetly, constantly happy in Jesus. My hope of glory is animating; my joy is even, sometimes it abounds; and my peace

flows as a river. My work is my pleasure, my delight. True, it is laborious; but Divine strength is proportioned to my day. Six years back I would not believe that I should ever have the constitution God has given me. I believe I have preached oftener than many men in Dublin the last six months, and visited sick innumerable in every description of complaint, and in every sort of place; and, thanks to my God, have not been one day unable to fill my appointments since I saw you. This is all of God. Acknowledging it, I offer the life He has preserved afresh to Him.

“The people amongst whom my lot is cast not only bear with me, but I am sure many of them love and pray for me, and thankfully receive my weak but well-meant efforts to do them good. I cannot say great things of revivals as yet; but I am learning to be thankful if the Lord condescend to use me in any instance to do even the very least good; and I bless Him He has given me some evidence the last few months that I am not labouring in vain. Our band-meetings, which, after much deliberation and prayer, were commenced a few weeks ago, are full of promise. Not a few are hungering and thirsting after entire sanctification; and several of these are amongst the oldest and steadiest members of our Society. Here are mercies, but the half is not told. Shall I stop here? *If I do, the half is not told! No, not the half!*

‘Infinite Thy mercies are,  
Beneath their weight I cannot move;  
O! ’tis more than I can bear,  
The sense of ALL Thy love!’

\* \* \* \* \*

“Shall we now review our family-mercies? To note

but *one*. Time was when mother, father, and all your children were walking in darkness, and had no light; no saving knowledge of God. But O, the mercy of mercies! God who commanded the light to shine out of darkness hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. The tear of gratitude falls while I write. This blessed light has shone into the hearts of mother, father, Fossey, John, and Jane; and will yet shine, yea, is now shining, into the hearts of Henry, William, and Bessy. Did I say *one* mercy? Why, this one includes all the rest. Let us but love God here, so that we may be together in heaven hereafter; and *all* is well, well for ever. Hallelujah!

“But you are distressed for our dear John, because he is cast down at the apprehension of a division among the American Preachers. I assure you, his feelings on that subject make me love him twice as much as I ever loved him before. Here is practical proof that he has the soul of a Methodist Preacher. Methodism threatened with division, division among her Ministers, and he unconcerned? If that were so, I should think very little of him ministerially, although my much-loved brother. Suppose there were cause to fear a division in the Irish Conference, do you think I would not feel? I would feel more for such a calamity than for anything else in this world. But he has no fears till the next General Conference; and by that time the Lord will have taught him that, though the Ark may totter, it shall not fall. Let us therefore rejoice before the Lord, and praise Him together.”

Honest self-examination, to ascertain the extent to which we resemble persons eminent for sanctity, and

where the resemblance fails, could not but prove profitable. Mr. Tackaberry exercised himself thus unto godliness. "I spent half an hour this morning," he observes, "in meditating on the character and example of Mr. Fletcher. Were he in my place and circumstances, how would he act? How would he act in public? How in families? How in his study? How in the closet? From him I was led to look at the example of the Lord Jesus. O, how I was ashamed and humbled! I longed to be like Him.....We are expecting a greater work of God than we have seen yet. Pray for us.—Saturday morning, December 8. Well, and *praying to be thankful.*"

He soon began to realize his expectations. January 1, 1827, in a kind of journal-epistle, he writes: "December 24, the Sabbath. Rose awhile before day, walked to Abbey-street, and preached at eight o'clock, on Heb. vi. 1, to a congregation who wished to hear concerning the deep things of God.—December 25. Awoke at half-past three; rose a little before four. The first thought on awakening was, 'My meditation of Him shall be sweet.' An immense crowd in Whitefriars-street at four. I looked at them awhile, and thanked God for a people disposed to worship Him at such an hour; then went to Gravel-walk, and preached at six. Heard Mr. M'Afee preach a very excellent sermon in Abbey-street at twelve. I preached there in the evening a short sermon, on 1 John iii. 5.—December 31, Sunday. Preached in Gravel-walk at eight, on the subject of holiness. The people drank in the word of life. In Abbey-street at twelve, on 2 Sam. xiv. 14. ('We must needs die,' &c.) The Lord gave me not only a word to speak, but the hearts of the people. I never witnessed

such general feeling under a sermon of mine since I came to Dublin. To me it was very solemn to see hundreds affected to tears. O, may the seed not be sown on the way-side!

“At half-past eight our watch-night commenced in Whitefriars-street. I retired after midnight to my room, under a deep sense of the mercies of God; felt pleased to hear the joy-bells welcoming the new year, while I commended my soul to God, and retired to rest.—January 1. Abundant cause for thankfulness all this day. Every hour may I feel heaven nearer and more desirable. Preached in Gravel-walk this evening, on sanctification, to a pleasingly attentive congregation. May God revive His work! My love to your Preachers. I do love them, and hope to be with them for ever. I wish all my dear family, including Fossey himself, a very happy new year; that is, *a very holy one.*”

An important era in his life now rapidly approached; namely, his ordination to the office and work of the Christian ministry. This took place at the ensuing Conference in Belfast. The reader will have been convinced, by this time, that he gave “full proof” of his fitness for that office. An extract from another journal-letter, written in the midst of the duties and anxieties of that eventful period,—the overflowing of filial affection and solicitude,—exhibits what manner of spirit he was of, and what was his estimate of men and things:—

“July 2.—Rose early, and had possession of my seat, on the Belfast mail, a quarter before seven o’clock. Passengers agreeable: the few who were on the back-seats were Protestants, as was also the guard. Two of the men were English; and an interesting Scotch girl sat on my right hand. The country for the first sixty

miles disappointed me a little. But for the last twenty, from Hillsborough to Belfast, it is exceedingly beautiful." (The part of the country exceeding in cultivation and beauty, though certainly not in fertility, is that inhabited by the *Protestant* settlers. On this, reader, you will make your own comments.) "Here, the handsome country-seat, the neat cottages, thinly scattered, or collected in clusters and forming villages; on the one hand, the lovely waving wheat; on the other, the promising flax, oats, and potatoes—the riches of a Northern—met the eye, with ever and anon a large field covered with pieces of linen, and surrounded with watch-houses; while the view on the right, frequently bounded by the British Channel, and on the left by proudly-rising mountains, made the scene more than delightful."

In imitation of Andrew, (John i.,) of Philip, (Acts viii.,) and of our Great Exemplar, (John iv.,) who evinced a yearning anxiety for the salvation of individuals whom they met,—“I spoke closely,” he continues, “to the amiable little Scotch girl about Jesus. At first there was no appearance of feeling, but after a little her attention became deeply fixed. She acknowledged frankly she knew nothing about these matters; and, alas! her ignorance was but too plainly demonstrated by her answers. I spoke strongly, plainly, and tenderly, for more than an hour, pointing her to the sinner’s Friend, and exhorting her to be the messenger of peace to her father and mother. Were it only on her account, I am not sorry for my journey to Belfast. I felt such freedom in speaking, such earnest longing for her salvation, that I have more than a hope that the word was not spoken in vain. At nine the town was descried,

and in half an hour I was hailed by some of my brethren who were looking out for me.

“July 3.—Went to the Conference at ten. Messrs. Price, Gillman, and myself were called in a few minutes, and for two hours and a half underwent such an examination as I had no conception of, and as several of the Preachers told me they never knew young men to undergo before. My name standing first of the three on the Minutes, most of the questions were first put to me; which, of course, made my place the most trying. The remainder of the day was spent chiefly in the examination of character. Surely it is an awful place! At half-past seven, Brothers Price and Gillman, with myself, waited on Mr. Watson [the President] and Mr. Bunting at their lodging. They remained in close conversation with us till a quarter to ten. They are indeed great men, and men of God.”

Again: “The Methodist females here are very plain in their dress. There are hundreds in town from the different Societies for twenty miles round; and *all* that I have seen, whether of the Belfast or the adjoining Societies, are very plain in their appearance; but many of them as neat as Quakers. Many salutations from our Preachers as we walk. In my eyes they are a blessed set of men. Thank God for them. I am increasing in affection for them every year. Several of the elder are absent; some poorly, others gone to their reward: very many of the present Conference are comparatively young men. Mr. Gustavus Armstrong, the oldest Preacher in Ireland, sent a letter to the Conference to-day, enclosing £100, to sustain and extend our work in this country.

“The young men to be received into full connexion

with the Conference took their stand in the front of the gallery a little before six. Never did I see a house of worship so packed before. Socinians, Arians, Papists, Episcopalian, Presbyterian, and Wesleyan Protestants, including the Seceder and Covenanters, were eye and ear witnesses. The President opened the service with the 446th hymn:—

‘Jesu, the word of mercy give,  
And let it swiftly run!’

Messrs. Wood and Mayne then prayed delightfully indeed. An appropriate and affecting address on the nature and importance of the Christian ministry having been delivered by the President, he called on P. French, F. Tackaberry, H. Price, and J. B. Gillman, to give an account of their conversion, call to the ministry, and present Christian experience. The attention of the overcrowded audience was now more arrested and fixed than ever. Deep feeling was evinced, many tears were shed, and throughout the house fervently devout breathings ascended to heaven. The President proceeded to ask the usual questions; which having been answered, it was moved by Mr. Roberts, from Bristol, seconded by Mr. Wood, and supported by Mr. Bunting, ‘that these brethren be received into full connexion with the Methodist Conference,’ the whole Conference expressing their approval by standing up. Another hymn having been sung, the service concluded with prayer by the Rev. Messrs. Mason and Bunting. But O! such a prayer as that of Mr. Bunting. Never did I hear its like. An overwhelming torrent of eloquence!—of eloquence pure, simple, sublime, devotional, evangelical; laying hold on Christ, and bringing the



blessing down! *We* were much affected. We retired, solemnly feeling that the vows of the Lord were upon us.

“July 5.—Conference goes on in great harmony. Mr. Watson evinces deep thought, unusual grasp of mind, much coolness; is as thin as a skeleton; and seldom smiles. He is not very prepossessing at first, but improves as you observe him. Mr. Bunting is amiable in mind, prepossessing in appearance, and uncommonly eloquent.

“I could not get over a re-appointment to Dublin this year, unless I refused positively. I go back resolved to live nearer to God, and to preach more than ever to the *hearts* of the people. I greatly respect the body of Ministers with whom I am united. This journal has been written in stolen moments and broken scraps of time. My darling mother will thus see that I do not forget her.”

Having returned to Dublin, he remarks: “Our Conference ended as it began, in much harmony and love. The Preachers parted from each other in great good humour, and with renewed determinations to give themselves wholly to the work in which they are engaged.”

At first sight, these may appear uninteresting facts; but, examined more closely, how important! How vital in relation to their own interests, and the interests of the Connexion and of the country, that the Preachers, as here stated, were in the true sense *united brethren*! Not that they thought alike on every subject, although upon the essentials of doctrine and discipline they were, as the Ministers and members of every particular church ought to be, “perfectly joined together in the same

mind and in the same judgment." But they could sing, as perhaps they did,—

"Our bodies may far off remove,  
We still are one in heart."

And they were "in great good humour,"—about to enter their different spheres of health-consuming toil, of self-sacrificing labour; their various fields of conflict with anti-Christian error, with lukewarmness and formalism, with all the powers of hell: and, to qualify them for such undertakings they had little to hope from the men or the wealth of the world. Still, knowing where their strength lay, and how inexhaustible and available were their resources, they were "in great good humour." The faith which staggers not at the sure word of promise, "Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low: and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain: and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together," must have largely contributed to this holy exultation. It was thus the joy of faith. It was the joy of gratitude as well; gratitude that they had been

"Blest with the scorn of finite good;"

that they had not been permitted to labour in vain, or spend their strength for nought; that many, by their mouth, had heard and believed the Gospel, who otherwise might have perished in ignorance and sin; many born from above, who should ultimately be brought to glory.

In a letter dated the September following, he notices some little inconvenience in the way of lodging, with the significant remark, "I am but a pilgrim at best;"—

a reflection often suggested, and naturally tending to produce sombre feeling, by the circumstances of his calling; but in his case, and in the case of every right-hearted evangelist, uniformly associated with buoyant cheerfulness. Of this cheerfulness, the Rev. John Wesley himself was an example to all his "sons in the Gospel;" of which the 68th hymn of the present Collection gives evidence,—one of the few hymns of which he was the author,\* and upon which his whole career is an edifying comment; a hymn which cannot be properly studied without admiration of the man, and a desire to imitate such noble qualities:—

"How happy is the pilgrim's lot!  
How free from every anxious thought,  
From worldly hope and fear!  
Confined to neither court nor cell,  
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,  
He only sojourns here."

"I have had some happy hours," proceeds Mr. Tackaberry, "in secret prayer and reading, as also in public. I am often full of expectation that we are on the eve of great good. My Tuesday class is still increasing. There are now forty names. The Tuesday-night public band-meetings are sometimes truly watering-seasons. I am growing fonder of our people here, and the feeling I believe is mutual. Often am I so overcome with gratitude to God for His mercies, that I am silent before Him. O, how unspeakable His goodness to me! It is my constant prayer that I may be kept looking at the bright side of everything. In this, I hope, I am gaining a little ground."

In another communication, written the same month,

\* See Burgess's Hymnology.

there is this animating record: "Often this week have I been surprised, and melted into thankfulness, from a sense of the Divine goodness. Often, while walking the streets, I have been so taken up with the love of God as to forget myself and all around me. In preaching and other public services, I have felt much more at home than while in the country. Sometimes the Lord blesses me in answer to earnest and expecting prayer; but this week His grace has been descending like the dew upon the tender herb, without almost any effort of mine. The full attendance of members at the public band-meeting, on Tuesday night, was most gratifying. Deepening Christian experience was very observable."

His prospects continued to brighten. The week-night congregations greatly increased: and, on the evening of September 16, 1827, Whitefriars-street chapel, as he phrased it, "was full outside the doors!" His text on the occasion was 2 Tim. iv. 7, 8: "I have fought a good fight," &c.

The following November he relates: "We have some move in this city just now. Whether it will continue, God only knows. I had to give up preaching in Gravel-walk last evening, and go to prayer with persons in distress. To-day, at eleven o'clock, in my female class, we had a very blessed season. While we have had no great noise the last year, our Lord has been savingly at work. In my Tuesday class alone, eight persons have found peace with God, and each is walking consistently with her profession. All these are new members.—Mr. Baxter's 'Reformed Pastor,' which I have been reading lately, is close and searching. It has done me good."

This "move" not only continued, but in several respects bore the marks of a genuine revival of the work of God. A few days after writing the above, he gives the following account:—

"We have not had such hope of prosperity in Dublin, since I knew it, as at present." And no wonder, when he adds: "Everywhere I turn, I find the spirit of prayer and expectation on the increase. And, thanks to our prayer-hearing God, we have not only hopes, but drops before the shower. Several have been saved at the meetings lately. To-day, at the eleven o'clock prayer-meeting, while Mr. Ferguson prayed, there was a cry for mercy. Our old Preachers, Messrs. Smith, Ferguson, and Murphy, are gloriously alive. It is truly delightful and encouraging to see these venerable fathers so zealous, so earnest, and themselves so happy in God. If prayer continue and increase, I do believe we shall soon see a remarkable outpouring of the Holy Spirit."

Of Baxter's "Reformed Pastor," already mentioned, he subsequently speaks thus: "It is a work which a Gospel Minister cannot read without getting great good, if his heart be even *nearly* in the right place."

His account of the Christmas and watch-night services shows that the spirit of prayer did continue, and that heavenly influences were still vouchsafed: "On Christmas-day, old Mr. Smith preached a most ingenious sermon to a very crowded audience. There was deep attention, and a very good feeling. I was appointed to preach at the watch-night; which I did, with fear and trembling, to the largest congregation I ever addressed. Our congregations throughout the city are very good. On Tuesday week, in my class, one gave an account of

the manner in which she obtained pardoning mercy the Friday before. She was not a member of my class; but, as I had sorrowed with her, this was an occasion of joy."

One of his colleagues having been laid aside by illness, he had extra duties to perform, ministerial and pastoral. Of this increased labour and care, and of the state of his own heart, he thus speaks with filial freedom:—"Blessed work! Thanks to God for such work, and for continued health to engage in it.—Sunday night, Feb. 24. Preached this morning in Gravelwalk, at half-past seven, to a congregation who drank in every word; and hastened back, after renewing tickets, to the 'Strangers' Friend' breakfast-meeting. Very profitable conversation. Preached with much ease to myself in Abbey-street, at twelve. Deep attention. Surely the seed did not all fall by the way-side, or on the rock! But who will bring forth fruit with patience? who will so understand, receive, and walk in the truth, as to endure to the end? I now sit at my own desk, surrounded with mercies; and, blessed be God, a heart to feel its obligations is given also. Seldom have I felt so little weary on a Sabbath night. My mind in sweet peace, *the peace of God*. My heart flies to my dear family, sending up my aspirations with theirs to the Divine throne, although there are fifty miles between. Well, a few, and but a few, more days of faithfulness, and we meet in our everlasting home above. Hallelujah."

He proceeds with his epistolary narrative.—"February 12, 1828. Sunday was among my good days. I heard two sermons, and preached in the evening, with help from above, on Phil. iv. 8. After preaching, held a prayer-meeting till past nine. There was a gracious

movement among the people. Last evening, my text in Whitefriars-street was Rev. xxii. 17: 'The Spirit and the bride say, Come.' Several seemed just ready to accept the invitation. In pressing it with encouragement, my own soul felt pleasure and profit.

"I lately spent part of two days at Island-Bridge and Richmond, looking for ground to build two small preaching-houses. There is a congregation in each place, chiefly composed of soldiers and their wives. A good work is begun in some of their hearts, principally through the means of Mr. and Mrs. Haughton.

"On yesterday week I again renewed the study of Hebrew, which I had discontinued for some time. By great manœuvring, I have been able to give it an hour every day since. How delightful the study of God's own word!—Occasionally, I see or hear of a soul pardoned or sanctified. Whether I shall have to write of much good done while I am in Dublin, I know not."

A chapel was soon afterwards built at Richmond, near the barracks, where a promising Sunday-school is now held, and the military may enjoy the means of salvation. This erection was effectually promoted by the zeal and exertions of the truly devoted couple just mentioned. Some persons affect to despise what they call religious *hobbies*; but there are too many examples of the utility of some such hobbies, at least, to justify their universal condemnation. The leading idea, the ruling desire, of Mr. and Mrs. Haughton, was to seek the spiritual good of the army; and for a commendable reason: the former having been, if not converted, yet confirmed in the grace of God, by the instrumentality of a devout soldier. Mrs. Haughton, a woman of some peculiarity, but of great excellence, applied personally

to the Earl of Roden for aid toward the erection in question urging the claims of the class of persons for whom it was intended, and the necessity and importance of such a provision, as the ground of her plea. "And, my lord," she said, with unaffected simplicity, "won't you give me a good deal?" To this appeal his lordship responded, after some time, by a *noble* donation.\*

The annual sermon for the Sabbath-schools was preached by Mr. Tackaberry in Whitefriars-street, April 13, 1828. His text was Matthew xii. 12: "Wherefore it is lawful to do well on the Sabbath-days." He takes grateful notice of the amount of the collection, £15. 8s.,—£5. 8s. more than the previous year; indicating, as it did, not only the favourable estimate in which he was held, but the growing interest felt in that mode of religious education.

Some Christians are so sensitive as to be annoyed and depressed by the most trivial incidents. Often have such persons heard from Mr. Tackaberry the affectionate rebuke, uttered with cheerful look and manner: "Come, come! of how small concern will this be when you are twenty years in heaven!" In April of this year he thus admonishes one of this fearing and melancholy temperament: "Are you growing stronger to bear *little things*? Indeed, when I consider myself an immortal spirit on the verge of an ETERNAL world, everything looks little to me. Going to be crowned with glory *to-morrow*, and let the sting of a midge trouble me *to-day*?"

The history of his labours and encouragements on the

\* The Connexion is also indebted to the Earl of Roden for the valuable site of our chapel in Jocelyn-street, Dundalk, at a nominal rent, obtained from him when I was stationed there.



Dublin Circuit, now nearly terminated, may be concluded with the following lively description:—"We have had some of the best meetings in Dublin, the last three weeks, that I have seen in it for eighteen months. I never saw so good a lovefeast in this city as the last in Gravel-walk. Our Prayer-Leaders are all alive, and all at their post. We breakfasted together last Sabbath morning. None but they and myself were present. It was a meeting we shall not soon forget. We spent more than an hour on our knees, praying for purity of heart, for an increase of holiness, and for the spread of the work of God. Our public band-meetings are, in general, seasons of much refreshing. One of our old widows, in No. 13, gave us such an account of entire sanctification lately as was most instructive and profitable. She received it in one of those meetings, about four weeks back, while we were at prayer for her. This, from a woman who had been an ornament to religion for about fifty years, was reviving.

"I have endeavoured to visit many of the Society lately, and I bless God for the healthy state of several. Some of our poorer members, scantily provided with food and raiment, I found heartily praising and blessing God." Even this is more than possible, by the aids of that grace of Christ which is all-sufficient. "Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls: yet I will rejoice in the LORD, I will joy in the God of my salvation." (Hab. iii. 17, 18.)

## CHAPTER V.

1828-1830.—DROGHEDA.

AT the Conference of 1828 Mr. Tackaberry was appointed to the Drogheda Circuit. It will be remembered that he spent some time here in 1822, before he went to Skibbereen. A record of his "manner of communications" during that period is preserved. "On Wednesday," he says, "I left Dublin, and preached in Balbriggan, where I met a father indeed in Mr. Thomas Rogers, the master of the house where I stopped. Such a man in his family I have not seen. We walked together next morning, and he gave me some advices which I shall not soon forget.—Thursday. I came into this town [Drogheda], where I preached to an attentive congregation, and held two prayer-meetings. May the Lord God give me some fruit! Two such days as yesterday and to-day I have seldom spent. I am sole tenant of Mr. Stewart's house: he on his way to England, and she from home. The parlour is my study, a Bethel indeed, where I can read, pray, think, write, and no one to disturb.

"Many lose sanctification by resting in the witness of it. When it is received, then should we look for all the fulness of God daily. I hope to see good here before I leave. I preached this evening to about two hundred and twenty persons. I strove to speak plainly, closely, strongly. If one soul be converted, one awakened,

or even one quickened, God shall have the glory. My own soul is happy in God, living in His will."

His testimony, given soon after, to the character of Mrs. William Stewart, is as just as it is exalted:—"Mrs. Stewart has more hope of her little girls, a large flock of whom are under her care, than of all the town beside. She is a woman of a thousand. I may have seen as holy, perhaps holier; but she has an unequalled method of managing young persons. I trust my observance of her will be of use to me while I live."

Availing himself of retirement for a season, he was not less happy in his public work, ever joyously satisfied with the will of God. "I had hoped, on coming to this Circuit, for tokens of the Divine presence and sanction. As to myself, I have not been disappointed. Seldom have I known such times. My soul has been kept in God, every moment offering myself to Him for time and eternity. I long, from the bottom of my heart, to be devoted to Him as I have never been. I trust I shall. O yes, I shall be fully, wholly, and, if faithful, for ever, the Lord's. I hope I have seen some good done on the Circuit; but O that I had seen, that I may see, more! Everywhere I endeavoured to speak plainly. On Wednesday night we had a backslider restored; and at different meetings a melting influence rested upon the people. O that I could see more glory brought to the name of Jesus!

"The Protestants are very thin on this Circuit; consequently the congregations are small. There is as much Irish as English spoken on parts of it. I never felt such desire to understand the Irish language.....The people wish and expect me round again. If I talk of home, they tell me I should get more manliness. If I must

lose filial tenderness to get manliness, I had rather be the boy as long as I live. It matters not *where*, but *what*, we are. O the blessing of living fully to God, of knowing nothing but Christ and Him crucified! I have had a taste of this during the fortnight. Yesterday, at twelve o'clock, my favourite hour for prayer, I spent some time on the top of Forkhill, in the county of Armagh, and thought of Moses viewing the promised land. It was one of the happiest seasons I ever spent. This, you see, is a letter of news; thank God, no bad news."

The hatred existing between the Celtic and Saxon races has been a formidable barrier to the spread of the Gospel in Ireland,—the Gospel, whose doctrine is, that God has made of one blood all the nations that dwell on the face of the earth. This aversion has sometimes broken forth with relentless fury on the part of the Celts, provoking in return direful Saxon vengeance. Thus the massacre of 1641 earned a speedy and terrible retribution at the hands of Cromwell. Mr. Tackaberry remarks, in the extract above given, upon the thinness of the Protestant population on the Drogheda Circuit, and the consequent smallness of his congregations. Elsewhere, once and again, he describes the Romanists as "clay that would not work," as "bad clay to make brick." The fact may be accounted for, in part, by the sanguinary conflicts of which the country has been the theatre from time to time: conflicts provoked sometimes, perhaps, by misgovernment, but always fomented by the Priests, ever eager as they are to maintain and extend the dominion of their pontifical master, who claims, and exercises where practicable, the right of interference in the secular as well as spiritual affairs of

every country on earth. Though the atrocities of 1641 merited retribution, and Cromwell may have been the chosen instrument of its infliction, the *fact* referred to so frequently by Mr. Tackaberry is deplorable. There is a sullen remembrance of real and imaginary wrongs ; and this operates in the way to which he adverts, as well as otherwise. The "vindicator" of the Protector thus apologizes for him: "Cromwell acted in Ireland like a great statesman; and the means he employed were those best calculated promptly to restore order in that unhappy country. And yet we cannot avoid regretting that a man, a Christian man, should have been called to wage so terrible a war, and to show towards his enemies greater severity than had ever, perhaps, been exercised by the Pagan leaders of antiquity."\*

The experiment of converting Ireland by the sword, and by measures of severity, has been sufficiently tried. Henceforward, while the motto of all Protestant Churches is, "No peace with Rome," that is, with the doctrines, the policy, the aims of Popery,—while we maintain our protest against the monstrous corruptions of the truth of God by that system,—while at the same time we give what we claim, liberty of judgment and of worship to its votaries,—let the *people* be treated personally with kindness; let there be a studied avoidance of all irritation in word and deed; an avoidance of everything shutting up the way of access to their consciences and hearts. While no worldly inducements are held out as a means of proselytism, let protection be afforded in every possible way to those who are persecuted for righteousness' sake. And withal, let the Churches of

\* D'Aubigné.

Protestantism rise above their narrow prejudices, their bitter envying, their unseemly strife. Let the vaunting of Rome be silenced when she would contrast her unity with our divisions, by being forced to the admission that the various evangelical denominations, while differing in circumstantialia, are cordially one in heart. In order to this, let there be *vital, personal piety* in those denominations; for men will not, cannot, love one another with pure hearts fervently, unless they love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. Where genuine love to the Saviour is absent, all professions and manifestations of brotherly kindness or catholicity must be hollow and hypocritical. And let the *conduct* of all classes of Protestants demonstrate, not only the superiority of our creed, but of our morals. Let the spiritual, earnest members of those several Churches co-operate with their official agents, by exposing anti-Christian error in its various forms and consequences; ever speaking the truth in love; proving what they affirm by "Thus saith the Lord;" and constraining the feeling that this exposure is not the fruit of personal hostility, but of yearning pity, of warm and fearless affection for their souls. Let this course be persevered in, though hindrances, adversaries, and dangers have to be encountered at the outset; and it cannot be doubted that, ere long, the aboriginal as well as colonist population of Ireland will flock to hear the truth preached, "as doves to their windows."

Having been married to Miss Johnston, of Cortubbin, near Ballycanew, at the close of his second year in Dublin, Mr. Tackaberry was appointed to the Drogheda Circuit by the Conference of 1828, with the Rev. Andrew Hamilton, jun., as his Superintendent. An

extract from his first letter will describe his views and hopes :—

“Our house is good enough for any man with a small family, having the feeling of a pilgrim and a sojourner. It is not very well furnished, but contains more, however, than the Prophet’s chamber. (2 Kings iv. 10.)

“Mr. Hamilton, my present bishop, is a man whom I shall not only highly respect and esteem, but greatly love. He is a sensible, judicious, talented man, and deeply pious also,—a man of God. Methodism in town and country is very low indeed. I have been round part of the Circuit, have met some of the classes, preached sometimes in town, made many inquiries; and my firm opinion is, that nothing less than the power of God can revive us. Mr. Hamilton and I have been consulting, planning, and purposing. May God aid us!

“Mr. Hamilton is able and willing to work. Thanks to God, so am I. We are both devoutly resolved to lay ourselves out, length and breadth, for Christ and souls; to labour with all our might. The worst is, that in many places we have few but Romanists to work upon, and they are not good clay for Methodist brick.

“Having read this statement, you will think it strange if I can be much encouraged; and yet I am. I have time for retirement, reading, meditation, and PRAYER; and am deeply grateful for these opportunities.”—So great was the contrast between the Drogheda and Dublin Circuits, that he observes, in continuation: “I almost feel as if I were not the same man; such quiet of mind, such tranquillity of spirit, such a calm! Nothing like it for more than two years. Hence I am encouraged by increased inward comfort, by greater nearness to God in prayer, and by a hope of better

days, which I find growing in the hearts of our people. My dear Eliza and I are striving to help each other to heaven. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits!"

A short extract from his next letter introduces to your notice, reader, a remarkable event, a case of conversion to God, clear, marked, fruitful; the subject of it *nearly ninety years of age*. The case is that of old Mr. Cranwill, of Ballymoney, Mr. Tackaberry's grandfather:—"The news in my dear Jane's last was extraordinary indeed; it was glorious news. How is grandfather since? Is he as happy as ever? Is he recovering, or worse, or gone home?"

The manner and circumstances of this event were so striking and affecting, that Mrs. Morris, his daughter, committed them to paper at the time, and thus preserved a most interesting record of Divine power and grace. Old Mr. Cranwill was one of those goodly formal Protestants whose religion consists in an aversion from Popery, and a regular observance of external duties. After the straitest sect of such religion, it might be said he lived a Pharisee. In 1815, several of his children having been converted under the ministry of the Rev. A. Taylor, the aged man often shed tears of gratitude for the great mercy thus shown to his family; and his own mind and conscience became partially enlightened and awakened. *He was never known to kneel in prayer until he heard Mr. Taylor.*

The deep-seated and long-cherished pride of his heart, however, well-nigh proved his ruin. On one occasion, hearing Mr. Taylor preach at a field-meeting a conscience-stirring sermon, he imagined that allusions were made in the discourse to *his* former course of life,



and that the Preacher ungenerously held him up to the observation of all present. This he regarded as a personal offence, never to be forgiven; observing, at the same time, that he would have thanked Mr. Taylor had he told him his faults in private. Concluding that his children had made some disclosures to the Preacher, he thenceforward opposed in them what before he approved. So far did he carry his opposition, that he carefully read the Bible to find passages against the doctrines of the Methodists. But the word spoken at the field-meeting was as a nail in a sure place. In subsequent seasons of illness, especially, he evinced absorbing anxiety for salvation; and, subdued and humbled, entreated the prayers of those whom he previously opposed and hindered. The following is the account of his conversion and death-bed testimony, as furnished by his daughter, Mrs. Morris:—

“About three weeks before my dear father’s death, it pleased God to strip him of that self-righteousness in which he had long trusted. I had frequently spoken to him, for years, about his eternal state, and always met with repulse and disappointment. On visiting him this evening, August 11, 1828, I perceived his end was fast approaching; and I again ventured to speak to him on the subject of his salvation, under such fears and feelings as nothing but filial affection and tender concern for his eternal welfare could conquer. What I said on regeneration, and the necessity of seeking a sense of the Divine peace and favour, he received just in his accustomed way. He complained even with tears; said he had not wronged any man through life; urged that the Lord was good, and, he hoped, would be merciful to him. On my endeavouring to explain that

God could not show mercy toward His creatures who had sinned against Him, save on their renouncing all hope in themselves, and relying solely on the atonement of Christ for pardon and heaven, he replied, 'You expect too much; you lay too much on me. Bring me a Bible: read the 15th chapter of Acts.' While I was reading, he remarked how these persons had been oppressed by their mistaken teachers requiring of them many things *unnecessary to be observed*; and concluded by saying, 'The word of God does not lay on me such burdens as you would.' I endeavoured to show him that his case was not parallel with that in Acts; that my object was to lead him where he would be relieved of a burden under which he had laboured all his life. I begged him to consider what child would venture to speak to a parent as I had done, but from the most urgent conviction of duty; and what, but concern for his happiness, could make me incur his displeasure, by again introducing a subject which had always been attended with pain of mind to him and me. He left the parlour where we had been sitting, retired to his room, and went to bed, from which he never afterwards rose.

"About an hour after, he desired to see me. He began solemnly: 'My dear child, *the Lord has stripped me of all I ever trusted in since I came up here.* He has showed me what I am, and where I must look. I am coming to Him at the eleventh hour. I hope the Lord will not cast me off even now. Come, Lord Jesus! I wait for Thee! The work is Thine only. Do Thou become my Physician: my trust is in Thee, not in man. I am not worthy of the lowest place in Thy kingdom, the meanest office in Thy house. If I get in at all, it

is more than I deserve. It will be through mercy alone, and I shall for ever praise Thee. The word of God says, *In my Father's house are many mansions.* The lowest should be mine. Were it possible I should be a hewer of wood or a drawer of water to the servants of my God, it would be more than I deserve. Yet the Lord, I hope, will accept me, and bring me to His kingdom. He has stripped me of all in which I trusted, and has showed me I had nowhere to look but to Him."

Thus, in answer to many years' unceasing prayer, offered for him by his converted children and grandchildren,—

"Faded his virtuous show,  
His form without the power;  
The sin-convincing Spirit blew,  
And blasted every flower:  
His mouth was stopp'd, and shame  
Cover'd his guilty face;  
He fell on the atoning Lamb,  
And he was saved by grace."

Mrs. Morris's narrative proceeds: "He continued earnestly engaged in prayer through the night and next day. On Tuesday he was visited by the Rev. Mr. —, who recommended him to look back on his past life, to call his sins to remembrance, and repent of them. This, he told me, when I visited him the following day, had confused and bewildered him; observing, 'He does not understand speaking to a man in my state. Such advice might have done me good, had I heard and followed it years ago; but now I cannot do what he would have me: I have not time. I cannot look backwards or round me for any man: I have no time but for one thing—to look to God through Christ.

My time is short: I throw myself on the mercy of God in Christ. I'll lie for ever there, acknowledging, if He cast me off, He might justly do so; but I believe He will receive me. He did not reject the prodigal, who had nothing to plead but *Father, I have sinned!* I believe He will receive me also!' This day, and through the night also, he continued in fervent prayer.

"On Thursday morning, as soon as I came into the room, he said: 'My dear, the Lord has heard my prayer. He has given me peace; I know He has! My cry entered into His merciful ears, and He sent and took me out of the hands of my enemies. I never thought I could have felt this. I did not think it *could* be felt or enjoyed. O the peace! It passeth understanding. Yes; it is the peace of God. He gives it, and the comfort of His Holy Spirit. O Lord, help me to praise Thee! Thou hast done wonders for me! My burden was so great through the night and this morning, that I could not hold out many minutes longer; but, glory be to God, He came and saved me! I have seen His arms stretched out to embrace me for ever. O Lord, how boundless is Thy mercy towards me! I have seen Thy salvation.'

"In the evening, when again I visited him, his first words were: 'My dear child, the Lord has been adding to me. I believe He will be with me to the end. O the hardness of my heart! But it is broken. Many a hard heart His grace has subdued. What mercy that He waited so long! What forbearance toward a most flagrant sinner, a daring rebel, an open violator of His laws! Yet all my life has been marked with blessings. I am blessed in children, and in children's children. Their prayers are answered in me.' When I visited

him on Saturday, he said: 'I am happy, happy: say what you like to me. Let me hear your voice; it comforts me. Your word has been to me light in darkness: I wait to hear. Your choice of God's word has been made a blessing to me.'

"Tuesday he appeared near death, but quite happy. He said: 'Has not the Lord done wonders for me? He has given me repentance, faith, holiness: all is happy. I have had a blessed night. All my waking hours were praise.' Wednesday: 'All my stings of fear and remorse, and guilt and shame, are turned to joy, and peace, and love. I have fought the fight. Victory, Lord! Victory to the Lamb of God!' To the Rev. Mr. —, who before visited him, he said: 'God has done wonders for me, through my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. He has sealed my pardon for time and eternity!' He frequently said, 'What a mercy! I am brought in at the eleventh hour!' He lay whole nights without an hour's sleep; but all was prayer and praise."

Mr. Tackaberry never found Methodism so low in any part of Ireland as on the Drogheda Circuit, when first appointed to it. But soon the congregations greatly improved, and a prayerful and earnest hope of a revival was awakened among the good people everywhere. As for his esteemed Superintendent and himself, they were "really working in good earnest." He was often blessed while preaching; but his seasons of most refreshing nearness to God were in secret.

He did not long labour in the closet, and otherwise, in vain. On the 17th of October, he and Mr. Coulter visited an interesting young person in Dundalk, who was earnestly seeking forgiveness of sins; and, after

having spent from eleven till twelve o'clock with her in prayer, it pleased God to deliver her soul. At Kings-court, soon after, an Irish teacher and his wife, both Romanists, joined the Society. The former, Mr. Tackaberry had reason to believe, was happily the subject of justifying grace; the latter, an anxious inquirer for salvation.

About this time he wrote a letter to a young friend on self-improvement, some of the contents of which may not unprofitably be transferred to these pages:—  
“Never in my life did I so deeply feel that I know nothing as I do now. I really wonder at myself what have I been doing all my life. I have everything to begin: Lord, help me! And yet I am reading as much as ever; but I feel I must go to the bottom of everything in a way I have not hitherto done. How much is to be known of God, of ourselves, and of the relations in which we stand to God! How delightful where extensive learning and deep piety are found in the same person! You may give eight hours to sleep, and in all reason that is enough; twelve to business, and I do not think father will require more; then four remain for reading, and for your heavenly Father. It is surprising what a few hours each day, regularly improved, would effect in years. Wonders are achieved by punctuality, self-denial, and perseverance..... Time is but the entrance of life; it should educate for eternity.”

Occasions will not be wanting, in the case of unspiritual persons who are church-members, to make it manifest that still they are “of the world,”—matrimonial celebrations, for example. If, at such times, the heads of the family professing godliness will include

unhallowed mirth in their arrangements, or even connive at it, should it be introduced by others, the barrier between the church and the world is thrown down, and the injury done to the cause and work of God is incalculable. Mr. Tackaberry's righteous soul was vexed by a godless wedding which he attended while on this Circuit; and the same day he thus expresses his grief and indignation: "I spent three or four hours this morning at the wedding of a member of our Society. The father and mother meet in class; but we had neither the form nor the power of godliness. From such weddings, and from such Methodists, may my God deliver me!"

The Circuit continued to rise, while he cherished lively anticipations of greater prosperity. He adopted what he considered the most effective mode of preaching,—the *only* mode that can be successful: "I preach a present salvation, attainable by faith in Christ, as pointedly as I can. I find this is the kind of preaching the Lord acknowledges."

His sense of obligation, as the servant of the Conference, solemnly bound to them by his ordination-covenant, was clear and strong. To a suggestion that the whole family should go to America, he thus replies: "That might do very well, were I not a Preacher: but while I would go to the farthest verge of this green earth, were the Irish Conference to desire me, I should feel very strangely indeed to desert the work to which *they* appointed me. I greatly respect and love the members of that Conference; and I love them the more, the longer I know them."

The year 1829 commenced with hopeful indications: "Our Sunday-school, a very good nursery, is doing well.

A circulating library, newly commenced, is in operation. An additional prayer-meeting, in a previously untried part of the town, was crowded the last two Sabbath evenings. These are good omens. Last Lord's day two obtained Gospel liberty at one of our class-meetings, and all the rest were quickened. We went to prayer with them three or four times. Two young persons had been converted the week before. Glory to God for a little reviving, and for a hope of greater! Wife and I have had some very profitable seasons lately, while at prayer together. We feel it needful to keep ahead of our people.—The Romanist about whom you inquired [the Irish teacher] heard me preach in Dublin last April; was very glad when he learned I was appointed to this Circuit; has come to hear me every visit I paid to his neighbourhood; joined our Society the last time, and in our lovefeast professed justification and peace with God. He is a man of cool judgment, and ponders every step; a man who, I hope, will wear well. His wife is not far from the kingdom of God."

This communication, dated January 1, 1829, has this significant postscript: "How soon do dates change! The world passeth away." Under a thrilling conviction that he must watch for souls, in and out of the pulpit, as one that must give account, he thus writes the next month: "In observing the state of our Society here [Drogheda], I saw that searching preaching was especially called for; and hence I have preached as closely, if not more so, than ever I did in my life." Then he adds this testimony to Mrs. Tackaberry's spirit and character: "Wife walks very evenly. Her soul is thoroughly converted, and her temper good. I think she will continue in the ways of God till she goes to glory. The more of



life I see, the more I value sound scriptural conversion, such as is described 2 Cor. v. 17: 'If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new.' I long for this entire change of heart to be wrought in every member of my family."

Is not "searching preaching" *invariably* called for? How else can the Minister commend himself to every man's conscience in the sight of God, and save souls from death? If, indeed, his object is to "watch for" admiration, applause, emolument, then let him pander to the taste of the worldly and superficial, by all those rhetorical arts which "please" such "men,"—an expedient which proves, meanwhile, that he is "not the servant of Christ:" but, if his absorbing aim be usefulness, then he must "not seek his own profit, but the profit of many, that they may be saved." Every useful Minister will be popular, in the best sense, as certainly as the services of the skilful and successful medical practitioner will be in growing requisition.

The craving of some in the present day for exclusively intellectual or flowery preaching is nothing new. It is the old demand, "Prophecy not unto us right things, speak unto us smooth things,"\*—a demand too often prompted by a desire to indulge in lying vanities undisturbed. An intellectual ministry, properly such, "teaching every man in all wisdom," is indispensable; but *conscience-preaching* is not less so. The early Methodist Preachers sought "to convince, to offer Christ," as "the best general method of preaching."† And what was this but the method of our Lord Himself? Witness His address to the woman of Samaria, and His

\* Isa. xxx. 10.

† Large Minutes.

appeal to the Scribes and Pharisees when they were convicted in their own consciences.\* What was it but the method of the Apostles and first Evangelists, as is abundantly evident from their Acts and Epistles? In their ministry there was as much at least for the affections, the conscience, the will, as for the understanding; their grand desire and aim being to *succeed* in beseeching and persuading revolted sinners to be reconciled to God.†

“Since I wrote last,” Mr. Tackaberry relates, under date March 10, 1829, “our gracious God has visited us in Cornakill, near Kingscourt, county Cavan. Fourteen or fifteen persons have found peace with God within four weeks, and there is room to hope the good will spread. February 28, I preached on Luke xii. 32. One soul was blessed: next morning, at the class, the Irish teacher’s wife obtained mercy, and his own soul was almost in heaven. The work was in preparation these four months, though we had no outbreak until now. The meetings are just like those of former days.”

In the account of the Circuit, which he forwarded to Mr. Hamilton at Conference, he mentions that about fifty had joined the Society during the year, and thirty-five or forty received pardon of sin; also, that Circuit

\* John iv. and viii.

† Dr. Chalmers states, in his address to the inhabitants of the parish of Kilmany, that while he expatiated on the virtues and proprieties of social life, he was not aware that his preaching effected any change whatever in their moral habits; that “*it was not until reconciliation to God through the death of His Son became the distinct and prominent theme of his ministrations, it was not until the offer of free forgiveness was urged upon their acceptance, that he heard of those subordinate reformatations which he aforetime made the earnest and zealous, but he feared the ultimate, object of his ministry.*”—See “Life of Chalmers,” by Rev. William Hanna, LL.D., vol. i., p. 481.

and Missionary finances were in a more healthy state than the previous year. The note conveying this information contains his definition of vital religion: "I think the very essence of piety, as it respects the enjoyment of it, is *a constant, thankful delight in God.*"

This year the Roman Catholic Relief Bill, as it was called, obtained the royal signature; an event regarded with apprehension and dread previously, and subsequently with indignation and grief, by Mr. Tackaberry, —because stubborn historical facts, and facts of daily occurrence, demonstrated to him that Popery could not be entrusted with political power without prejudice to civil and religious liberty. Persons who might regard his views as narrow and illiberal at the time, would now, perhaps, admit that recent events are in evidence of their general correctness. Shortly before the passing of the Act, he thus writes: "I never felt deep concern about the state of England until now. However, *all* shall in the end be made subservient to the Divine will, and in the meantime it shall be well with the righteous."

A month after the measure became law, in answer to the inquiry, "What do you think of the times?" he wrote, manifestly under the influence of strong emotion: "I scarcely know what to think; but this I believe, that on the 13th of April, 1829, the King did what he could to emancipate every Protestant in the British dominions from his oath of allegiance. He has broken down the walls of the constitution; let in a drove of the wild boars of the wilderness: and God only knows what will be the state of the vineyard before they have done rooting up, trampling, and destroying!

"It may be that Government saw a necessity for this concession, which I have not yet been able to see; and

therefore I think as coolly as I can upon the subject. But, in my mind, it is a dreadful expedient, a frightful experiment. Since this question was agitated, I have looked over all the laws ever enacted against the Irish Papists, so far as they were accessible to me. I believe, formerly they [the Romanists] were cruelly treated; but, alas! if the policy of by-gone days is to be deplored, this trebly so. This, I fear, is the worst of all the bad ones.

“From travelling through Ireland, these seven years, and especially from having resided the last two in Dublin, I am persuaded, notwithstanding all that is said about religion, there is very little New Testament piety in the country. Worldly-mindedness, forgetfulness of God, and pride, generally prevail among *all* sects. I need not name the Romanists on the subject of vital religion. In the Churches of Protestantism how much of form, and how few instances of scriptural conversion, and of deep devotedness to God! Even the Methodists—whom, in my partiality, I believe to be, by many degrees, the most spiritual people in the land—have faults over which I throw the mantle of charity, while I say, ‘Alas for them!’ Their tenets I believe to be entirely scriptural. They hold the doctrine of the witness of the Spirit; (Romans viii. 15, 16; Galatians iv. 6;) and the possibility and privilege of being cleansed from all sin; of loving God with all the heart: but where shall we find the Methodists who walk in this light, who ‘rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, and in everything give thanks?’ It may be that on account of this destitution of vital and eminent piety among those professing to be guided by the written word, as the rule of their faith and practice, the Lord has per-

mitted this desolating event to take place. It is probable that the Church of England will first pass under the rod, and then the Dissenters and Methodists: and, after the righteous Lord shall have scourged His people by those a thousand times worse than themselves, He may then throw the rod into the fire.

"I think Infidels and Romanists will unite against the Establishment; and once overthrown, she will no longer sit a queen. I do not think the Presbyterians a bad people; but they remember the days of Charles and of Claverhouse—the persecutions they suffered at the hands of the prelatical English Church; and they will probably retaliate, if ever they shall have opportunity. Do not say I am turning prophet: but I regard these as rational deductions from the present posture of affairs,—as what will most likely be the result, unless God interpose. However, it shall be well with the righteous! Hallelujah! The Lord God omnipotent reigneth!

"Were I a man of business, I would go to America; but it would be awfully unlike my Master, were I to flee from the sheep when the wolves are getting into the fold. My mind is not now uneasy as it was before the Bill passed. The dike is broken; the mounds are swept; the waters are pouring in; and the country will soon be deluged. I cannot help it, and I think it quite useless to fret about it. David was a man after God's own heart while he kept the laws instead of mending them. I never wrote so much on politics before, and probably will not soon again."\*

\* He reflected subsequently with indignation and abhorrence on the contribution of £2,200 of Protestant money towards the erection of a Popish chapel in Belfast. Had he lived to witness the manner in which such liberality was repaid during late riots, he would have had no small reason to feel that his reflections were just.

This letter, written to his brother, concludes by an affectionate exhortation to consecrate himself and his services to God: "Henry, a number of young men, lately converted, near Kingscourt, are already holding meetings, and doing good. O! when shall my brother Henry be thus engaged? Henry, the Bible is true! It is God's book. It tells much of the love of Jesus, of His love to *you*. He died for you—wants you to be happy for ever; and you do not love Him. Ah! Henry, how long! The love of Jesus first broke *my* heart. An interesting young person with whom I am acquainted heard a sermon, six weeks since, on Proverbs xiv. 32, was cut to the heart, thoroughly awakened, and never rested day or night till she found the Saviour. Walk out in the evenings, and think over this matter. Shame, pride, pleasure, sin, Satan, will all endeavour to hinder: but Christ will help you; Jesus will be your friend. Farewell."

Soon after Conference there were several converted, in some of whom he had not expected to see a saving change. Among them were three young ladies, who used to sneer at piety; but old things were passed away. Friday, 2d October, was appointed as a day of special prayer and fasting, that God might revive His work on the Circuit. He requests his mother to meet him before the throne of grace, at six, twelve, and five o'clock.

God never said to the seed of Jacob,—His *wrestling* people,—“Seek ye My face in vain.” About thirty-five persons, Mr. Tackaberry states, had found peace with God in the neighbourhood of Kingscourt, in two or three months, the previous year; and he notices, as a remarkable feature, that, at the time he wrote, not one had turned back, or lost his religious comfort. The

converted young men were like a flame of fire wherever they went. Drumcar was the place next visited, where a few were brought to God. Then Dundalk, where eleven, by profession, obtained pardon of sin. "Sanguine as I am," he observes, "I make great allowance for the excitement of the passions; and hence, with reference to these, I wait for the fruits."

The cloud next moved in the direction of Drogheda. His description of the work is vivid:—"I met a class yesterday morning, at which two young men, lately in very deep distress, related how the Lord had removed their load of guilty woe the preceding week, while agonizing with Him in secret prayer. Last night after preaching we held a prayer-meeting. I invited penitents to come forward that we might pray with and counsel them. Eighteen men and nine women did so. Of these, five professedly received pardon before we withdrew. The meeting closed before nine. This night we turned the class-meeting into a general prayer-meeting. One or two found mercy. To-day I visited some of these new converts, and found them gloriously happy. All thanks to God! Many here wonder to see any stir in cold, pharisaic, high-church Drogheda! Some of the Leaders, from whom I expected better, look on with suspicion and fear; others join in right heartily. God made our day of fasting and prayer a very great blessing to the Circuit. Many of those whom the Lord has forgiven were members of our Society; but, if *they* are unpardoned, of all others, *they* need it most. This work is confined for the most part to the humbler classes. The respectables of Drogheda are far too high to enter a Wesleyan chapel, and are very careless and ungodly."

One feature of this revival was regarded by Mr. Tackaberry with special interest. The persons converted were powerfully awakened, and drank deeply of the wormwood and gall: eliciting the remark, that in ten years' observation of such displays of Divine mercy, when some at the commencement were pungently convinced of sin, the work generally extended wide. The saintly Mr. Hamilton was so elated, that, Mr. Tackaberry says, he was a new man.

Mr. Tackaberry preached in Kingscourt, November 8. The chapel was so full, the people were sitting all the way up the pulpit-stairs. The next night he preached a mile outside the town. He feared the little cottage might be pushed down, there was such a multitude. Four Romanists were present, whose attendance would have put their lives in peril, had it been known. The prayer-meeting after preaching was a glorious time. Three persons were made the subjects of justifying grace. November 15, he preached in Newry, having exchanged with Mr. Holmes, who supplied his place in Dundalk. "I spent the day and night," he says, "in the house of Mrs. M'Kenny. Such a mother in Israel I have seldom met. Her son is our Missionary in Ceylon. She told me several anecdotes of the venerable Wesley and the early Preachers. She also spoke feelingly and very profitably on the blessing of perfect love. At seven in the evening the house was packed, and the Lord gave me strong words and much freedom in preaching to them. Three weary and heavy-laden souls found rest. I could not sleep for a considerable time after I lay down, from exhaustion.

"The Newry Preachers are most happily paired. Brother Holmes will set the vessel before the wind,



hoist every sail, call all hands to work, and, when she goes ten knots an hour, sing lustily, 'All's well!'—while solid Mr. Nelson will look well to the helm, and probably discover that she needs some more ballast.

"November 16.—Was on the coach, with my face towards my own Circuit, just as the sun began to gild the tops of the surrounding mountains. The scene was truly grand and beautiful. The sun, thawing the frost, and cheering creation, led my mind to that uncreated Sun who, years ago, melted my frozen affections, and still warms my cold heart, shining more and more unto the perfect day. The ample, cloudless concave with which we were surrounded reminded me of the eternal house above, where they need no candle, neither light of the sun, for the LAMB is the light thereof, and the redeemed walk in that light! Hallelujah!—As I passed through Dundalk, I learned they had a very good meeting the previous evening."

The gracious revival continued. Several of the converted young men commenced to pray in public. The Societies in general were quickened. Drogheda, and the neighbourhood of Kingscourt, especially, were scenes of prosperity. March 2, Mr. Tackaberry called to see an aged woman who had been confined to her bed by rheumatism for years—a hardened, unpromising subject. Her daughter had been blessed a month previously. This stirred up the mother, who earnestly sought until she obtained mercy. Often had he called to see her before; but now she wanted to see him that she might declare what great things Christ had done for her soul. In April, he states that some were saved every week in one or other part of the Circuit. For these reasons he deemed it right to propose to Mr.

Hamilton the observance of a day of thanksgiving by all the Societies.

In the midst of these labours and successes, anxiety for the salvation of the unconverted members of his family oppressed his loving and tender spirit. Once more he urges personal and immediate consecration to God upon his brother with importunity, which was not long resisted:—"Henry, you are very much on my mind. It is time, high time, for you to give your heart, your all, to Him who claims you for His own, and leave the rest with Him. I beseech you, think more on this subject. Henry, go to your room two or three times a day, and, on your knees, beg of God to give you strength to make the needful sacrifices. I ask you, by all the regard you feel for a brother who loves you, as well as for ten thousand reasons beside, to attend to this. Had I a letter from Tomagaddy, to tell me, 'Your brother Henry died this morning quite suddenly—just dropped down and spoke no more,'—how would I feel? The very thought is intolerable. O, my brother! my dear long-sought brother! give your heart to Jesus *now*. I long for this. Henry, make the effort. Tear yourself from earth. God, who loves you, and has long waited for your decision, will help you. Go to one of the classes next Sunday morning; and may Jesus meet and bless you."

Shortly after, on a Sabbath morning, this "long-sought brother" came into Ballycanew to preaching. While a class was meeting in one room of his uncle Morris's house, he went into another, and seeing the Bible open looked into it incidentally, when the following passage met his eye, and was applied to his conscience by the convincing Spirit: "He, that being

often reproved hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." Immediately he went into the class-room; joined himself to the Society with purpose of heart; soon experienced justification; and not long after became a preacher of righteousness.

The people on the Drogheda Circuit anxiously desired that Mr. Tackaberry should remain a third year, and steps were taken to secure his appointment. "Never in my life," he observes, "did I feel more passive. The Lord shall choose my inheritance for me; then all shall be well."

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## CHAPTER VI.

1830-1835.—WICKLOW, BANDON.

THERE were reasons sufficiently strong, in the judgment of the Conference, for Mr. Tackaberry's appointment to the Wicklow Circuit in July, 1830. His correspondence exhibits the same ardent longing for exalted spiritual attainments, and for success in his beloved work, during his stay there; while his state of mind was more chequered, his joy subject to more fluctuation, than at any preceding time since his entrance into the ministry. He had frequent and powerful mental conflicts; yet did he endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ: and, although the contest might at times seem doubtful, yet, arrayed in the panoply of God, and

“ Strong in the strength which God supplies,  
Through His eternal Son,”

he received ultimately the joys of victory, and the spoils of conquest.

It is not the least encouraging feature in the instructive allegory of John Bunyan, that the Pilgrims were as much in the way to the celestial city,—that they made “progress” as certainly,—when climbing the hill of Difficulty, passing through the Valley of Humiliation, and engaged in fell encounter with Apollyon, as when transported with the visions of the Delectable Mountains, or when fanned with the balmy breezes, and regaled with the fragrant odours, of the land of Beulah, where the sun always shines. At one time Mr. Tackaberry

relates his experience as follows:—"I am hungering and thirsting after holiness, sometimes reproaching myself, sometimes rejoicing. Heaven seems very near: I love to speak and think about it. I could live in meditation and converse on this subject. I am happy, but shall be much happier when I get into the element of praise."

At another time he writes: "We might be much happier, did we avoid severe reflections on ourselves. I have often felt it good while making my own of Romans viii. 28. Try to go forward rejoicing, in spite of a weakly body, low spirits, bad health, and the prince of darkness. Ponder that Scripture, John xiv. 27; especially the last clause of it. And let us remember,—

'If evils come not, then our fears are vain;  
And if they do, fear but augments our pain.'

I can often greatly rejoice in God, and in the prospect of endless life; yet I have my low seasons. Despite this occasional ebb of exulting emotion, let us hold fast *faith, hope, and love*. Waiting in the use of the means, we shall have a spring-tide of joy by and by. There is a great deal in a will steadily and uniformly devoted to God, and in a conscience void of offence toward Him and toward men."

Not only had he to wrestle against his own depressions, needless fears, and temptations to unbelief; but he had to war against doctrinal error on the part of others, lest those who had embraced the truth, and placed themselves under his spiritual oversight, should be led away, and fall from their own steadfastness. At one of his places he met a Clergyman of a bigoted and exclusive

spirit, self-opinionated, dogmatical, and aggressive. In conversation this Clergyman broached some tenets glaringly unscriptural, and maintained them offensively; tenets which Mr. Tackaberry felt himself called on to impugn, although a controversial disposition was foreign to his nature. "We had the young *Priest*," he says, "with us last night. He has as much effrontery as any other man of his age in Ireland. Our people do very wrong to hear him. He declared himself the secret and open enemy of Methodism; told us he was writing against it, and would do all he could to uproot it. He said he did not like to talk with Methodist Preachers, as he did not consider them to be Christians. I replied, 'Thank you, Sir, for declaring yourself. I shall now write to the Methodists concerning you, and use my influence to prevent them from receiving you into their houses.' I therefore beg all who have any regard for me, or for our cause, to give him no manner of encouragement."

Such a collision would be intolerably irksome to him. Prayer, praise, fellowship with spiritual Christians of every church, self-sacrificing labour for the salvation of souls, were his delight. One of his maxims was, that "every one grows or declines in grace, just in proportion as secret prayer is omitted or attended to." Conscientiously observant of the whole range of religious duty, he seemed to feel supreme satisfaction in the devotional exercises of the closet. There he talked with God, as a man talks with his friend. And he sighed for still closer communion,—as he phrased it, "to pray and live like Bramwell, *in the suburbs of heaven*."

On the 18th of January, 1831, having recently been

in Dublin, he describes one or two pleasing incidents in a lengthened epistle; some extracts from which will exhibit him as the soundly *Protestant* and eminently successful Minister:—

“I seldom have anything very interesting to write since I left Drogheda: hence, my letters are short and few.—After a good young man in the city had sought and found me in the evening, he requested I should breakfast with him and some friends at eight o'clock next morning. I found four young men happy in God, who, by mutual agreement, dieted and lodged together. We had a delightful meeting. When we could spare time for conversation, I was asked, ‘Do you know C—— here?’ ‘No: I have seen him, but do not know him.’ ‘Indeed then, I know you, Sir. Do you remember the evening you preached in Whitefriars-street on Heb. vi. 17—20?’ ‘I do, C——, remember it well; for I felt so hard-set to get through, that I thought I must stop: hence, I never preached on that text since.’ ‘Under that sermon I was awakened; found peace at a prayer-meeting you held after preaching another Sabbath evening; have been kept to this hour, and am now among the Prayer-Leaders.’ J. W. then asked, ‘Do you remember the morning my master’s son died? On that occasion, when you called, you took me by the hand, observed how suddenly he was called away in the midst of blooming hopes;’ (he had been newly married;) ‘and inquired, as I might not have long to live, Was I converted? Was I happy? I answered in the negative.’ ‘Do you meet in class?’ ‘No.’ ‘You then advised me to join the class in R——’s place. I did so, found salvation before you left Dublin, and now have the care of a class myself.’

“We then conversed on the subject of purity of heart, when the eldest observed, ‘We must now tell you the particular reason why we were so desirous for your company this morning. The band-meetings, which you re-commenced when in town, have been going forward. We are to have the first band-lovefeast in January which has been held in Dublin for many years. We are anxious to have you at it, and have permission from Mr. Stewart to appoint it for any evening you can come to us. We will *frank* you up and down in the day-coach; and only ask you to stay the one night, if your time be limited.’ Next morning I rose in time to be at the coach by six. When W. G. opened the hall-door, he closed it abruptly, and, laughing, said, ‘There are two of *the brethren* outside waiting for you!’ It was so. Two of those dear fellows at six o’clock, and on such a morning! One of them seized my travelling-bag; another put a large cloak, which he had brought, around me, and, taking my arm, swept me off to the coach, while good-natured W. G. turned back with a broad smile. Who will say that there is not some love, of the old sort, still among the Methodists?”

Another incident is illustrative of Mr. Tackaberry’s ardent loyalty: “On December 16, I was overtaken, near Newcastle, by an old gentleman and lady in a gig. After inquiring my name, and bringing me a little out of my road through his nephew’s demesne, the gentleman requested me to visit him the next time I came to Newcastle. On Thursday last, I called to see W. E——, Esq., of K——, and spent a most agreeable day. Mr. E. is about ninety years old, his intellect and health quite good; and he is as true a Brunswicker as ever lived. His grandfather’s was the first house King



William set foot in when he landed in Ireland. Mr. E. himself was baptized on the King's birthday, and is called William after His Majesty,—a figure of whom, beautifully cast, with orange ribbons for his bridle-reins, being placed on the drawing-room chimney-piece. In another room he has, painted *in gold letters*, on a purple ground, and elegantly framed, the answer of George the Third, when asked to sign the Popish Relief Bill: 'I have firmness sufficient, if required, to abdicate my throne, and retire to a cottage,—to lay my head on a scaffold to be cut off; but I have not sufficient firmness to break my oath.'

"Mr. E. spent his early years in the army, and saw much foreign service. He is a very agreeable and instructive companion, especially to one who has never been out of Ireland. While he told me of being in company with Louis the Sixteenth, George the Third and Fourth, described both French and English manners of nearly a century ago, and showed me some paintings with the costume and appearance of ancient days, all I had ever read of knights and castles rushed across my mind. I had some profitable conversation with a niece of the old gentleman, who, I believe, is truly converted. Mr. E. is inquiring, and his lady may be brought to inquire. He begged I would spend a day with him every time I come round; and, wishing me every success in my public labours, handed me a little pocket Bible which he had had for above seventy years, and used in his official capacity as magistrate for nearly fifty years.

"Intreat my dear family to live every hour in the enjoyment of God."

His next sphere of labour was Bandon, to which he

was designated in July, 1832. The state of his heart, at that Conference, will be best described in his own words: "I do not anticipate any changes in the Stations, and therefore I hasten to give you the earliest information. Bandon is my destiny. In this appointment I had no hand. Indeed, I never thought of the Circuit, much less of being made Superintendent of it. I take it therefore as from above. The chapel is a splendid one,\* and the congregation and Society are large and respectable. I know it a little since I was in Skibbereen. We had a very blessed Conference; very little that was afflictive, good news from many parts, and such an unction from above at our sittings and public meetings as I have not witnessed before. Had you been at our Preachers' lovefeast to-night, you would never forget it. Bandon is like Drogheda, half time in and half out of town. That is the plan of Circuit I like. It agrees best with my body and mind."

His first impressions on his arrival were of the agreeable and solemn kind: "Our chapel is by far the most beautiful in Ireland. Our lodgings are neat and well-furnished. The Stewards, Leaders, and their wives, seem all disposed to make their Preachers comfortable. I wish there were many like them in every Circuit. We have about two hundred and fifty in Society in the town, one hundred and eighty in the Sunday-school, one hundred and twenty boys and girls in the day-school, and sixty in the infant-school. H. C.—, Esq.,

\* The erection of this and other principal chapels of the Connexion was mainly promoted by the Rev. Thomas Waugh,—a Minister who, for qualities of judgment and heart, varied and useful service, and the place he holds in the respect, affection, and confidence of his brethren, is justly regarded as the Dr. Bunting of the Irish Conference.

principally supports the day-school. He is a truly pious man, and useful wherever he goes.—Thank God, there is no cholera here now, and we hope it may not return. Two of our Leaders in Skibbereen, men whom I knew and loved nine years ago, have lately fallen by it. They finished *well*.”—The repeated renewal of his covenant engagements also gave evidence of his ardent and fixed purpose to be wholly the Lord’s: “In my study, where I now write, I have more than once, since I came, made a fresh surrender of myself and my all to God. My soul is happy, and I believe He will bless me and be with me.”

The devastating malady did return the next month, finding Mr. Tackaberry’s mind, as to himself, calm and undismayed:—“September 25. We have cholera in this town, in Kinsale, and Clonakilty. Not very many dying, however. I never was more earnest in following after God than since I came to Bandon. My gracious Lord visits and waters my soul. I hope to see good days. Indeed the present are good. I thank God I never feel anything concerning cholera, except an ardent breathing that I might be found ready for anything and everything. If Heaven permitted, I should be as well pleased to die of cholera as of any other disease. My mind has been very solemnly affected by the death of that great, good man, Dr. A. Clarke.”

A letter written the following month contains an instructive exposition of his views, plans, and proceedings, when entering upon a Circuit:—

“MY DEAR HUSTON,—Few will rejoice more in your joy than I. I am thankful to hear of the state of your mind, and of your affairs. You know that my plan, when I come to a Circuit, is not that from which you

might expect to hear of conversions immediately. Since I came to Bandon I have been inquiring concerning everything; have taken down the names of every class in my pocket-book, also the Circuit-regulations, &c.; have held Leaders' and Society meetings in every place; and am feeling my way as I proceed. Up to this, my grand aim has been to excite a hungering and thirsting after righteousness among our own people; to arouse the Leaders to an exact attention to their classes, the Local Preachers to their appointments; and, thank God, not in vain. The return this year was five hundred and forty-one, and it might have been from sixty to one hundred less. I have dropped some for non-attendance, after first calling on them three times; and I will drop more. Our congregations in most places are doubled. At our lovefeast here, [Bandon,] one of our Leaders said, in his experience, that he had not seen the Society in a more hopeful state for years. This was encouraging. We have had a little reviving all round; but I have not heard of more than one receiving a clear sense of pardon since I came.

"It will seem strange to *you*, to say after this that I expect a better work on the Bandon Circuit than I have seen since I entered the ministry. My method is first to make my arrangements, then call all hands to work; and, having done so, to wait for the outpouring of the Spirit. My own soul is following hard after God. Never did I labour more earnestly in the closet than for the last two months. O the seasons I have enjoyed!—the times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord! Such an overwhelming sense of the Divine goodness I have seldom enjoyed; such views of the love of Jesus, and of the glories of the skies; and these followed by the

thought, *And I shall be there!* O, wonder of wonders! This sense of the Divine goodness, and a feeling of gratitude till my very heart seems to melt, constitutes my happiness in secret, and in public too.

“I never was in any place where the people talk so much about good preaching and Preachers; but I do not mind: I go straight forward, and never strive to aim higher than—the heart. I have commenced two Sunday-schools the last month, from which I expect much good; and I hope to commence more. I have also begun a meeting for young persons every Friday evening, from which I look for fruit; and occasionally we have children’s sermons. I have divided the town into districts, and hope regularly to visit every Methodist in Bandon during my fortnight in town. Work ‘while it is called to-day.’ Dr. Clarke’s death has greatly affected me. May I be found ready whenever the Master calls.”

How can it consist with a Minister’s views of duty to Christ, and to souls, to absorb his time in elaborating and polishing his sermons, so as to gratify the taste of a few intellectual and refined persons in his congregation,—persons more alive to the beauties of style than to theological soundness or saving results,—while, in consequence, his pastoral work is neglected, or but superficially performed? How can he expect his Lord to pronounce “Well done” upon such a course of proceeding? Had Mr. Tackaberry aimed at the head rather than the “heart;” had it been his highest ambition to earn the character of a talented Preacher; and, for this purpose, had he devoted his time so fully to the *adornment* of his public discourses, as to have little or none to give to household visitation, or the

instruction of the young; he would neither have secured the approval of his Divine Master, of his own conscience, nor, *ultimately*, of those whom he thus studied to please. To give the proper degree of attention both to pulpit-duties and pastoral visitation will be the anxious care of every conscientious Minister; and, to assist him in this effort, it is incumbent on the members of his congregation to guard against unreasonable expectation in relation to the one or the other. Let them exercise the needful candour and forbearance, should he in one department appear defective, duly considering the claims of the other. Meanwhile, let them derive all possible profit from the services of him who is over them in the Lord.

Mr. Tackaberry's closet-exercises became still more profitable and delightful. They are thus noticed, November 17, 1832:—"In my reading and general walk, I am living as if I hoped to reach eighty years; but I am striving to spend my hours of retirement as though to-morrow might be my last day. I have many moments of deep communion with God in the closet; but am labouring chiefly for that unceasing spirit of praise, that habitual joy, which the word of God clearly promises. Wesley's letters abound with what I look for."

His hopes of spiritual prosperity were not immediately realized, in consequence of the disturbed state of the country, occasioned by the Whitefoot combination. The men came armed into the Bandon chapel, when the service was after dark; and in the country many were afraid to come to public worship at all. "The parlour in which I now sit," he writes, January 4, "has three broken panes, the Whitefeet having dashed in the

windows last night, and left a notice for the master, confined and dated, 'Departed this life February 9, 1833.' Two other houses where we stop in this neighbourhood were also attacked last night, and the gates torn up. The whole of the country is 'proclaimed,' but the magistrates are afraid to do their duty. Matters are daily becoming worse. My colleague sometimes carries a pistol. I have not, nor do I intend. You may think, from all this, that Fossey's mind is greatly excited. It is not. I did not tell my good wife that I was coming to the place where I heard the windows were broken last night. I suppose mother will be very uneasy. She need not. God protects. He can save as easily now as at any other time; and, if He chooses to permit, I would just as willingly be killed as die" [by gentler means].

In the midst of these alarms, God vouchsafed some encouraging tokens: "My soul grows in faith, and tastes increasing sweetness in gratitude to my heavenly Father. How pleasant is the work of praise! I have held one or two penitent-meetings lately; and when I think the time for them is come, I shall have more. A few obtained pardon, and but a few. Two have experienced purity of heart lately in Bandon; and others are all athirst for it. Glory to God!.....I have often thought for weeks past of the phrase, the 'cheerfulness of faith.' I am, I trust, increasing in it."

"The cheerfulness of faith:" that is, the serene and holy joy which is the fruit of faith. It is a felicitous phrase, and admonitory as well. How many are the subjects of faith, who are strangers to its cheerfulness, because they themselves hinder its joy-producing operation! Children of a King, they go mourning all their days, for this sole reason. Religious joy has its degrees.

There may be the joy of willing submission to God, as well as the joy of exultation in doing His will. *Some* degree of it is possible for the Christian "at all times." The scattered believers to whom Peter wrote, notwithstanding their dispersion, their manifold temptations, and the fiery trial awaiting them, could "rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." "Ay," says one, "they could rejoice under persecution; and I think, by the grace of God, so could I. But I am constantly suffering under physical infirmity, the prey of deep, constant, nervous depression." Well, but, my friend, might not your case be infinitely worse? True, nervous disorders, as Mr. Wesley says, are a great *enemy* to the joy of faith; but are they to be allowed to conquer? *Must* they so mercilessly triumph as to deprive you of all Divine consolation? "My brethren," says an Apostle, "count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations," or trials. Your present affliction, rightly viewed, may be the greatest occasion for joy. God sees a "need be" for it. In His judgment it may be the only medicine that can save your soul from death. Let your faith say, "He doeth all things well," and the troubled waves of fear, dissatisfaction, and inclination to murmur, will subside; and there will be a great calm,—a calm implying at least *some* measure of joy. But, remember, saving religion, especially in your case, is confidence, love, submission, not transport. Your choice, your preference of God for your portion, may be decided, when your degree of joy is weak. If you cannot sing as at other times, you can trust; if you cannot triumph, you can hope, though it be against hope: and in the one case you will be equally acceptable to God as in the other. Your malady may be "physical, not moral;"



“weak nerves, rather than weak faith.” If, therefore, you cannot serve the Lord with as much “gladness” as others, as you did in former times, or as you now desire; for the credit of religion, for the honour of Christ, for the consolation of His people, as well as for your own sake, serve Him as joyfully as you can.

If the “cheerfulness of faith” is incumbent upon Christians who are the subjects of suffering, how much more so upon those who are exempt from it! It is the believer’s imperative duty, not merely his privilege, to be happy. This is evident from such commands of Scripture as, “Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King;” and, “Rejoice in the Lord alway.” The duty is *implied* in those passages where the affection of joy is spoken of in connexion with the faith that brings salvation: “Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing.” “Believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory;”—implying not only the prerogative, but the obligation, to rejoice. This joy is not to be confounded with natural buoyancy, unhallowed mirth, or even the pleasurable emotions which are dependent upon pulpit-eloquence, the power of music, or what is termed religious excitement. These are not the spring of true joy. God Himself is its source. It is not an occasional impulse, but an habitual frame; not the state of the heart on the Sabbath and in the sanctuary merely, but at home and in the daily occupations of life. Christian! how anomalous and unseemly your gloom! Recovered from an inveterate malady which had well nigh proved fatal,—and sad! Pardoned, adopted, sealed, made a new creature, assured of the fact,—and yet sad! Constituted an heir of God, a joint-heir with Christ,—a title to that inherit-

ance in your possession, which all the powers of hell cannot invalidate,—and yet sad! An indisputable claim to the exceeding great and precious promises of Scripture as made to *you*, (for “all are yours,”)—and yet sad! “I love the Bible,” said Luther, “for these pronouns, *mine* and *thine*.” And is it so that you are still found vexing yourself with a thousand groundless fears? O! let it be your devout and resolute effort henceforward to cultivate “the cheerfulness of faith,”—to “rejoice evermore.”

Mr. Tackaberry advises a Christian friend to read Wesley’s pastoral letters, with this warm recommendation: “If you have [done so] not lately, do read them. They always do me good. Having looked them over a few weeks back, I love them more than ever. O! *go forward*, as he urges every one converted to do.” These letters, perspicuous in style, breathing the purest spirit of piety, and exciting the renewed soul to follow hard after God, are worthy of a distinguished place among the best manuals of devotion. “*Forward*, and *Active*,” Mr. Tackaberry adds, “should be the Christian’s watch-words.”

They were generally, but especially at this time, his own mottoes. The disturbance in the country having subsided, he devoted himself, with renewed zeal to his holy calling, intent on doing and receiving good. The sequel will show, as the preceding pages have already shown, that unreserved consecration to God, on his part, was always the sure indication of Circuit prosperity:—“Since I wrote last, my great Father has been unusually kind to me. Last week was the happiest I had since I came to Bandon. The Lord is inclining me to hunger and thirst after righteousness with much more earnest-

ness; and then He satisfies the hungerings Himself has created. My highest joy *now* is of a more sober cast than that of former years. I do not look for such rapture, but for enjoyment which is steady, solid, abiding. Lately, I have been often led to pray: 'O Lord, teach me; O Lord, teach me.' Often have I earnestly pleaded this petition. And, also, 'O Lord, keep me from moment to moment dependent on Thyself.' The death of Dr. Clarke, and now of Mr. Watson, has very deeply affected me. It is solemn work to grapple with death. I feel no uneasy thought at any time relative to my latter end; rather, I have lately felt much sweetness at times in looking forward to it. Daily I am thinking of that world in which I hope to spend a glorious eternity.—We have no general stir on the Circuit yet, nor even much prospect of it. I am, however, living in hope. A few have lately been stirred up to seek purity of heart, and some have obtained pardon. Thanks to God for any good."

The revival thus begun soon spread; and it may be traced, instrumentally, not merely to ministerial devotedness and zeal, but to the harmony and united action of the office-bearers. Of this he speaks with feelings of lively satisfaction and hope: "Our prospects brighten: the congregations are visibly on the increase. One was converted on Sunday week, another on Wednesday. There may have been more, if I knew them; and in this large Society, where there are several aged Leaders, we have not one jarring string. This is no small matter. I expect to see very good days in Bandon before I leave it." It can scarcely be supposed that all these official brethren thought alike upon every subject; but they subordinated everything to the promotion of

*spiritual religion* upon their Circuit. This was with them the weighty matter. Other things were but as the "mint, anise, and cummin," in comparison. Would that such unity, godly love, and co-operation were universal!

May 15 he writes: "A member of my class, sister to one of our Preachers, was converted on Monday night while I was preaching. On Sunday evening the feeling through the congregation was very general." Again, June 17: "Yesterday was a very happy day. My cup ran over. In the lovefeast it was difficult for me to restrain my feelings. O the weight of my obligations! The forbearance—O the forbearance of God!" Thus closed his first year in Bandon.

On his return from Conference, he entered upon his work with renewed zeal: "I have come back to Bandon, resolved to lay myself out wholly for God. Never was I farther from being contented with my own state than at present. Holy myself, and souls converted to God, will satisfy me: nothing less." The desire for success became intense: "My constant prayer relative to Bandon is, 'Let me see good in this place before I leave it, or die!' I have had delightful seasons in the closet the last month, and hope for a continuance of them. God, I believe, will be with me."

In October, 1833, he describes the state of things as presenting more favourable indications than he had witnessed previously; improved congregations, more lively meetings, an increasing spirit of prayer and expectation, some conversions, and a sensible quickening in his own soul. Twice before, since he came to Bandon, was he "much stirred up;" but he had not enjoyed such intimate and happy intercourse with

Heaven as recently. "I think," he remarks, "I have more cause for gratitude, everything considered, than any other individual on earth. I enjoy much at the hand of God, and have very little to desire. Besides being in the Divine favour, I am a Minister among the people of my choice,—a people whom, with all their faults, I consider the best upon earth. And God gives me to see some good. Withal, I am still enabled to sing,—

‘Nor is the least a *cheerful* heart,  
That tastes those gifts with joy.’”

In Mr. Tackaberry's case, (and in the case of how many beside!) there was a sure connexion between importunate closet-prayer, and fruit of his public labours. A short note, addressed to me, October 25, 1833, contains his own sentiments on this subject:—  
“I am always glad to hear from you, and always thankful when you deal plainly with me. I have long believed that closet-labour is never unprofitable: indeed, I do not expect success but in connexion with it. I have not spent a more profitable time for years than since last Conference. The Lord has been drawing me nearer to Himself, and I trust will continue to do so. I am following hard after Him; and, I thank Him, not in vain. His dealings with me remind me of the tree planted by the rivers of water. I see that, if matters rise in Bandon, it will require a powerful and continued effort. May the Holy Spirit be shed forth abundantly!”

The testimony he bears to the stability of those who were, by their own profession, made subjects of renewing grace, is worthy of notice: “I observe the few who are converted on this Circuit have had a very deep work wrought in them, and evidence a soundness of

character not always to be met with in *revival*-times." Meanwhile his own soul continued to prosper: "I generally enjoy sweet fellowship with God, and there are times when heaven seems let down indeed. I am daily becoming fonder of Scripture study. The word of God is a marvellous book. O that He may open my eyes to behold, more and more clearly, wondrous things out of His law!" Then follow notices of what uniformly resulted whenever his own spiritual health and vigour improved; namely, Circuit prosperity.—"My wife, and two or three other pious women, have commenced a prayer-meeting in my parlour. I do not hear of much fire as yet. My Monday-night class has increased in number, and is blessedly alive. I am always quickened by meeting it.

"A few weeks back I witnessed a remarkable instance of the mercy and power of God in the case of a young man named L——. Mr. C. asked me to see him. I found an educated, mild-spirited young man, in the last stage of consumption. I paid him many visits, and had good hope of him; but there was nothing clear, until Sunday, 27th October. After speaking to him of the very happy death of the saintly Fletcher, I prayed with him, and felt that God was there. When I rose from my knees, he praised God aloud, and exclaimed, 'O mother! I never felt so happy before.' Having taken his hand, in the act of bidding him good morning, I began to sing some verses of the 'joyful' hymn, when he broke out into such rapture as I have seldom witnessed. 'O mother! I never was so happy. My heart is full of God. I could not contain any more. It is enough, Lord! I long to go *now*!' Thus he continued till I left him."

The services of Christmas-day, 1833, were eminently happy and hopeful:—"December 25. A very blessed day. The sacrament, after early preaching, remarkably good; but, at eleven, while administering the precious ordinance to an afflicted family, we had such a season! It was the overwhelming of *love*; it was the fulness of God!" The lovefeast of the following Sabbath he thus describes:—"Such a meeting we have not had in Bandon in my time. God was in our midst. All seemed quickened. For some weeks I feel much encouraged to hope for good days. A few very promising young persons have been converted the last six months; and now the fire is, I think, about to spread through our Society at least. A few, who received the blessing of perfect love, are likely to be useful. We have fine material in Bandon. The good doing is of the most solid description; no noise, but a melting power which no heart *ought* to resist."

A young friend who had commenced to preach, but was tempted to think he should by so doing lessen his own enjoyment, Mr. Tackaberry thus admonishes and directs:—"You say you would be much more happy as a private Christian. No: no man was ever as happy as he who does something for God. It is beneath the noble spirit of a Christian to live to himself. Mr. Hadden is a man of whom I have a higher opinion every year I live. Make him your friend. He is a good and safe man. I will never, in time or eternity, forget the day, the day of darkness, he said to me, 'Brother Tackaberry, I would ride my horse across Ireland to serve you!' You ask, 'Will the people bear with me without variety?' Mr. Fletcher used to say it is unction which makes the Preacher. *Simplicity, unction, directness of*

*aim, will carry a man through, where splendour would fail.* There are such things as skeletons of sermons. Most of those which I have seen are worse than worthless. I am thankful I did not know such things existed, when I became a Preacher. You must read. Nothing will give variety to your preaching unless you give yourself to reading."

January 29.—A few weeks after writing the above, he was enabled to communicate still more joyful tidings. Four young persons were converted the previous Monday night, and two others that morning. "Indeed," he says, "we see good doing now everywhere we turn." Then he comments upon the character of the work: "I never saw a revival go on so quietly: no noise, no bustle, no confusion; but a heavenly influence which is 'as the dew unto Israel.' Yes; the operations of the Holy Spirit are like the small rain upon the tender herb. Some have received purity of heart, and several are earnestly seeking after it; but still there is something so gentle, so noiseless, as you have seldom seen. My own state is calm serenity and deep gratitude to God. O, may the good work spread wide! More than thirty, including the young persons, have found peace with God lately. As yet, it is confined entirely to the members of the Society or congregation. May we be wise to spread every sail while the gale is passing!"

Sometimes a disposition is unhappily manifested to doubt the reality of revivals of religion, except the *circumstances* are in accordance with certain preconceived notions and prejudices. If accompanied by noise, or what is termed irregularity, some will denounce them as the fruit of mere rant and fanaticism: if the manner of them be the opposite, as just above described, others



will consider them tame and flat, and consequently suspect their genuineness. Now, these errors are corrected by the great diversity of the Holy Spirit's operations—great as those of “the wind,” which “bloweth where it listeth.” It seems, therefore, an unwarrantable presumption to complain of the *mode* in which that Divine Agent may choose to work upon the hearts of men. If, on some occasions, it be comparable to the roaring storm, well. If, at other times, it be mild as the gentle zephyr, equally well. In both cases it is His prerogative to “do according to His will;” and none should “stay His hand, or say unto Him, What doest Thou?”

The features of the holy excitement, distinguishing it as truly the work of God, became still more marked. On January 16, 1834, Mr. Tackaberry proceeds to relate: “I trust the many prayers offered up for a revival of religion in this town are about to be answered. I have been called on recently by persons in deep distress, inquiring, ‘What must I do to be saved?’ and have had a pleasure which only the Christian Minister can know, in taking them to my study and praying with them. At our lovefeast it was evident to all that God was deepening His work in the Society. Some bore happy testimony to the great change lately wrought in their hearts. At this stage Mr. Fackman, a very earnest man of God, but a little rough, and Mr. Field from Cork, also a blessed revivalist, and very mild, visited Bandon. They saw the people were prepared to receive good, prayed and laboured in faith; and God has made their visit an eminent blessing.

“As nearly as I can learn, from ten to fifteen have obtained justification, and four or five the blessing of

pure love, since Saturday last: and, what is yet more encouraging, expectation is raised, faith increased, and prayer offered on every hand. A few sneer, who should rejoice with us; but many are excited to gratitude and zealous effort. I need hardly say that I have cordially co-operated with these good men whom God in His mercy sent to visit us at a most suitable time. I do delight to honour those whom God honours, and am truly grateful to see His work carried on by *any* instruments whom HE chooses to employ. Although [I am] not as sanguine in reference to revivals as formerly, there are several circumstances which encourage the hope that this will be of a permanent character. I called yesterday to visit the family with whom I had such a season on Christmas-day, and found that Mr. Fackman has been made instrumental in the conversion of one of its members to whom I had often spoken, but apparently in vain. Two others, who thought it most unseemly to have anything like noise or disorder in the worship of God, screamed aloud, while we prayed, as if pierced with a sword. My Eliza has been greatly profited by Mr. Field's conversation and prayers; so I can scarcely fail to be a gainer myself. My mind, uniformly calm, is much drawn to thankfulness in private and public. O, may this visit be an extended blessing! One of its results will be an increase of labour, and I thought we had quite enough before; but the promise runs, 'As your day is, so shall your strength be.'"

February 26 he states, as the result of the quarterly visitation of the classes, that he found in the Bandon Society two hundred and seventy-eight members, including those on trial; that now there were three hundred and seventy-six; that thirty-four of these professed to

have received pardon of sin, and twelve entire sanctification, within the previous three months. "Of three of the latter," he remarks, "I entertain some doubts: with the rest I feel satisfied. The good work still goes on, but so quietly as I never saw before."

Unlike the famine, cholera, now rife, was the occasion of deep and general anxiety for salvation; and doubtless contributed, through grace, in no small degree, to the spiritual prosperity narrated.—"Sixty persons in the town of Dunmanway were swept off in five weeks by this dreadful disease." Then follow characteristic reflections and counsels: "How well to be ready! I hope you are all living for God *to-day*. Do. Our race of existence may be short O, may the rest of our life be very well spent!"

His motives for thankful joy became more powerfully operative, as his second year on this Circuit drew to a close. "I often praise God aloud in my study," he writes to me in April, "that I am what I am. O! is it not glorious to live for heaven myself, and to be instrumental in conducting others there? Two persons, now recovering from typhus fever, were converted within the last sixteen months. Their experience, while ill, would have done good to the stones of the wall, could they have heard! Glory to God for examples, living and dying, that He is mighty to save to the uttermost, and to the end!" So cheering and profitable was it to witness the power of grace in one of these persons, that he often found it difficult to drag himself from her bedside, although aware it was unsafe to remain there long. For several months she had professed the enjoyment of perfect love; and he sometimes wished that those who questioned the attainableness of such privilege were

present to hear her converse on the deep things of God. His emotion was similar to that of Paul, when he said, "Ye are our epistle written in our hearts, known and read of all men."

Appointed to the Circuit for a third year, he entered on his work in the spirit most likely to ensure continued and enlarged success. "On my return from Wexford, in July, a train of circumstances led me to examine closely into the state of my heart. The result was a calm resolve to seek after an increase of piety; to let go and lose sight of everything preventive of such growth. Clearly perceiving that, if I grew in grace, some ground must be gained every day, I have since then made a *daily* effort to rise." As usual, the work of his hands prospered in proportion to the prosperity of the work of grace in his heart: "Our two servants have been lately converted, and will, I trust, be a greater comfort to us. Six or eight have found salvation within these three weeks, among whom is a college lad, with two or three other young men who, if they go forward, will be useful."

October 22 he mentions an interesting fact of the Rev. William Smith, once a soldier, but subsequently an able and popular Methodist Minister in Ireland: "Old Mr. and Mrs. Smith took tea with us this evening. They have been fifty-six years walking together in the way to heaven. He told me that he preached once in Gravel-walk at the commencement of his ministry, and that day forty years—a Sabbath morning—he preached in the same house, taking for his text Deut. viii. 2, 3: 'Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee these forty years,' &c. Both himself and his congregation were greatly affected."

The history of John Bunyan, Richard Baxter, and many others, shows instructively that, like their Divine Master, useful Ministers know "what sore temptations mean." Mr. Tackaberry's method of proceeding in seasons of severe mental conflict is thus recorded: "The last fortnight I have been tempted, buffeted, sifted. In this hurricane I tried to furl the sails, keep the vessel's head to the wind, and wait a favourable gale: it will come again, perhaps soon; and then I will extend every yard of canvas, and sail, if possible, ten knots an hour. Formerly, at such times, I yielded to depression, fretted, and feared all was lost; but I think I have discovered a more excellent way."

As the year 1834 drew to a close, he was, as he expresses it, "very much in company, and very much alone." He had little intercourse with his people, except in a pastoral way, and that was extensive and constant. But there were only a few, in town or on Circuit, with whom he could have fellowship of spirit. Yet he writes thus to his brother: "I am anything but alone in the world. The last fortnight, I spent a large portion of my time in company with that venerable structure, the English language; with Dr. Hugh Blair, of Edinburgh; with Mrs. Hannah More; and with the Bishops and literati of the latter end of the past, and the first of the present, century." Then he refers to the hopeful condition of things around: "The Circuit is very like the season: weather fine, but cold; and little growth. However, some early buds begin to appear, the pledge of next year's fruit; and my heart rejoices to believe it is so spiritually. It is a profitable exercise, I find, daily to turn my thoughts to heaven. I shall never, I trust, be as cold in my affections as I have too

often been during the last twelve years. My judgment and will are invariably on the side of deep piety; but the constant effort of cordial faith is that which carries me forward. O, how sweet to feel my heart is the Lord's, to believe, adore, and love! Everything short of this is splendid trifling. I had a letter to-day from W. R., to say all hope of life is gone! How affecting to see friend after friend drop off life's bough! And to think of making friends in old age is out of the question. Glory to God, I hope to live for ever!"

The Circuit from whence Mr. Tackaberry came out to travel was at that time the sphere of my labours. This letter contains an inquiry alluding to a remark he once made to me in familiar conversation; a remark in which he employed a homely but forcible figure to illustrate his meaning. "Almost all the people in this country," he said, "passed through the fire of Methodism at one time or other. Some of them it made good stuff of; but the rest it turned into *clinkers*." Whether the startling observation were universally applicable, might, perhaps, admit of a question; as a general rule, it was undoubtedly correct. The inquiry referred to is the following: "It is a long time since I heard anything of or from R. Huston. Is he mining out any fresh coal? for, I fear, he will make little of the clinkers!"

As the period of his energetic and effective ministry in Bandon was about to terminate, he fervently longed for still more signal success. His own words are: "Our work for some time past has been hook-and-line fishing, rather than bringing nets full to land. How greatly should I rejoice in one good haul before I leave the Circuit! Pray that in this matter God may give me the desire of my heart."

His principles of conduct in relation to Circuit appointments were now called into operation. "You ask me," he replies to the inquiry of a friend, "what I mean to do with myself next year. I answer, I know not, and cannot tell. I never did anything to procure an appointment for myself but Wicklow; and I believe in that I was justified. Nevertheless, I suffered more painful exercises of mind while on that Circuit, arising from complex business-affairs which I was appointed to administer, than in all the other years of my itinerant life. God, I believe, will fix my lot; and I can, do, and *will* leave it to Him." Accordingly, at the District-Meeting, "The brethren," he says, "would put my name down for Cork or Limerick. I was Secretary, and did not enter it in the Minute-book for any place; but Mr. Stewart, the Chairman, who is also our Representative to the Stationing Committee, made the entry as above. Were I to choose, I would prefer the north to the south; but, if I am usefully employed, *places* to me are of small concern. I now leave the whole matter to take its course."

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## CHAPTER VII.

1835-1840.—DROGHEDA, BELFAST.

WHILE God, by His providence, superintends the affairs of the world, His word warrants the persuasion that that superintendence is, in the case of His faithful Ministers, most minute and paternal. His attention is continually directed toward their persons, their interests, their movements, guiding, controlling, overruling, preserving; so that, while found in the way of duty, they are "immortal till their work is done." Of this St. Paul is an example. Many events in his history might be adduced to show that he was constantly the object of God's peculiar care. One shall suffice: "I am with thee, and no man shall set on thee to hurt thee: for I have much people in this city:" (Acts xviii. 10:)—a passage demonstrating that the Saviour watched over him and his work with more than ordinary regard.

Mr. Tackaberry was a firm believer in this doctrine. And his faith was operative. It exerted the happiest influence upon his own mind, so that he attended to his Master's work without distraction. His re-appointment to the Drogheda Circuit was viewed by him as an arrangement made in heaven; because, among other reasons, he had unusual facilities for self-improvement. "It is almost as difficult," he observes, "to read closely in Bandon as in Dublin; but here I can read more, and more to purpose, than in any other Circuit I ever travelled."



The practice of early rising was adopted by the subject of our narrative, convinced by the teaching and example of the wise and good, and knowing from personal observation and experience, that it is, for many reasons, the more excellent way. The venerable William Ferguson once observed, in the Irish Conference, that he was now a member of that body of Ministers "owing to early rising."\* "I have again," writes Mr. Tackaberry, November 26, "commenced my five-o'clock hour of rising; and, although it affects my health, it is of incalculable advantage to my mind and heart. I will strive hard to keep to it."

He did not witness the same extensive revival this time as when stationed here before; but, knowing that "there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth," he exulted in the occasional conversions with which we were favoured;—for I happened to be his colleague in 1835–6. Thus he continues: "I am beginning to hope we shall see better days. Last Sunday night, after preaching, a female in deep distress asked me to call on her next day. Judging from her countenance how she felt, I brought her into my parlour, and set Mrs. Huston, Mrs. Browne, and my wife to pray with and encourage her. She soon obtained relief, and went home happy. We are thankful for a *little*."

\* Many were the weighty and memorable sayings of this wise and holy man. In June 1851, when the other Ministers of the city (Dublin) were at the Conference assembled in Belfast, I was summoned to his bed-side, as it was thought he was dying. The unhappy agitation of the English Connexion was then rife. Calling me to him, he said: "I have just strength to say one word: Use your influence to get our brethren, as well as yourself, to preach our doctrines with more affectionate earnestness; to administer our discipline with more faithful tenderness; and to attend to pastoral visitation. These are all the reforms we want."

His mode of instructing his children, though familiar, was scriptural and impressive. An example is subjoined:—"Before they went to sleep on Saturday night I went into the room, when Maria said, 'Papa, we were speaking of Daniel, and how God kept the lions from eating him because he was good.' 'Yes,' I said: 'he loved God, and God loved him.' 'But, papa,' said Jane, 'how is it the Bible says God loves every one, even the animals?' I answered, 'God loves bad men with a love of pity; but He hates their ways. He not only loves good people with a love of pleasure, but He loves their ways too.' Yesterday the little ones were looking out of the window, and Jane said, 'That girl is a Roman: I do not love her.' Happening to hear the remark, I said, 'Jane, should you not love every person?' 'O yes, papa; and I do love her with a love of pity; but I do not love her ways, because they are wrong.' Simple as these incidents were, they very much gratified me."

In May he visited Dublin, on the occasion of the Annual District-Meeting, when, as he relates, his heart was much cheered and comforted: "I preached in Whitefriars-street on Thursday, with many melting recollections, to a congregation which can feel, and deeply too. At the close I had a hearty salute from two Bandon friends, one of whom was converted there my first year, and since has been very useful. They told me that others of my children after the common faith stand fast in the Lord." In hearing this, his joy was full. Then he proceeds to describe the breakfast-meeting of the Preachers' children, at which he was present:—

"There were, in all, sixty-two persons. They were

addressed by Messrs. Mayne, Ferguson, Deery, Murphy, Gillman, F. T., &c. Mr. Mayne said that just fifty-one years ago that day, when a little boy, he heard the venerable Wesley preach. His heart was affected now at calling former times to remembrance. Little thought had he then of what he this day witnessed.

“Mr. Ferguson told us he heard Mr. Wesley preach in the Danish fort at Clones in 1789, to about four thousand people, on ‘Come, for all things are now ready:’ and he gave us an outline of the sermon. Mr. W., he said, preached the following morning at five o’clock, on the circumcision of the heart.

“Mr. Murphy was converted suddenly, after serving sin for nineteen years. All night he wrestled, and found Christ to be his Saviour at four o’clock in the morning. For fifty years he enjoyed salvation.—Mr. Mayne closed this exhilarating meeting with prayer.”

It was my privilege once to attend a similar meeting, in which the remark of a Minister called up a venerable Preacher’s widow. “What shall I do, Mr. Reilly,” said a lady in Cork, “to make my son a Preacher?” “Teach him,” said he, “to prefer eternity to time.” Here Mrs. Myles rose, and, apologizing for the liberty, delivered an admonitory address to the young people, which seemed to produce deep impression, and the substance of which it may not be out of place to record. It consisted chiefly of an incident in the life of Mr. Rankin, one of the early Preachers. A Mr. Griffin, at whose house he lodged, being dangerously ill, Mr. Rankin proposed to sit up, when Miss Griffin said, “No, Sir, you are fatigued; you must go to rest: and should anything happen to father in the night, you shall be awaked.” He retired, and as he slept he dreamed.

Standing at the gate of heaven, he saw a person come up and ask admittance. "Where is your passport?" it was inquired. As a passport, a quantity of gold and silver was produced. "These," it was replied, "belong to time, this is eternity;" and admission was refused. A similar answer was given to one who came with "wills and probates" as a passport; and to another with "lace, ribbons, and finery." At last one came flying to the gate, exclaiming, "The blood of Jesus Christ has cleansed me from all sin!" The gate flew open, and he was admitted with shouts of welcome. Just then there was a knock at the door. "Come in, Miss Griffin," said Mr. Rankin: "I know what has occurred: your father is dead. Just now, in my vision, I saw him enter heaven!" The matronly lady thence took the opportunity affectionately to caution her young friends against the idolatrous love of the world.

An adulatory account of Mr. Tackaberry's services at the opening of Enniscorthy chapel, having been published, drew from him the following strictures, which show how lightly he esteemed the praise of men:—"I saw the piece of splash-dash to which you refer. All who read it will laugh at us and the writer. Approbation judiciously expressed is a pleasant condiment to the mind; but our young friend's article is quite surfeiting."

There can be little doubt that, but for the influence of the Priests of Rome in this country, the word of the Lord would have free course and be glorified. Like their prototypes of old, they shut up the kingdom of heaven against men; they neither go in themselves, nor will they suffer them that are entering to go in. To this tyranny he thus alludes: "We walked over to Carrick-

macross, at seven o'clock, and I gave a Temperance lecture to about four hundred persons in the Market-house, more than half of them Romanists. They heard with the deepest attention. I published for preaching the next evening, when, to my surprise, the large room was packed to suffocation. Most of the Protestants in Carrick, with about three hundred and fifty Romanists, heard with solemn interest, while I applied the affectionate intreaty, the tender expostulation, Ezek. xxxiii. 11. This is amazing. I preached here in August, 1822, to eight persons one evening, and thirteen another; and now we have by far the largest congregation on the Circuit. But how long will this continue? *Till the Priest hears and forbids.* But many begin to feel the yoke is too heavy to be borne. The day of liberty draws near." He adds: "Brother H. and I talked over the week's work; agreed to give some extra ministrations to Carrick, and thus spread our canvas to the passing gale,—which is difficult, seeing our time is so fully occupied."

He had a soul formed for friendship, a heart susceptible of gratitude, the most ardent and enduring. Hence his affectionate tribute of respect to the memory of Mrs. Doolittle: "A Waterford newspaper announces the death of my dear friend. There was not another Minister's wife in our Connexion with whom I could feel so like a son. The two years I was in Dublin she was to me a mother indeed. I transcribe a paragraph of the letter I wrote to-day to Mr. Doolittle:—'I knew Mrs. D. for sixteen years, and esteemed her more highly every month of that time. Often have our hearts burned within us while we talked of Jesus. She loved to converse on the deep things of God. Her strength of mind, soundness of judgment, thorough attachment to

Methodism, dissatisfaction with everything like display in Christian experience, in preaching, in manners,—her steady, well-wearing scriptural piety,—all now pass before me. I shall not make many such friends in life. One likes to be loved, especially by the excellent of the earth. Her motherly, tender, Christian kindness to me, and her interest in all my interests, could not fail to take hold on my heart. Where shall I meet her like again?"

A dissatisfied, complaining temper, in a particular church, the temper indulged by parties whom no person or thing can please,—the unenviable inheritance too often of such as have secret reasons for dissatisfaction with themselves,—has ever been found a serious hindrance to the progress of personal and social piety. Widely different in its influence is the disposition of those who take their spiritual discontents, personal and relative, to the throne of grace, after the example of the Psalmist: "I poured out my complaint before Him; I showed before Him my trouble." Having painfully witnessed its operation in one part of the Circuit, Mr. Tackaberry thus characterizes the evil referred to: "Yesterday morning's congregation was thin, and cool enough, too. The spirit of complaining has fallen upon them here; and, until that foul demon be cast out, little good will be received or done. He makes bright-countenanced praise a prisoner; puts faith asleep; and paralyses the hands of zeal. Hence, the good work drags on heavily."

The same pen describes, in pleasant mood, the results of a narrow-minded and persecuting Clergyman's efforts to banish Methodism from that part of the country: "Eighteen months ago he said he would drive Method-

ism out of ——; but, alas! the plague has spread from the extremity to the heart of his parish! We have now, in the village of —— itself, one of the liveliest classes on the Circuit. The clerk of the church the Leader, the sexton and his family members, and more mischief likely to be done; for they have commenced a prayer-meeting *every night*. Terrible!”

To *walk* in the light of God's countenance is constantly to increase in His favour, to rise higher and higher daily in His esteem. That this might be the case with his mother, Mr. Tackaberry counsels her with all the solicitude of pure filial affection: “I trust, my dear mother, you are daily seeking an increase of heavenly-mindedness; feeling a growing deadness to earth, and delight in the prospect of eternal glory. Those who do not trouble themselves about trifles, who live by faith, and cultivate the spirit of praise, share largely in the Divine regards. Peace, joy, and love are only seeds or slips when God plants them in our souls. It is ours to dig about, water, prune, guard, and grow them up into wide-spreading, fruit-bearing trees, and then to pluck off the fruit, while we sit under their shadow with great delight. It is truly surprising, when properly cultured, how rapidly they root, grow, and spread. Thanks to God that ever they were planted in our hearts!

“But, mother, what of thanksgiving? This also is a cutting from the tree of life in heaven, the fruitfulness of which will be in proportion to its exercise. Look around you; review the past; survey the mercies of a blessed futurity; and say have you not superabundant matter for praise? Perhaps you wipe the gushing tear, and say, ‘O, yes! But I have been miserably defective in thanksgiving.’ What then? Praise the Lord *now*,

mother? *Now, now, now*, till you go to heaven! 'Whoso offereth praise glorifieth Me,' says Jehovah. Lord, if Thou art thus glorified, then will *we* glorify Thee!

' I will praise Thee,  
I will praise Thee;  
Where shall I Thy praise begin?'

May you praise Him for ever! Amen. And so I believe it shall be, world without end!"

The visit of the Rev. John Tackaberry, of America, to Ireland, in 1836, was anticipated by the whole family-circle with lively interest. The period of his sojourn was a season of high gratification and enjoyment to Mr. Fossey Tackaberry, who, at its expiration, makes these salutary reflections: "What a dream John's visit, and the scenes of the past nine months, now appear to me! Such will life itself be, when it is past. Dream though it was, it has vividly called up before my mind the whole of my early life; that prospect which seemed so bright and beautiful in my days of boyhood. O, with what gay colouring, what splendid drapery, youth and hope invest the future of life! So far as I have sought after and enjoyed religion, *all* my hopes have been realized. The world is painted and unreal, mankind an 'unco squad,' and I myself have been the greatest fool of many. This world is a chequered scene: we meet and part, meet and part—soon to leave it! O, to be fully ready! Happy in it; ready to leave it! This I hope to realize."

At the Conference of 1837 he was appointed to the Belfast Circuit,—since then divided into two, North and South. A letter written to me in August contains his description of the place, the work, his colleagues, and the other office-bearers. An extract is subjoined: "We



have here sixty-seven classes, containing more than nine hundred members, and a great many outposts. The Circuit-horse was sold in June, and my oak-stick is all the substitute, likely, which I shall have while on the Circuit. This gives us a great deal of wearing labour. We walk two weeks out of three; one called the town, another the vicinity, and another the country week. This is my vicinity week; and last evening I went more than three miles, preached to six people, and then had the comfort of walking home. I must not complain; for Mr. Reilly and Mr. Grant do the same. We have a good, not a rich, Society. Several of the Leaders are right hearty men, and right hearty revivalists. On Sunday we had a field-meeting half a mile out of town. Sixteen hundred, I think, were present. Our people ardently hope for a revival, and the Leaders are pushing us with both hands. We have penitent-meetings in the different chapels, and I think we will have a burst. Such a settledness I have not felt for some time. I am giving myself afresh to God and His work, and I believe I shall be brought nearer, much nearer, to Him. O, if we get to heaven at last! Blessings 'brighten as they take their flight.' I now think I love you and Mary Anne a great deal more than I was sensible of while with you."

The next month he communicates additional particulars to his brother Henry: "On Thursday, August 31, and Sunday, September 3, our new chapel was opened by the Rev. Messrs. Newton and Lessey." Mr. Newton's subjects on that occasion were Psalm xxvi. 8, and Romans i. 16; and he was quite himself. Mr. Lessey's sermons were magnificent specimens of pulpit eloquence and power. "Everywhere I turn," he con-

tinues, "I find our people hope for a revival. This is encouraging; for, when hoped for, it is always prayed for and expected. Indeed, we have the commencement of it already. Our Society is in a good state; and would have been in a better, but for the dissensions occasioned by the building of Frederick-street chapel.

"At present, I am reading Campbell on the Gospels, and Watson's Sermons, which are beautiful and valuable. I also spend an hour every morning comparing ten or twelve verses of the Pentateuch in Hebrew, Samaritan, Greek, Latin, and English. While this work is profitable, I do not let it occupy the time which should be given to other things. Pulpit-preparation requires considerable attention; the more so, since, in my opinion, the people here merit the character *now* which Mr. Wesley gave them sixty years ago; namely, 'The Belfast congregation is fully as intelligent as the Dublin one, but with this difference,—they know that very well.' I am determined to speak *plainly*, and leave the rest with God. *The value of souls is impressed on my heart more and more, as also the nearness of eternity.* I am striving hard to get nearer to God, and have some hours in secret which are worth worlds. My time may be short; I should therefore be ready: and if it should be long, I shall have to give account, and therefore should watch and be useful."

Mr. Tackaberry describes the young Preacher as "a simple-minded, pure-hearted, lively, loving, happy spirit;" adding, "He is made very useful at the prayer-meetings. Mr. Reilly and I help him all we can. So do our Leaders. He is setting us all on fire. His ministrations are very profitable."\*

\* The Rev. George Grant, here referred to, was distinguished for

Devoutly purposing to make full proof of his ministry, and thus realize the largest possible amount of success, Mr. Tackaberry sought the attainment of this end by means which, with him, had never failed; namely, vigorous and growing personal piety. The large population to which he had access; the abundance of *Protestant* material; the spirit of zeal, unity, and co-operation manifested by the Circuit officers; and a prevailing impression or presentiment that eternity was at hand,—all operated upon him as a powerful stimulus to “work” with increased energy “while it was called to-day.” Hence this record under date December 23, 1837: “I think the last half-year the best I have had for a long time. I have gained more in close communion with God than for some years before. I feel at times as if heaven is very near to me, and I am not without hope of being more devoted to the Lord than I have ever yet been. Have not I cause to be thankful?”

He was “not without hope,” because it was matter of *contrivance*, as well as of resolution, as he writes the ensuing month: “I am purposing *how* I may live more fully to God than I have done in all my life before. I do hope our Circuit will look up in due season.” The sincerity of his purpose and hopes he evinced by increased diligence in “*closet-labour*.”—“My seasons of richest blessing lately have been in private. Indeed, for some time past the Lord has been unusually good to me in the closet. In the reading of His own word, and of

spirituality of mind, disinterestedness, and an intense devotedness to God and His work. Endowed with more than ordinary qualifications as a Preacher and Pastor, and eminently successful in winning souls, his sun went down while it was yet day:—another mystery of an unerring Providence.

Howe's 'Blessedness of the Righteous,' I have been much profited. But in meditation and prayer my cup often flows over. I feel eternity to be inexpressibly near. I wish I had breathed my every breath for it these four-and-twenty years. O that I may do so from this day forth, and for ever! Often have I felt applied, while sitting in this little study, surrounded with mercies, the words of Joshua: 'Ye know in all your hearts and in all your souls, that not one thing hath failed of all the good things which the Lord your God spake concerning you; all are come to pass, and not one thing hath failed thereof.' This my heart feels to its very centre. And then the prospect of being for ever with the Lord! The very thought is overwhelming. And I feel it so near, so very near, that it seems but a moment until we are there."

The Centenary movement shared his approving sympathy and cordial co-operation. "You have heard," he says, "of the noble Centenary doings. I am glad of this for the sake of Methodism: it shall be told for a memorial of her. And no doubt God is well pleased with these grateful offerings of His people. But, while frightful, abominable Popery is encouraged by the nation as it is, I cannot help fearing that judicial visitations will follow, though there be many more than fifty righteous men in our cities. O that Protestantism may awake and arise before it is too late!"

Fever was rife at this time. He notices with melancholy pleasure the tranquilly triumphant end of two youthful members of his flock:—"Death is making great havoc around us. We buried Margaret Porter yesterday, one of the finest girls in Belfast,—intellectual, accomplished, and pious. A few weeks back she was as

likely to live as any person I ever saw. Her death was glorious. And this morning Sarah Owen is gone, a mild, gentle spirit, one who suffered much, yet said little; and who, after adorning the Gospel for nearly four years, fell asleep in Jesus—silent as morning dews.”

On a Monday evening he preached Miss Porter's funeral sermon to more than a Sabbath congregation, on 1 Cor. xv. 57: “Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.” “She was a very extraordinary young person,” he observes; “had been religious in early youth; but left her first love, and for years had ceased to meet in class; was re-awakened last February; and from that time, until her death, lived quite on the verge of heaven. Even in the depression inseparable from typhus fever, she glorified God, and died very triumphantly.”

His devotional exercises in secret became increasingly refreshing: “Taking the last six weeks as a whole, they have been, by many degrees, the best I have spent in Belfast. I feel a power with God in the closet, an unusual sweetness and enjoyment in reading His word, and a nearness to God and heaven, at which I often wonder. Indeed my mind has often been in that state latterly, that only I am called on to live for others, I should long—earnestly long—to depart and be with Christ, which is far better. The Lord is very good—I could hardly tell you how good to me: ‘He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake.’ I feel as if I trod the very verge of eternity. O, may I be ready to enter it at a moment's warning!” Accordingly, his field of labour was soon visited with a gracious rain: “You wish to hear how the Belfast Circuit is doing. We had our lovefeast on

Sunday, December 16. About five hundred and fifty present. The best meeting I have yet seen in Belfast. My text was, 'They that are with Him are called, and chosen, and faithful.'" (Rev. xvii. 14.)—He had freedom in preaching; and at the lovefeast, especially, there was distinct good done.

Mr. Tackaberry's views of the duties incumbent on a Minister's wife may be gathered from the following letter, addressed to Mrs. Huston, dated Patrick-street, Belfast, January 12, 1838:—"It will take a great deal to cure me of living over the past again and again,—thus losing sight of the present. Many, many times have I thought these six months, 'Well, I wish I had received more good from my dear Mary Anne the two years I lived at her door: and, O! I wish I had endeavoured, by my example, conversation, manner, to be more useful to her.' Then the thought comes: 'Should any favourable wind blow us together again, how I will live!' That may, and I hope will, be. Ay, but it may never be on this side heaven! Then I will neither so feel about the past, nor anticipate the future, as to forget present duty. Are you meeting a class? Are you laying yourself out for God as you have often wished, hoped, ay, and determined too? What if you would take Mrs. Rogers for your example, until you find a better? Read her letters; read Mr. Wesley's letters. Up, woman! live, breathe, and act for God! You say, 'I have an example in my mother.' Yes; but you are differently circumstanced. She had hindrances to zeal and effort which you have not. You have a larger field, and more powerful motives for usefulness, than she had. Work, therefore, while it is day. The night cometh. Yes; determine, sick or well—strong

or weak—cheerful or depressed—at home or abroad—live long or short—I will do what I can for my Divine Master. What a testimony borne by the Redeemer to the woman in the Gospel—‘SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD!’ May this eulogy be yours!”

He and his brother Ministers met weekly for mutual improvement in sermonizing. “Mr. Reilly, Mr. Grant, and myself have commenced a practice which promises to be very advantageous to Mr. Grant and me. A text of Scripture is selected every Saturday, on which we write our thoughts by that day week. We breakfast together at Mr. Reilly’s and here alternately, when each reads his sketch, on which the others make observations. Each one selects a text in turn. There are two reasons why Mr. Reilly’s skeletons are not criticized so freely as Mr. Grant’s and mine: he is Superintendent of the Circuit, and Chairman of the District. His observations are very valuable to us. It is understood that such a passage be chosen as will lead to the consideration of some important doctrine of the Gospel. Mr. Reilly’s observations on Heb. iv. 14–16, were very beautiful, especially on the time of need, and the sympathy of Christ.”

Mr. Reilly and Mr. Tackaberry preached at the opening of Wesley-place chapel, of which the latter thus speaks: “It is extremely neat; situated in a nice neighbourhood in the suburbs of the town; will seat between two and three hundred; and there is room for a gallery when required. It was built by William M’Connell, Esq., a member of our Society here, at an expense of £450; and he has settled it on the Conference plan, without costing the Connexion a penny, and without compromising a single principle of Methodism. There is to be no collection at the opening; and a few

other matters which Mr. M'Connell wishes will, of course, be attended to."

The duties of the Circuit had now become so numerous and urgent, with the prospect that they would soon be more so, that Mr. Tackaberry writes: "The Leaders and Stewards waited on Mr. Reilly the other day, in a body, to beg of him that neither he nor I should be out of Belfast on a Sabbath, except the occasion were a very special one. I do not like this, but must submit. Since then I had to say Nay to three applications, one of them from my old friends in Ballinamore. This I regretted; but all is well." The next paragraph shows the necessity of giving his whole time and attention to his own Circuit: "I have set my heart on getting two small chapels built before I leave—in two very neglected outlets of this populous town. They will cost but £200 each: nevertheless, if I engage in them, they will give me some trouble. The two new ones, opened since we came here, are well attended; and will, I hope, be better attended by and by."

His description of the state of the Circuit, at the close of his second year, is reviving: "Our Centenary-meeting, lovefeast, and quarterly Leaders'-meeting, held within a short period, have all left very pleasing recollections. The first exceeded our expectations, the second was good, and the third gave us an agreeable surprise. The income is better than at any former time; and hence the Stewards have paid off £45 of their Circuit-debt. The classes are increasing in number and steadiness, and the tone of our Leaders'-meeting is much improved. Mr. Reilly and I were unanimously invited by the quarterly-meeting to remain a third year, and soon after doing so they added the



name of Mr. Grant, so that the whole three are cordially asked to continue with them. How the Conference may dispose of this, is another matter. We have now a better prospect than at any period since our appointment. Several in the prayer-meetings and classes have been converted lately, and the number is daily increasing. I should not wonder if we are near great good. I was in last Sunday night's meeting up to eleven o'clock; and even then the people showed some reluctance to leave. We sometimes permit persons who receive good to declare what God has done for their souls. We did so last Sunday night, and it had a melting and subduing effect upon the congregation. Strange to say, we have seldom any noise in those meetings; and yet the people tremble as if their very heart were shaken, and sometimes they fall. This is the best field for Methodism in Ireland. In a few years it will very much take the lead of Dublin, both in members and influence." Yet even this he regarded as requiring a proviso: "Party feeling, somewhat subsiding, I hope will subside: and, *if it do*, we will see good days in Belfast."

He gives a vivid account of a visit he made to the Giants' Causeway in 1839: "Went to visit that extraordinary natural curiosity. Extraordinary it is, indeed. Nothing I had read, or heard, or seen, conveyed any idea of it *as it is* to my mind. The surface or ground-plan is more like a honeycomb than anything else to which I can compare it; but, instead of being empty, every cell is a stone of twelve or fifteen inches in diameter, so closely joined that you could not insert the blade of a knife between them; and yet in no wise fastened the one to the other. No person knows how

deep these columns go down in the earth; but, in several places, they are twenty feet high. When I examined, I found a joint at about every fourteen inches of the columns; every joint resting in the other by a convex into a concave, or by a concave upon a convex. Like all the other works of nature, I found it was a splendid piece of regular irregularity. All these basaltic columns bear a striking resemblance to each other, and yet I saw no two exactly alike; which, I imagine, is the case through the whole Causeway. Some had four, five, six, seven, and eight sides, and yet no two were the same. For seven miles into the country, wherever they open quarries, the same sort of pillars are found! Some say they were caused by volcanic agency. I do not think so. I believe, if not a primary creation, which I doubt, they owe their present form to crystallization on a great scale.

“From this we went to Dunluce Castle, once the seat of boisterous revelry, but now in ruins; and afterwards we visited—where think you? The house in which Adam Clarke was reared. It is very much like ——: all the farm-houses in that country are long and low. We saw the walls of the church in which he worshipped before he knew Methodism, and in which he first received the sacrament of the Lord’s Supper; the field at the back of his father’s house in which he found peace with God; the part of the sea near his father’s where he believed he was *drowned*, but miraculously saved again; the house in Port-Stuart which he purchased the year before his death, when he could not get his favourite meadow to build on; also, the sun-dial in Mr. Cromie’s garden, which the Doctor presented to that gentleman.

I copied three inscriptions from the dial, but had not time to copy two others:—

“1. ‘Go about your business.’

“2. ‘We are time’s subjects, and time bids us begone.’

“3. ‘Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights. (James i. 17.)’

“‘To John Cromie, Esq., of Port-Stuart. May his shadow be extended for ever.

“‘ADAM CLARKE, LL.D., 1830.’

“At dinner, I had a long conversation with Mr. J. Galt, one of Dr. Clarke’s schoolfellows; and, while he talked, I wrote on my knee in short-hand. Dr. C. told him that, one evening after school, Mr. Mark O’Neil said, ‘Adam, there is a Methodist Preacher to preach this evening at ——. Will you come and hear him?’ ‘What is a Methodist Preacher?’ ‘I do not know.’ ‘What is he like?’ ‘I do not know, but I will go and hear him.’ ‘So will I.’ Upon entering the house, (said the Doctor,) I was very much struck: a tall man, with lank hair, was standing behind a chair, with a book in his hand. He gave out and sung a hymn; which seemed very pretty to me, for I had never heard one before. He then prayed, but I thought all his prayer was at me. Then he read a portion of the Bible, which he called his text; and I liked his sermon, but I thought he preached it all at me. When done, he came over, laid his hand on my head, and said, ‘For what purpose do you come here?’ ‘I do not know.’ At the end of a fortnight he preached again. I was there. Again he laid his hand on my head, and asked me why I came? I said, ‘Because I like what you say.’ This (said the Doctor)

was the beginning of my going to preaching.—His schoolfellow, who took him, never went again. I felt much interested in everything relating to the good old Doctor.”

Among other means which Mr. Tackaberry employed to promote the revival of religion on his Circuit was out-door preaching: “I was on the street,” he writes, in July, 1839, “at five o’clock, afternoon, the last two Sabbaths, besides attending to my other work. We had a large assembly, an attentive hearing each time, and a blessed prayer-meeting last Sunday night. Several stood up and testified of God’s pardoning love.” Three sermons—*one of them out of doors*—and a protracted prayer-meeting, exhibit him truly as THE EARNEST MINISTER, supremely intent on saving souls from death. And he had his reward in the joyous testimonies which crowned the day.

The lovefeast in December following gave indication that he should soon see the Divine power and glory displayed. “It would have cheered your heart for weeks to come,” he informs his mother, “had you been present at our lovefeast last Sunday. The friends here say it was the largest ever held in Belfast. Our principal chapel was as full below and above stairs as the people could sit; and there was a propriety, richness, unction, about the speaking, seldom equalled in my experience of such meetings. I should not wonder if we have a great work this winter yet. O mother! it is very easy to be good in this place. I often think, if we live to leave it, we shall feel ashamed that we did not make more progress while in it: so many helps, so few hindrances. It is the best Methodist soil in the kingdom.”

About this time Belfast was visited with fever of a most malignant kind. Many were its victims; among others, good James Kilpatrick, whose mind, in the prospect of death, was in a most joyous state. "Seldom," says Mr. Tackaberry, "have I been more gratified. Happy, happy, very happy! glory to God! You are not to suppose," he adds, to quiet a parent's fears, "that because I am frequently at fever-beds, and in the hospital, I am in much danger. In the first place, I do not believe any ordinary fever will be taken at eight feet distance from the sick person's mouth; and I avoid going very near. In the second, those who are not afraid are in little danger of taking it, even where the breath is inhaled: but I am now no more afraid in the hospital than in my own parlour—such is the power of habit; and my visits are always short, too." In reading this paragraph, some will recur to the fact that Mr. Tackaberry died of fever, caught, in the overflowing of his charity, by the non-observance of his own prudential rules.

The gracious influence sought and expected in unwavering faith now rested in a remarkable degree on the congregation. "The power of the Lord was present to heal."—"Never, since we came to this town, were matters in as good a state as the present. Our special prayer-meetings (held on Tuesday evenings) are most glorious seasons. I have seldom seen anything like them. That on Tuesday, 28th January, was one of the most hallowed and hallowing I have known. Several obtained forgiveness and the heart-renewing love: but the distinguishing feature of the meeting was, all present were bowed in spirit before the Most High, and all seemed to receive good. I would not trust my

own testimony in a matter of this kind, as I have not known Belfast long; but our oldest Leaders say they have seen nothing like that evening. Our Leaders are blessed men of God. Of some of them it may be said, as of Stephen, that they are 'full of faith and of the Holy Ghost.' I expect we are about to have a still more glorious work here. O that I could witness a thousand souls converted to God! O Lord, enlarge our hearts, and let our eyes see it—see it soon!" Desirous to see a thousand, he does not fail to rejoice over one who had "found pardon, after seeking it for seven years." This case he mentions, February 24, 1840. The work going forward was wonderful to the Ministers themselves.

Mr. Tackaberry was now in labours more abundant,—on one Sabbath more abundant than justifiable, if the excess could have been avoided. "I preached a funeral sermon," he says, "on last Sunday, at four o'clock; preached on the street at half-past five; and in our largest chapel at seven—besides the morning service; but I was not the better of it for three days."

The faithful and untiring labours of himself and his colleagues resulted in a glorious harvest: another example demonstrating that *fruit* in such case is ever in proportion to the painstaking culture bestowed. This, at least, is the general rule.

"We have really wonderful times," continues his epistolary narrative, "in this town at present. Yesterday we held our March lovefeast. I have seen nothing in my life which I thought equalled it in richness; and I do not expect to see anything better this side heaven! There were about eight hundred and fifty in the meeting. More than half of those who spoke testified to the

all-cleansing power of the blood of Christ. All who spoke, spoke well. There was such a mixture of soundness, propriety, coolness—of praise, love, joy, with solemnity, reverence, and awe! The feeling produced was quite overpowering. At three the meeting was adjourned until after the evening sermon. The influence did not equal that of the morning, yet it was a glorious night too. We *hear* of some made happy in the classes and in families; and we *see* some in the meetings every week. All this is without any confusion; I might say, without any noise. On the evening of Sunday, March 1, I saw several weep till you would imagine they should cry aloud or fall down; but they restrained themselves. Some of these very persons, at that same meeting, were made as happy as human nature could well bear; and yet there was no irreverent joy.

“I have not kept any account of the numbers saved the last three months, but they must be very considerable. Perhaps I would not be above the truth, if I said there were *hundreds*. The tide of holy excitement continues to flow, and we—Preachers and Leaders—seem determined not to expect an ebb. We hold a special prayer-meeting every Sabbath evening after preaching; and another on Tuesday evening, at eight o’clock, to suit the hundreds who are employed in the flax and cotton mills. The school seats three hundred and fifty, and it will not much longer contain us if the meetings continue to increase. After three or four persons have prayed, we invite all who are seeking pardon of sin or perfect love to come to what we call the penitents’ benches; or to the communion-rails and front-pews, if in the chapel. Numbers, varying from twenty to seventy, usually accept the invitation; and I remember

no evening, for many weeks, in which from three to twenty did not profess to have received the good they came to seek. There is always one Preacher present from the commencement to the close; namely, the one whose time it is to be in town. The country and vicinity men are in, say at or before nine o'clock. The meetings are always dismissed at ten o'clock, that any who please may withdraw, resumed again with those who remain, and continued to half-past ten or eleven. This is what I disapprove of most. These meetings, I need hardly say, occasion exhausting labour; but they gloriously increase our joy in the Lord. Two or three young men, I expect, will be candidates for our ministry next Conference from this Circuit. The one who went out last year is doing very well. I doubt if there be such Leaders as those we have here in any Circuit in Ireland or England. May God bless them! Where my lot may be cast next year, if I live, I cannot tell; nor am I anxious about it."

The Minister, now venerable, who superintended Belfast Circuit during these three remarkable years, has kindly furnished for publication the following personal recollections of Mr. Tackaberry, with notices of his character and ministry:—

*"Queenstown, December 23, 1858.*

"MY DEAR BROTHER HUSTON,

"YOUR kind and urgent request to me, to supply some reminiscences of the late Rev. Fossey Tackaberry, has imposed on me no easy task; which, however, though conscious of my own inadequacy, I shall endeavour to perform. But O! to put pen to paper with regard to my loved friend shakes me to the centre



of my soul, produces indescribable emotion, and causes bitter tears, that cannot be repressed, to flow down my cheeks. And is it possible, I would ask, that I live to weep over the loss which our church has sustained, by the removal of one of its brightest ornaments, one of its most laborious and successful Ministers? Yes: our dear friend was honoured by his brethren, and endeared to thousands of God's people in whose bosoms his name and virtues are embalmed. To recall the associations of years long gone by, in connexion with a name ever dear to my heart, though intensely painful, is not unprofitable or ungrateful.

"Forty years ago, I formed an acquaintance with young Fossey Tackaberry, then a Local Preacher in his own neighbourhood; and it was not difficult to discover the elements of great future usefulness in the young disciple. My sphere bordered the Newtownbarry Circuit, where he resided. He sometimes visited the principal towns and places, and his earnest and faithful ministrations at that period were signally owned of God.

"I watched with great interest his progress when he became an Itinerant Methodist Preacher, and realized my early hopes respecting my young friend. It was not until 1837, when the Conference appointed us to labour on the Belfast Circuit, that I had full opportunity of estimating his worth. He was then in his zenith, and gave daily evidence that his aim was in all things to make full proof of his ministry. We had for our colleague the late Rev. George Grant, a young man of good education, of wisdom beyond his years, highly gifted for the office of the Christian ministry, and able and willing at all times, and in every department of the

work, to labour for the Lord. I may add, his undying attachment to *Irish* Methodism was evidenced to the last hour of his short but useful life.

“When I was named for that appointment, it was my earnest wish that Mr. Tackaberry should be my companion in labour; and we rejoiced to have with us our brother Grant. It was no small privilege to me, or advantage to the work, to be associated with two such spirits on one of the most important Circuits in Ireland. Everything went on in the Society and among ourselves with the utmost harmony; to use the phrase of Mr. Tackaberry, ‘without a ripple on the surface.’ And, thank God, we were favoured with considerable prosperity during the three years we were together.”

“Nothing need be added to the delineations given by yourself of his talents as a Preacher; but a few remarks on some prominent features in the portrait. If I am able to form a judgment, from having sometimes been privileged with hearing him,—though his expositions of Divine truth were always sound and evangelical, his chief strength lay in moving the passions and grappling with the conscience of the sinner; so that his appeals were often attended with extraordinary effects.

“On the Sunday that the late Rev. Theophilus Lessey continued the opening services of Frederick-street chapel, he preached at two o’clock in the afternoon, and at seven in the evening. Mr. Tackaberry preached in Donegal-square at eleven o’clock in the morning. Never did I witness any performance of his with greater admiration and satisfaction than on that occasion, while he expounded Exodus xxxiii. 14: ‘My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest.’”

“Our open-air preaching gave us opportunity of hearing each other. Never did Mr. Tackaberry appear greater than while addressing multitudes in the open air. To realize this, you must in your imagination picture a scene of the beautiful and sublime, still fresh in my recollection. There stands on a temporary platform in the field, the cemetery, or some populous square, a tall, interesting person, in the prime of his manhood, presenting a noble outline; the fine bold forehead, with raven locks crowning it, tossed with the breeze; the full black eyes beaming with benignity; the countenance radiant with the light of the sanctuary, and a soul ‘pregnant with celestial fire.’ Thrilling bursts of resistless eloquence flowed from his lips, piercing the hearts of lost sinners, while beseeching them to be reconciled to God.

“One incident will show that friendship has not overdrawn this scene. I know a gentleman of no mean rank as a Minister and theologian, of a philosophic turn of mind, who thought there was more of passion than reason in the effects produced by the preaching of Mr. Tackaberry. He went to hear and judge for himself, resolved to be unmoved. He sat some time in calm self-possession, but his cool philosophy was very soon at fault; it fairly broke down; and while the impassioned, spirit-stirring appeals were made by the Preacher to the consciences of his hearers with a rapidity that swept all resistance before it, my philosophic friend, like hundreds round him, was absorbed in emotion; and, to use his own words to myself, he ‘wept like a child.’

“Mr. Tackaberry as an advocate of Christian Missions was very successful. I was often struck with admira-

tion while listening to his pleadings in behalf of the perishing Heathen. But in his description of the love of God to a fallen world, the efficacy of the Gospel, the spread of Christianity, the virtues and triumphs of the cross of Christ, he was most happy. By some it was thought that his metaphors were carried out to too great a degree of amplification; but, be that as it may, his platform addresses were great in thought, and never wanted vigour, freshness, or effect.

“The visits of Mr. Tackaberry to scenes of affliction were generally attended with singular benefit. His tender responses to the voice of suffering were soothing, and his views of faith in the dying love of Christ were encouraging; and then his joy in their joy was truly characteristic. An interesting lady (Mrs. Worrell) was laid upon her sick-bed, and in near prospect of eternity. Though once in the enjoyment of religion, she had lost her peace, and was on the border of despair. I had frequently visited her, and was anxious that Mr. Tackaberry should see her. He accompanied me to her sick-chamber. We found her without a ray of hope. I, for some time, reasoned with her on the ability and willingness of Christ to save her, and asked her, ‘Do you not think that Christ is willing to save you now?’ She suddenly exclaimed, ‘Glory be to God!’ Mr. Tackaberry, who watched the issue with intense interest, repeated the joyous exclamation, saying, ‘Glory be to God for *that* Glory be to God!’ He then offered up prayer, mingled with praise and thanksgiving. The gentle sufferer was delivered from all her sorrow, and soon passed triumphantly into the presence of her Lord and Saviour.

“As a kind and sympathizing brother, Fossey Tackaberry can never be forgotten by me and my dear wife. He had a soul formed for friendship, and we realized that in the hour of bitter grief. It pleased the Lord to visit us with protracted affliction in our family, and bereavement after bereavement, during the three years in which we were stationed together in Belfast. In that sad season my dear wife and I largely experienced his Christian and manly sympathy. While some of our loved ones lay in the last mortal struggle, our dear friend would remain with us the live-long night, pacing the floor in agony, or watching with intense anxiety the bed-side of the departing spirit. To have had such tender proofs of genuine friendship soothed and sustained us in the long night of our grief, and cannot now be referred to without tears, and mingled feelings of gratitude and sorrow. A letter received from him, when stationed in Cork, breathes the same warm and unabated affection. He fondly refers to every member of the family, even the youngest. ‘I want to hear,’ he writes, ‘how dear Mrs. Reilly is; how you are; and how the dear girls and Valentine are? A letter telling me all this will be to me like water to a thirsty soul.’ The last time we had the pleasure of meeting him, when he attended the Cork Conference, he said to us before a large company, ‘The three happiest years of my life were those I spent with you in Belfast.’ That happiness was mutual. It gives us pleasure to dwell on those scenes in which he exemplified some of the brightest virtues which adorn the Christian, and to cherish the hope of rejoining him in a pure unsuffering world.

“I must leave to other and abler hands a delineation

of his character, for which my pen is wholly inadequate. But I would just refer to a few features, which, as far as I could form a judgment, after years of intimate acquaintance, were distinguishable in him as a man, a Christian, and a Christian Minister. I have said, 'Fossey Tackaberry had a soul formed for friendship.' He had as true a heart as ever beat in a human bosom. He possessed a native nobleness of soul which could never stoop to anything selfish or sordid. He had wisdom without low cunning, and a loftiness of mind, blended with genuine Christian humility. 'High, without pride, and, without meanness, low.' When he placed before him an object worthy of attainment, he pursued it with earnestness and perseverance. Though fearless and ardent, yet he was modest and unobtrusive. He was cheerful without levity, and serious without gloom. In his innocent sallies, he never betrayed a spirit contrary to the Christian, or lost sight of the dignity of the Minister of Christ. There was a charm about Mr. Tackaberry, in the social circle, that was at once attractive and delightful. This was greatly heightened by the utter absence of affectation, as well as by the edifying spirituality of his conversation. In private, as well as in public, his continual aim and effort was to save souls, and the tendency of his whole life was soul-saving.

"The predominating characteristic of Mr. Tackaberry, however, was his self-consecration and devotion to God. Indeed he seemed to maintain constant 'fellowship with the Father and with His Son Jesus Christ.' This it was that gave efficacy to his ministry. This was the secret of his power over the hearts of his hearers. The word dropped from lips touched with a live coal from the altar,

and, coming from the heart, went to the heart. No wonder that hundreds of precious souls were the fruit of such a ministry. Fossey Tackaberry may have had his foibles, otherwise he would not have been human; but they were like spots on the sun's disk. They were chiefly concealed from me. If anything existed to take from the perfection of his character, it was that he was too impassioned; but, even there, his weakness 'leaned to virtue's side.' Here I would fain draw to a conclusion, but the catastrophe by which he was taken from our sight deeply affects me; and I would linger a little longer on his name.

"It need not be stated that he yearned over the miseries of men: alas! he too fully evinced this in the self-sacrificing act that led to his premature and unexpected death. Who but must lament that, in the exuberance of his pity in relieving a suffering fellow-being, he should rush into the embrace of contagion, and become a martyr to his own benevolence? There was no friendly hand to restrain him; no voice to dissuade him from the danger,—to say

'For sure such courage length of life denies,  
And thou must fall thy virtue's sacrifice.'

But, without repining, we must bow to the stroke; for, after all, the church would not, *could not*, be called to mourn the loss of such a distinguished Minister without the inscrutable appointment of God. The Great Head of the church, by that mysterious event, called His devoted servant from the field of hallowed and wasting toil to the bright and glorious reward in His own presence. May we follow him as he followed Christ; and may a succession of young men rise up among us to

emulate his virtues, his industry, and zeal, and, like him, earnestly labour to turn sinners from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God!

“Yours very affectionately,

“WILLIAM REILLY.”

The estimate in which Mr. Tackaberry was held, on the Belfast Circuit, at the end of these three years, was touchingly manifested. The day he was leaving, there was an immense concourse of people on the quay, “to say and look farewell.”

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## CHAPTER VIII.

1840-1843.—CORK, DERRY.

MR. TACKABERRY'S next appointment was to a city of no mean note in Methodism; a city where the Wesleys and their helpers preached the Gospel at the first "with much contention." Seldom have the Methodists been subjected to such brutal, malicious, and protracted persecution as in Cork. Officers of justice and rampant mobs combined together to expel from the city "this sect" "everywhere spoken against." Depositions, accusing the principal rioters of various acts of outrage, were laid before the Grand Jury, who threw them all out, and at the same time made that memorable presentment, "worthy to be preserved," says Mr. Wesley, "in the annals of Ireland, to all succeeding generations." It ran thus:—"We find and present Charles Wesley to be a person of ill-fame, a vagabond, and a common disturber of His Majesty's peace, and we pray he may be transported." Eight other Preachers and expounders of God's word were similarly presented. Ultimately British justice triumphed, and persecution ceased. Meanwhile, the more the Methodists were oppressed, like the Israelites in Egypt, the more they multiplied and grew. "Surely there is no enchantment against Jacob, neither is there any divination against Israel: according to this time it shall be said of Jacob and of Israel, What hath God wrought!"

Methodism in Cork has been subject to fluctuation

from the first : from being frowned on and execrated, —its Ministers and people treated with all manner of indignity,—it rose high in public esteem during the lifetime of Mr. Wesley himself.—Friday, June 21, 1765, he observes: “About five I began in George’s-street, at Cork, the opposite corner of the town from the new room. Many of the chief of the city were of the audience, Clergy as well as laity. What a change! Formerly we could not walk through this street but at the peril of our lives.”\* Again, nearly twenty-two years after, he says: “At six in the evening the preaching-house would ill contain the congregation; and many of the rich and honourable were among them! Who hath warned these to flee from the wrath to come?”† He notices the declension of religion in the Cork Society, and traces it partly to the influence of worldly favour, and partly to internal division and strife:—“I took an account of the Society, and was grieved, though not surprised, to find such a declension. I left two hundred and ninety members; I find only two hundred and thirty-three. ....Our evening congregations this week were smaller than usual, as the *gentry* were engaged in a more important affair. A company of players were in town. However, many of them came on Friday; for a watch-night was newer to them than a comedy.”‡

Again: “I returned to Cork, and met the classes. After all the *pompous* accounts I had of the vast increase of the Society, it is not increased at all. Nay, it is a little smaller than it was three years ago. Many of the members are alive to God; but *the smiling world hangs heavy upon them.*” §

\* Works, 12mo., vol. iii., p. 216.

† Ibid., vol. iii., p. 12.

† Ibid., vol. iv., p. 357.

§ Ibid., vol. iv., p. 115.

The declension had its internal causes, as well: "Two years ago I left above three hundred in the Society; I find one hundred and eighty-seven. What has occasioned so considerable a reduction? I believe the real cause is this:—Misunderstandings crept in between the Leaders, and between some of them and the Preachers. And these increased seven-fold, when one of the Leaders was expelled the Society; some believing him faulty, some not; and neither side having patience with the other. Hence, a flame of anger succeeded the flame of love, and many were destroyed by it. At the same time some of our brethren learned a new opinion, and warmly propagated it. This heat was almost as destructive as the former: and the effect of both was, the Spirit of God was grieved, His blessing was withheld, and, of course, the flock was scattered. When they are convinced of their sin, and humbled before Him, then, and not before, He will return."\*

The following were the measures employed by Mr. Wesley as a remedy for the state of things complained of:—"Between two and three years ago, when the Society was nearly as low as it is now, Thomas Taylor and William Penington came to Cork. They were zealous men, and sound Preachers; full of activity, and strict in discipline, without respect of persons. They set up meetings for prayer in several places, and preached abroad at both ends of the city. Hearers swiftly increased; the Society increased; so did the number both of the convinced and the converted...More and more were stirred up, and there was a greater awakening here than in any part of the kingdom."† From a subsequent record, the labours of one of these Preachers

\* Works, 12mo., vol. iii., pp. 267, 268.

† Ibid.

seem to have been remarkably owned of God:—  
“May 1, I examined the Society, and found it in such order, so increased both in grace and number, as I apprehend it had not been before, since the time of William Penington.”\*

The style of preaching he considered necessary to this end was,—not that which gratifies a morbid desire for intellectual gratification, aiming to please “itching ears” that “turn away” from plain, scriptural, saving “truth;” but that which seeks to convince, alarm, persuade, and thus save souls from death. This style he inculcated of set purpose, in Cork, by his own example: “Sunday, 28, I returned to Cork. The rain drove us into the house, which was once more thoroughly filled. *I scarce ever spoke so plain as I did this and the two following days.* Friday, God was with us during the application of those awful words, ‘Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.’”†

In this city Mr. Tackaberry, having the Rev. James B. Gillman for his Superintendent, commenced his labours under favourable auspices. “Our Sunday congregations,” he writes, “are noble. The last four or five weeks they have averaged seven hundred to eight hundred. Most persons who do not reckon,” (as he was in the habit of doing,) “would call them ten or twelve hundred. I held a prayer-meeting the last two Sunday nights. About thirty or forty came forward as penitents, and some professed to receive peace with God each time.” One of the young men, now in the Wesleyan ministry in Ireland, is the fruit of these Sabbath-night prayer-meetings, held by Mr. Tackaberry and Mr. Gillman. “The Leaders,” he continues, “are

\* Works, 12mo., vol. iv., p. 41.

† Ibid., vol. iii., p. 346.

in good tone, and hope for a revival; and I hope so too. Our Society here is not half so large as in Belfast; but there are several fine old Christians in it. In visiting the Society for tickets recently, I have met some noble *women*, especially in the classes of Mr. James Field, who is a very uncommon man. Withal, we have no such material here as in my last Circuit. Wretched Popery abounds everywhere; and, consequently, the wickedness of the people is awful. You would think the devil himself was in them. Cursing, brawling, fighting on every hand! And anything to equal the lower orders for lying and cheating I never met before, and, indeed, had no notion of until now. Amongst the Protestants, High-Church is very prevalent; and our own Society is pretty well leavened with such predilections. However, these things, it is likely, appear to me in a stronger light, being just fresh from Belfast."

In September he thus describes his impressions as to persons and things: "Mr. Gillman, so far as I can judge, is a very superior man—amiable, unostentatious. His principle appears to be of the very highest order. His piety is much deeper than I had previously supposed; and, even were it otherwise, he could do nothing low or mean. As a Preacher, I believe we have not his equal in the Irish Conference. We have a very un-every-day character among us in Mr. James Field, aged seventy-two, born in the north of Ireland, who spent his early days in the army, and has resided in this city the last thirty-seven years. He has four classes, containing one hundred members, under his care; and, although now very infirm on his feet, *he looks well after them*. He is a man of strong sense, has read a good deal, has enjoyed the blessing of perfect

love with little intermission for thirty-five years, speaks of it on all occasions, drives faith to the very edge of solifidianism, piety to the verge of antinomianism, yet never crosses the line. He has been made very useful in Cork. He delights in revival-meetings, but is not now able to render any assistance at them. He wields a powerful influence deservedly here. All respect him, and all who are good love him. His wife and sons were brought to enjoy religion before they went hence. I do not know that he has anything besides his pension, £18 or £20 a year, to live upon. His sister keeps house for him. Everything about him is a pattern of neatness. He is always cheerful and happy. He is indeed a very extraordinary man. There are some women in his classes superior to most I have met in Ireland: they are fit to speak before kings. My Eliza is mightily attached to him. His conversation did her good in Bandon when he came over, at my request, to assist us in the revival there."

To a brother Minister he writes: "I hope to be your acquaintance, your friend, for *ever*! I am glad you are reading 'Baxter's Memoirs:' he will do you good. I read the old folio (1696) edition in 1838. I think that volume the best history of those times which we have. I greatly prefer it to Hume, or even Rapin, as far as it goes. I am now reading the first volume of his 'Christian Directory.' It is good after its kind. Baxter was the man of perseverance. I wonder at him. He was a genius and a fag!"

Pulpit-duties he regarded as the great business of a Minister. Therefore he adds: "I am glad you work hard at sermonizing. I have not made one new sermon since I came to Cork. However, Col. i. 21, 22, has gotten

the first heat, is on the anvil, and I hope will shape by and by. This is a beginning. Preaching is our proper work, and we—I, at least—ought to work harder at it than we do.”

Then he informs his friend: “Every Sabbath evening I am in the city I hold a prayer-meeting after preaching, and a special one every Friday evening. We have no stir, but are living in hope. My own soul is in good tone. Many times in a month I say to wife, ‘We ought to be—nay, but we are—the happiest couple in Cork.’ Withal, I have much of the feeling, *Life is going, and little is doing*. Lord, help me to walk in the path I see before me! I rise nominally at five, always before six. Read part of a chapter in Hebrew, and also in Greek; and, after that, Paley and Baxter. I have made out a visiting-plan; and I am determined to see all the members of the Cork Society four times a year at their houses, to talk closely and pray with all whose engagements will permit me to do so. I go to Bandon to-day. I have had many invitations there since I came, but have not gone yet.”

On his birthday, October 22, 1840, his heart overflowing with grateful and tender emotions, he writes to his mother, enumerating mercies, and making suitable reflections and resolves: “I generally take an hour, on the annual return of this day, to review the mercies of God to me, and to inquire, What have I rendered to Him for His benefits?

“1. The personal mercies of forty-four years are not easily recounted. When I look at myself this day, I have better health than I reckoned on formerly; and, having food and raiment, am able to keep out of debt. I might add &c. to the end of a long line.

“2. Family-mercies are neither few nor small. A wife who is truly a helpmeet spared to me, and in better health than I have often seen her. Our five children spared, and in good health. Praise the Lord! We have much, very much happiness at home. Under this head I rejoice to include the union subsisting between all the branches of our family. Thanks to God, we never had anything like a disruption or breach; and I believe we love each other more as we advance in life. Now, my dearest mother, if the happiness of life consists in loving and being loved, is not much of it enjoyed among us?

“3. The church-mercies of my life are and have been many. Early enlightened, awakened, converted, and brought acquainted with the Methodist people, my way to religious enjoyment and usefulness was opened. For the latter half of my life I have been blessed with the acquaintance of not a few whom I might call Christian friends. At some periods of these years I enjoyed much spiritual happiness; and Heaven intended I should always do so. This day I am compassed with mercies. Hundreds of religious and useful books around me in the room where I now sit. Reading my business; preaching my business; Christian duties my business, week-day and Sabbath:—so that I may with propriety say, religion is my trade. What mercies these! Many sincere souls can scarce find an hour for reading, or even for prayer, in the four-and-twenty; but I am paid and supported to read, pray, preach, and be useful. Many pious persons are overwhelmed with the world from week to week, and from year to year; but I have food and raiment provided for me, that I may sit loose to worldly cares, and be at liberty to attend solely to



the services of the sanctuary,—to attend to them without distraction of mind.

“These are a few of the subjects which furnish material for reflection, and they are but a few out of the many which a review of forty-four years supplies. Another business of this day is to inquire into the return I have made to God for all His mercies.

“As a general rule, I believe it is a good one, that the less we say of either good or bad self the better. If I stated to my dear mother how I think and feel on this subject, she would hardly believe me. But the heart knoweth its own bitterness, and a stranger intermeddleth not with its joy. This matter, then, is between God and my own soul. But this much I can say, with great sincerity, and with great earnestness too: O that the residue of my days may be more devoted to God than the former have been! They may; they ought; I hope they will.”

He contrasts Cork and Belfast, assigning what, in his judgment, were the reasons of the difference between them: “I could not imagine two towns in the same small island more dissimilar than this city and Belfast. To this various causes may have contributed,—two in particular: the one is Protestant, the other Popish; the one is comparatively a young town, and is distinguished by the vigour of mind, energy of character, and plodding industry, of its inhabitants; the other is an ancient city, surrounded by an impoverished aristocracy, many of whom inherit little besides the long, ancestral family-roll, stoutly supported by a goodly proportion of hereditary pride and stateliness. Such cannot dig, and to beg, sometimes, they are ashamed; and thus we go on. No cotton-mills, no flax-mills, no manufactories of

any sort; the poor unemployed, the gentry proud, idle, impoverished, and the women and boys as wicked as demons; whilst among the lower orders every one is on the catch to cheat and deceive his neighbour; ready to tell fifty lies,—swearing at the same time to confirm them,—if but one farthing may be gained.”

Mr. Tackaberry's stepfather died very suddenly, almost instantaneously, in 1840. The testimony he bears to his character is honourable to both, and at the same time suggestive of the mutual duties of persons standing in their relations: “The stroke is very unexpected. It seems more like a dream than a reality. All my dear, dear father's kindly affection to me for five-and-thirty years rises up before my mind,—affection more marked every year for the last twenty. He has sometimes thrown his arms around me when I have been at home, or when about to leave, after my annual visit, and said, ‘I love you as well as any child I have.’ I loved father much, but did not know how much until now. A strong tie to life is broken. And then he was a man for whom I never thought of sudden death; no, never.

“There has been a great change in father's temper and manner for several years past, but I perceived it more clearly than ever the last few times I saw him. There was something so mild, subdued, affectionate, about him latterly, that I was struck with the change. He was becoming more like the inhabitants of that world to which he has removed. The suddenness of his end gives me no uneasiness, except the loss to his family, and our sorrow at that loss; but so far as he himself is concerned, all is well, well, well, and will be for ever. Glory be to God for this consolation under

such bereavement! Where that Saviour is whom he loved and served for more than five-and-twenty years, there will WILLIAM JOHNSTON be for ever!"

When the Apostle prayed for the Philippian church, that their "love" might "abound yet more and more in knowledge and in all judgment,"—in all spiritual sense or feeling,—he evidently regarded a plenitude of holy enjoyment as necessary, equally with growth in knowledge, as a qualification for usefulness; and therefore he adds, "being filled with the *fruits* of righteousness, which are by Jesus Christ, to the glory and praise of God." Nehemiah also considered personal happiness, which is Divine in its source, identical with *power to do good*, when he said, "The joy of the Lord is your strength." This consideration had its influence on Mr. Tackaberry through life. He deemed it his duty to rejoice evermore, not on his own account merely, but that he might be fully fitted to serve his generation by the will of God; thus testifying, by his own practice, that in the attainment of privilege no right-minded Christian "liveth to himself." The intelligence he communicates, December 16, 1840, confirms this view: "I do not know that you would see any change in me the last few weeks, were you living with me; but I received such a baptism of the Holy Spirit a short time since as ought to make a change visible to all. O, I wonder what we are about; and, most of all, I wonder at myself! *If we all lived in the full enjoyment of perfect love, what an impression would be made on our congregations and on the world!* After all, I have little confidence in myself. Of many a gracious visitation have I been the subject these five-and-twenty years; and what am I to-day? Well, glory to God, I am His! We had a good day on

Sunday. Seven professed to get good at the evening prayer-meeting. Mr. Gillman is all alive. He really surprised me on that occasion."

It has been already seen that Mr. Tackaberry's sense of Divine benefits was deep and overpowering. He was also remarkable for an ardent and tenacious remembrance of acts of kindness shown him by Christian friends. Hence he never failed, as opportunity served, to acknowledge, with gratitude which some might regard as enthusiastic, his obligations to the Rev. Robert Banks, through whose recommendation of him to the Conference he enjoyed the distinguished honour and happiness of a place in the Wesleyan ministry. Accordingly, on his return to Cork, after having paid us a visit in Kilkenny,\* in January, 1841, he writes: "Permit me to thank you for your attention to me while at Kilkenny; especially for taking me to Athy, and rejoicing in my joy while there. I am indeed sensible of your kindness on that occasion. I have seldom in my life felt higher gratification than I did those days. Good Mr. Banks made me young again, and assuredly he became young again himself! He is truly an estimable man; happy himself, and making all around him happy."

Perhaps, however, no feature in Mr. Tackaberry's character was more amiable or worthy of imitation than

\* The object of this visit was the liquidation of the debt on the Kilkenny chapel-premises. The Rev. James Sullivan was the chief agent in the erection of that and other commodious chapels in Ireland. By such labours of love did this devoted Missionary imitate the example of him who said, "The zeal of Thine house hath eaten me up." In prosecuting these undertakings,

"He scorn'd his feeble flesh to spare."

Twenty-seven years embraced the whole period of his public ministry; but he lived long, since his usefulness is so enduring.

his filial affection; affection which the cares of his family or of the church never cooled or interrupted. He was the tenderly-devoted, sympathizing son, even unto death. The views which he expressed as to the claims of parents, especially mothers, to such affection from their children, were impressively exemplified in his own practice: "How glad I am to hear your cold is better; ay, that my dear mother is *well*! Long may you be well! I am much indebted for the unknown and unceasing trouble you have had with my John. I know my little mother so well, that I am sure, if he recover, it will make her heart unutterably glad. Thus it is the order of Providence that love descends,—parents love their children and children's children; but there is very seldom much of the back-flow of love. There are few instances of a return in any very marked way from children to parents. I have long believed there is no love on this side heaven purer than that of a good mother to her children. The love of a wife or husband may be stronger, but there is more of self, more of earth and nature in it; while a mother's love goes out of itself, forgets itself, rises above itself, and settles—is concentrated—on her children. What husband would bear with a bad wife, as mothers do with bad children, and yet love them still?"

The "wind-up" of Circuit affairs in June, 1841, was encouraging. He notices gratefully a numerical increase of from thirty to fifty, after supplying the places of those lost to the Society by emigration and other causes; and also the healthy state of all the Connexional funds.\*

\* In review of the time they spent together in Cork, the following

At the ensuing Conference, Mr. Tackaberry was appointed Superintendent of the Cork Circuit, having the Rev. John Greer, whom he highly esteemed, for his colleague. This increase of responsibility occasioned fervent longings for a higher degree of spirituality, and still greater earnestness in the duties of his calling. "I have been *giving myself to prayer*," he observes, July 12, "for some days. I feel the need and value of deeper piety; and, if I can, I will obtain it. My soul has been greatly blessed, but I long for that abiding plenitude of God which *keeps* the heart full of love, of gratitude, and of the peace which passeth all understanding. Between Circuit and family affairs, I have been more than busy; indeed, I am almost run down: but better days approach. I have been in Cove and Passage more than once lately, to try and set our Missionary Committees in those places at work for the coming year; and so I have been doing here. How sweet to live in the pure love of God, ever to aim at His glory, and, under all circumstances, to rest in Him! Latterly, I have felt a greater longing to grow into such a state, and abide in it, than I have often done. I do indeed pant to love God perfectly, and to be always happy in Him. We go on but too evenly here just now. O for a glorious outbreak!"

The only wise God was thus preparing His servant for scenes of affliction and suffering sufficiently testing to his piety, mature as it was. The death not only of his youngest son, but of his excellent wife also, there is reason to fear, was hastened by a savage electioneering

is the estimate of Mr. Tackaberry formed by the Rev. J. B. Gillman, as expressed to me recently in a note:—"He was an ardent, energetic, effective Minister, whose memory deserves to be respected."

mob that broke into his house, in pursuit of some persons who took refuge there. His narrative of those scenes is truly touching: "In our period of existence there are seasons of joy and of sorrow to which the mind is wont to revert when they are long past; but there are some times when life itself seems a blank, and the heart is sunk and subdued, and one is silent before God. Thus I feel this day.

"The soul of our dear little Jemmy took its departure to a better world at half-past nine this morning. This is the first breach in our family-circle: you will, therefore, not wonder, if it be painfully felt. We had no child at James's age who gave similar indications of talent, or attracted the same notice as he did. The last conversation I had with him relative to religion was on Sunday last. He asked me to take him in my arms, and walk the room with him. I did so, and asked him, Should I sing a hymn for him? 'Yes, papa, sing

There is a land of pure delight.'

After I had sung a verse or two, he asked me, 'Papa, is the river Jordan a real river? Is there water in it?' I told him it was a real river; that God's people who left Egypt, and had been in the wilderness, must cross it before they could go into Canaan, the good country into which God brought them, and which was like heaven: but the Jordan *we* had to cross was death; that Jesus, who loved us, would meet us there; that then we would be in heaven with Him, and all who were good, and never be sick again. I then asked him, 'Do you understand me, James? Do you know the meaning of what I have said to you?' He looked up with animation, and answered with considerable energy,

'I *do*, papa; I *do understand* you; and I wish I was crossing Jordan *now*!' I answered, 'My dear, it is not far off: you will soon cross it; you will soon be with Jesus.' This was the last conversation on the subject of heaven I had with my sweet child. This morning he asked me to give him a drink, and to lay him by mamma in *her* bed: I did so, attended the half-past six o'clock meeting, and afterwards, while in my study, Eliza ran down and told me he was dying. He sunk rapidly. We knelt round his bed, and said, as we could, 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.'

"It is but a few weeks since he was most anxiously engaged in collecting for the Missions. He had been carried to the last Quarterly Collectors'-meeting, saw the moneys handed in to the Treasurer, heard the statements which were made concerning the Heathen, asked if he might not be a collector, got a Missionary-box from Mr. Gillman, into which he put all his own pennies, with what he could procure from others; and, in a few days after, carried in his own hands the proceeds of the box to the meeting.

"Our city is much disturbed yesterday and to-day. I fear the rioting has shortened his days. Three friends fled for refuge to our house; the mob pursued, burst the door in after them, and, when they could not find them, smashed nearly all the glass in the front of the house in a few minutes. Wife and children retired to a back-room very much alarmed, of course. When about to lie down, Jemmy said to me, 'Papa, I won't sleep any to-night.' I said, 'Why not sleep, my child?' He replied, 'The noise and the stones frightened me.' He sleeps soundly and sweetly now!"



It is an instructive incident, that on the morning of his child's death Mr. Tackaberry was found fulfilling his ministerial duties in the sanctuary and in his study. Instances of supreme regard for God and His work, in conjunction with a proper manifestation of natural affection under affliction and bereavement, are rare: yet such grace is not impossible. "Son of man," said God to Ezekiel, "behold, I take away the desire of thine eyes with a stroke." There was tender conjugal affection. Yet did he love her less than God; for he attended to the required duties of his office. "So," he records, "I spake unto the people in the morning: and at even my wife died; and I did in the morning as I was commanded."\*

A similar "stroke," which had been for some time impending over the subject of our narrative, fell upon him early in September. How he felt and acted under it, a letter written to me the day after will best describe: "This day and yesterday are the darkest of my whole life. To-day I walked the floor of my room, and satisfied my heart's sorrow, while the body of my placid wife lay dead before me. Ay, it is true: my Eliza is gone. May the great God pity me! I feel like a man knocked down and stunned, who cannot rise again. I am in a dreamy, strange, stupid state. I see no comfort anywhere but in the thought of living nearer to God than I have ever done. Lord, help me!"

He transmitted an edifying account of her last years, and of the death-scene, to his aunt Morris the following month. "I had heard of your affliction," he says, "but am so wrapped up in my own sorrows now, that I often forget everything else.....We often talked

\* Ezek. xxiv. 16—18.

of heaven, of God, of living more fully to Him; and there was an effort to help each other into closer fellowship with Him, not made to the same extent in former years. We often conversed latterly on the subject of entire sanctification, and, on her part, the conversation generally finished with, 'Yes, attain to a high degree of holiness; live in it; preach it in every sermon; and God will make you more useful than you have ever yet been.' Indeed this was her highest ambition concerning me, that I might be holy and useful. Her own piety had been deepening for some time past. The morning our dear child died she stood by his bed-side, with her hands clasped, watching the last struggle, until he ceased to breathe, and then, her tears gushing, said, with an accent and feeling I shall not soon forget, 'Glory be to God!' She told me several times after, that she felt, at the moment, what she could not possibly describe; but that certainly God had given her a taste of the glory into which her sweet child had then entered, for that she never before felt anything equal to the baptism from heaven she then received. The last conversation of any length which I had with her on spiritual subjects was in full accordance with this statement. This she introduced herself the Saturday before her death, by saying: 'If matters continue *thus*, I cannot live long; it is utterly impossible I could. It is all the same to me what time I go to heaven; any time will answer *me*, and perhaps this is the very best time for *me*: but I feel for my children; I feel for my husband!' After conversing at length on other matters, she praised God aloud until I feared for her; again and again exclaiming, 'O, the goodness of God! The goodness of God to *me*! The goodness, the great goodness

of *my* Saviour; of *my* Saviour to *me*! O, His *great*, GREAT goodness!' Her whole being seemed to throw itself into the word *great*. She seemed at the moment penetrated with an inexpressible sense of the Divine benevolence. For a considerable time past she talked very familiarly of heaven; but on her sick-bed I wondered at her. Such a state of calm readiness for the Master's coming, even among exalted Christians, is not often to be seen. During the seven weeks of pain and suffering through which she passed, no murmur escaped her lips. Aunt, I *have* sustained a loss, and I feel it."

"Is any among you afflicted? Let him PRAY," is the injunction of the Apostle James to all who are in any trouble. Should the heart—stricken, depressed, bewildered—be indisposed for the duty; should gloomy musings be more congenial than the exercises of devotion; should these musings foster unbelief, fretfulness, repining; this will be Satan's opportunity to hurl his fiery darts, and accomplish his fell purposes. The necessity for prayer is therefore urgent, and the only safety is to take refuge in God.

"Ah! whither should we flee for aid  
When tempted, desolate, dismay'd?  
Or how the hosts of hell defeat?"

The Psalmist also counsels suffering saints: "Trust in Him at all times; ye people, pour out your heart before Him: God is a refuge for us." This course Mr. Tackaberry endeavoured to pursue, and not without beneficial results. October 22 he observes: "This is the most gloomy birthday I have spent for many years. My little family used to hail its arrival, and I encouraged

them to make it a day of joy; but I told no person of its return now, that I might spend it undisturbed. On this day week I received more good in my closet than I am wont to receive, and every day since have enjoyed nearer communion with God than for some time. I have more than usual freedom in prayer and thanksgiving. May it continue! I need good. We have had some effective prayer-meetings lately. At one of them four persons obtained peace with God."

At the Conference of 1842 Mr. Tackaberry was appointed to Londonderry. He notices, with lively satisfaction, the prosperous state of the Irish Connexion as then reported. After filling up the places of hundreds of members who had emigrated, about four hundred had been added; and there would be, he said, an increase of £300 or £400 to the Missionary income. On this occasion, as a mark of their esteem and confidence, his brethren delegated him as one of their Representatives to the British Conference; an appointment which, for that and other reasons, was grateful to his feelings.

The opinion he had begun to form of matters in Derry he thus expresses, August 19: "The chapel is beautiful, and beautifully situated. It opens on the wall, which is the public walk of the town, and is, therefore, seen to great advantage. It has underneath a splendid school-room, with vestry and class-rooms adjoining." 22d: "I have been now a Sabbath in town, and can form some notion of the congregation. The evening one was considerably larger than the morning's, but even that appeared small to me. There was a very good work on this Circuit four years ago, when Messrs. Price and Scott were here; and, had we but

such a stir now, we should get on delightfully. For one thing I am very thankful: Mr. M'Kay and myself, so far as I know, have the good feeling of all the people with us. This is no small matter. What good can we do, if we have not the hearts of the people?"

Writing to me in November, he adds some other particulars: "Of this Circuit I have not much to say. The *country* is rough enough; splendid ground to which to send a dandy Preacher. 'Tell me how to rise?' Eat, drink, sleep, speak, think, breathe—in everything live and act—by *faith*; make more use of Christ than ever. Do not be afraid to trust Him in and with everything: then rise you will, and speedily too."

About this time he was united in marriage to Miss Pedlow, daughter of the Rev. Daniel Pedlow. The following Christmas-eve he observes: "This is a season of the year when the mind, unbidden, will be occupied with past, present, and future, in joyful and sorrowful thinkings. Who can avoid looking back to-day, or prevent his thoughts from passing, in the shape of hopes and purposes, to the future? And, while present mercies are surveyed with the past, how becoming to ask, 'My soul, how much owest thou unto thy Lord?' These have been some of my exercises to-day. Amid all life's changes, how much—O! how much—of mercy have I seen! Adverting to the future, I hope to be a better man, and to live for ever. Viewing the present, I am compassed round with motives for thankfulness. Among the rest, all my family in excellent health."

In January he preached the anniversary sermon for the chapel in Tandragee: collection £28. Passing through Belfast, he lodged at Mr. Le Maitre's, where

he met Mr. and Mrs. Tobias, Mr. and Mrs. Ridgeway, with other friends.\*

He and Mr. Holmes spent a fortnight of this month holding Missionary-meetings through the district. "Wednesday, 18th, Newtownstewart. About one hundred and eighty or two hundred present in our chapel, which was sufficiently filled by this number. Mr. M'Cutchan, Supernumerary, in the chair. Good meeting; not much money; a prayer-meeting after, which is a right good finish to a Missionary-meeting.—Friday, 20th, Sixmilecross. The first Missionary-meeting held there. Congregation for the most part Presbyterian. A good impression was made.—Tuesday, 24th, C——. In town at twelve. Did not know the name of one in the village; wandered about for awhile, and was picked up by a Methodist family who had me to dinner. School-house more than full; most severe night; good meeting. Slept in the house of a family who are whisky-sellers. Husband meets in class; wife and he have good impressions, which the whisky, if not given up, will soon blight.—Wednesday, 25th, Stranorlar. Held our meeting in the Methodist chapel, which stands in the centre of a field, a quarter of a mile from the town. The Preacher who built it there should be tried for his life!—Friday, 27th: Home to meet Mr. Stewart, of Kingstown, who is to preach our anniversary sermons.—Sunday, 29th: Mr. Stewart gave us two good

\* Reference is made to the Rev. Matthew Tobias, one of the ministerial "giants" of his day. He was a close thinker; an able and successful Preacher; a powerful debater; and a strict disciplinarian. Veneration for aged Ministers, who had borne the burden and heat of the day, was one of Mr. Tackaberry's characteristics. Hence the happiness he enjoyed in the society of Messrs. Tobias and Ridgeway on that occasion.

discourses on 1 John iv. 16, and Matt. xvi. 26: collections, £25.—Monday, 30th: A Society tea-meeting. Addresses from two Preachers; Mr. Stewart's, like what I suppose Saint John would have given. He is sixty-seven years old, has travelled forty-three, and is now the father of the Irish Conference. He foretold we are going to have good days. May he be a true prophet! I felt it a real advantage to have him in the house."

Mr. Tackaberry's allotted work for one day shows the same conscientious diligence in the improvement of his time: "If you wish to know what I am doing, here it is: From seven to nine, read a portion of the Psalms in Hebrew, and of our Lord's sermon in Greek, besides the epistle to the Hebrews. Nine to twelve, sermonize and write letters; twelve to three, visit in the order marked for this day; see also —, who is dying, and —, who is ill; three to four, dinner, &c.; four to five, teach children arithmetic; five to six, my own room—sermon for evening; seven to eight, meet my class; eight to nine, preaching; nine to eleven, read, converse, &c.; then bed. N.B.—Speak to M—— about books. If you say, 'This looks well on paper, but will it be done?' I hope so. It was yesterday till seven, when we took tea out; and the day before all through, class-meeting excepted. We want but more piety to make us very happy in this family."

That he might see a revival on his Circuit, he sought it in his own soul. "Trying to apply myself to reading, prayer, and my public duties, with more diligence than usual. I long to live in a state of continual readiness for heaven, seeing God every moment. Lately, I have been giving myself to Him afresh, and resolving to be His more fully. O that I may! I believe, if what He

*has* done for me does not unite me to Him in closest and purest affection, nothing which He could do would. I feel His goodness very deeply."

In the note with which he closes the narrative of his labours on the Derry Circuit, it will be seen, from his reference to Innishowen, that he endured hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ: "At the Omagh and Strabane Missionary-meetings, the 13th and 14th ultimo; and at Ballyfarnon, the 22d, to preach anniversary sermons in a little chapel built last year. Eighteen years, this month, since I was last in Ballyfarnon; and there was neither stick nor stone of the present village there then, save one house. Now there is a neat little post and market town. On Sunday I dined with Mr. M'Dermot, the landlord, who is friendly, and assisted the building considerably. We had a nice company of gentry, who all came to chapel at five. I went on seven miles to Drumshambo, with Mr. Mark Crawford, after preaching; dined at Annadale on Monday with the Slack family, who came to Drumshambo in the evening, three miles, in such a pour of rain! Tuesday morning I breakfasted with John Crawford, eighty-nine years old, a very happy man, who loved and showed me kindness nineteen years ago. It would be impossible for any people to evince more hearty affection than they did the short time I was among them. Went the day after to Newtownlimavaddy Missionary-meeting; and on Saturday, when I came home from that, rode ten miles to my place in the country, ten yesterday, and ten more to-day. I feel greatly worn down, but hope for a few days' quiet now. Tuesday next I go to Omagh to hold our District-Meeting, and then I do not intend to be off my own



ground till Conference. I never knew what rheumatism was until this winter. My two arms are all but useless; I can scarcely put either of them at the back of my head without excruciating pain. The damp rooms and damp chaff-beds of Innishowen, after being five years for the most part in my own house and bed, are quite enough for me."

The reasons of his removal from Derry, at the end of one year, are reserved for the next chapter.

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## CHAPTER IX.

1843-1847.—BELFAST, SLIGO.

IN 1841 the Belfast Circuit was divided into two,—South and North. This, unhappily, was the occasion of some misunderstandings and disputes. The Conference of 1843, therefore, judged it expedient to place the South Circuit under the care of the Rev. William Stewart, while Mr. Tackaberry was made Superintendent of the North. Much as he loved the Belfast people, his removal from Derry, just then, was anything but agreeable to him, as appears from an unreserved disclosure of his feelings to his brother: “I had no more thought of being moved this year than you had that I should. My appointment to Belfast is on public grounds. The two Circuits have not been going on in the most harmonious way, and Mr. Stewart and I are sent as men who will work together, heal the breaches, and set and keep all right. As to this I have my fears. However, I had nothing to do in the matter, except to enter my protest against it, which I did more than once,—telling the Conference I would not leave unless they compelled me; which they did.” He informs another friend: “The Stationing Committee put me down as one who would draw kindly with Mr. Stewart, and help to calm the troubled waters. Never had I an appointment of equal responsibility. The Derry people are not at all pleased. The Circuit Steward sent in a very strong letter; but the decision would not be altered.”

He was privileged to see souls saved almost immediately on his arrival. July 24 he says: "Several found mercy at the prayer-meeting in Frederick-street on Tuesday, and four others last night (Sabbath) in Ballymacarrett. If God give us such meetings as these, we will have much cause of joy." Such meetings were given, and his joy was enhanced by the conversion of his eldest daughter in one of them: "Good meetings since we came; some distressed souls made happy every week; but yesterday was the best Sabbath we had yet. Congregations good, and a crowded and blessed sacramental service. We have a Tuesday night's prayer-meeting, which has been the means of immense good on this Circuit. My own Jane was among the number of those who obtained peace with God at the last one. All my other children were greatly affected. This has made my heart very glad. I shall hardly have time to eat bread here. Sixty-three classes, comprising eight hundred members under my care, and spread over a wide surface."

So fully occupied was he at this time, that he had little leisure for friendly correspondence. But he could not forget his beloved mother. To her he writes, September 12: "A longer time than usual has elapsed since I wrote to you. Just now I am in danger of grieving relations as well as friends; for I am not writing almost to any person. I am thoroughly busy, and likely to be so while in Belfast. My present duties call for the application of all my powers of body and mind, and for the improvement of every hour. Every Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday, I visit from eleven to three; Wednesday, meet a class, and hold the Preachers'-meeting; so the middle of that day

is gone; and Saturday I do not visit regularly. Every evening in the week, except Saturday, I am engaged in town or country; and every Monday and Tuesday night till ten o'clock or later. I have a number of sick calls, baptisms, and burials, to attend to, which would surprise you; and Mr. M'Kay, not being in full connexion, can give no assistance in administering baptism or the Lord's supper. Beside, I find it absolutely necessary to procure new pulpit-material; for, though not one in fifty recollects those sermons I preached here four and five years ago, when they hear them again they remember them right well. And more, the people of this town are advancing in mental improvement, in theological and general information, since I knew them, with a rapidity scarcely credible; and the Preacher who does not keep pace with them cannot edify and profit them as he ought.

"We see some good doing every week. A few very encouraging cases have turned up lately. On Sunday evening, September 3, a Mrs. — was very deeply awakened. Of this her husband informed me next morning. Tuesday evening she attended the special prayer-meeting, was made happy, and since then goes on well. Another—an interesting Englishwoman—called a few weeks since, earnestly asking, 'What must I do to be saved?' I prayed with her, and was trying to make the way of faith plain, in conversation, when she suddenly exclaimed, 'I understand it now,' and went home rejoicing. A third, a poor backslider, seized with fever, sent for me. The burden of his complaint was, 'God's face is turned from me; His heart is hardened against me; I cannot come to Him.' But O! the depth of Divine mercy! He found the Lord,

triumphed in His salvation, and died! These twenty years I have not been more satisfied with a death-bed repentance. The fourth, a respectable young lady, a member of one of the most careless families in town, sent for me some weeks ago to visit her; professed conversion, joined my class, and, I trust, is going on well in the ways of the Lord. I might add other cases. Glory to God!"

The next extract shows yet more fully how completely engaged were his mind and hands. "I am over head and ears in ecclesiasticals. We have got the lease of ground for a small chapel in Shankhill completed. Now for the chapel itself. And we have got the lease of ground for a Mission-school in Ligoniel perfected, which ground I asked five years ago. Mr. Croggon is in town with plan and specification; and in all the rain we go there to-day at three o'clock. I hope the building will be finished in four months. The *civil war* to which you allude is abating. There are no colonels, and battles cannot so well be fought without commanders. In plainer language, the Preachers are resolved there shall be no South and North Circuit heard of. We meet once a week, do everything by united counsels, occupy each other's pulpits every four weeks; and the consequence is, our Circuit-differences are settling down, and will, I think, entirely subside. There is still a little groundswell; but, while the pilots understand each other, I hope there will be no great danger, even if a storm should again arise. Our effective public meetings are also blessed quieters of trouble. At Shankhill, on Friday evening, eleven persons, by their own profession, found peace with God, and five on Sunday evening in our chapel. Seldom have I seen such a meeting as that

of Friday; all were moved; and on Sabbath evening it was a rich hour. The Circuit Preachers do not visit Shankhill. I have been there only twice; but you may be sure I will soon be there again. I visit generally four hours a day, except Saturday. I will strive to do the work of a good hearty Methodist Preacher in good hearty earnest. We had a grand meeting last night to put down horse-racing! All the Ministers in town co-operated in the object."

The weekly meetings of the four Ministers contributed to their mutual edification and comfort, as well as to the maintenance of a good understanding between the Circuits. "The four Preachers breakfast together one morning every week. A text is selected in turn the week previously, and each reads a short sketch on it when we meet. This is very improving. We meet at nine, and break up at twelve." The holy excitement in public, with its effects, subsided for a season. Some saving good was done: "but we never think," says Mr. Tackaberry, "that matters go forward briskly here, unless several are converted every week."

In this age of bustling mercantile and agricultural activity, of speculation and enterprise, of competition and rivalry, there is danger lest the every-day claims of religion should be lightly regarded, and its duties—especially family and closet prayer—omitted or hurriedly performed. The solemn, deliberative, and impressive manner in which the former exercise was conducted by the pious Puritans—by Philip Henry, for example—contrasts reprovably with that of many moderns, who, notwithstanding, profess and call themselves Christians. *All* the inmates of his family were assembled for worship, morning and evening; and the ordinance, sacredly

observed, was rendered interesting and delightful. As he deemed it so important, he laboured to make it instructive and engaging to all. In the morning he arranged it so that the business of the day should not infringe on it; and in the evening so early that no little girl should be nodding at the chapter, nor any drowsy servant yawning through the prayer. "Better one away than all sleepy," he would say, if occasionally obliged to begin before some absentee returned: but so much did the fear of God and affection for the head of the household reign, that none were wilfully missing. It was his custom to expound a portion of Scripture, and he encouraged his children to write notes of these familiar explanations. Before they quitted the paternal roof, each of them had in this way received in manuscript a copious commentary on the Bible, which was treasured up as a precious memorial of happy early days, and a heavenly-minded father. In the hands of his only son, these simple notes became the germ of a most popular English Commentary.\* Mr. Tackaberry's method, although not so elaborate, had yet its advantages: "At breakfast, we repeat a verse of Scripture and a verse of a hymn, thus securing good material for conversation; and we read a chapter and hymn before morning and evening prayer. I do think our family have commenced this year with purpose of heart to devote it more fully to God than the last one."

There may be bad morals, alas, where there is a good creed; and the most scriptural belief will be small barrier to the spread of Infidelity and Popery, where the creed professed has no influence upon the lives of its professors. On this subject Mr. Tackaberry enter-

\* "Life of Matthew Henry," by the Rev. James Hamilton.

tained strong views, which he expresses with corresponding ardour: "While Methodism and Church-of-Englandism are spreading in Belfast, and Presbyterianism is making mighty strides, Popery is gaining ground every day, and sin is slaying its thousands. A respectable ungodliness is fearfully prevalent. A great many deaths from strong drink have occurred lately among the middle classes of Protestants, and not one of them was what is called a drunkard. O, no!—*decent persons*, but *free livers*! And latterly there is little doing to check it. The Methodists, you know, have the best rules in the world,—[such as] could not be mended,—strict enough, in all conscience, for temperance or anything else. What can any one desire more than 'Neither buy, sell, or drink, except in cases of extreme necessity?' Then I could not think of disgracing Methodism by enrolling my name in any other Temperance Society. 'O! I see,' you say, 'Brother Fossey is a red-hot Teetotaller just now!' Indeed, no: he occupies the same ground he has done these sixteen years; tries to keep our own rule in the letter and spirit, and stands quite erect in so doing. He would be Temperance, Teetotaller, or anything else he saw needful and proper, and ask no man's leave. Public morals, indeed, are improved in this respect, of late years. The general voice, it may be said, is on the side of moderation. This is admitted; and yet the habitual use of strong drink as a beverage prevails on every hand,—is all but universal. Several children of Methodists have, within the last year, drunk themselves into a premature grave!"

He was emphatically a lover of good men, and was ever ready to speak of those he esteemed as such in terms of warm affection. Thus he informs his brother:



"February 3, 1844: Good Dr. Aickin, who had a bad relapse in fever, and was given over, is recovering. To him death would have been gain; but he would be greatly missed and lamented. Thanks to God for his recovery! Mr. Stewart is full of rebuilding the Square. He is a very blessed man, and has not one grain of idle flesh upon him. He is not strong; and, if he embark in that undertaking, it will greatly add to his labours and cares." \*

On his return to Belfast from the Conference of 1844, resolving to begin the new Methodistic year well, he observes: "Much prayer and watchfulness are necessary, if we would have much grace." In noticing an increase of £12 in the Missionary income of the Circuit for that year, he gives it as his judgment that Methodism is always in a good state *when it can surpass itself*. Attending the Cork Conference, in June, 1845, he records: "Paid my first visit to the tomb of my loved ones; wept at the recollection of former days; and then thanked the Good Being, who permitted me to be left without my sainted Eliza, for the wife He has now given me,—a help meet to love and care for me and my dear children."

On the 31st of August, 1845, Mrs. William Stewart, whose praise is in all our churches, exchanged earth for heaven. Mr. Tackaberry's estimate of her character was very exalted: "Good Mrs. Stewart, whose equal, I think, was not to be found among the wives of our

\* By the erection of chapels, Ministers' dwellings, and otherwise, the Rev. William Stewart largely contributed to the present consolidated and hopeful condition of Irish Methodism. His love for the system and for the body was a fond, anxious, laborious, and unwearied affection. He rests from his labours, but his works follow him.

Ministers, died on Sunday, after a very brief illness. She had ornamented religion for sixty years; and she died, as she lived, full of faith and of the Holy Ghost. Mr. Stewart has requested me to preach her funeral sermon on Sunday evening next, in the chapel where she used to worship. I never felt the same amount of responsibility on such an occasion. She was the most remarkable woman I have known." The event was sanctified to himself: "Mrs. Stewart's death and other matters have driven me to my knees, and to self-examination, more frequently of late than was usual with me. I begin to feel I ought to be ready; ought to stand, lamp in hand, waiting for the Master's coming. A man at forty-nine ought to begin to reckon on removal as not far distant; at least, it may not be. I believe three die before fifty for one who lives to a later period." And it was sanctified also to his ministry: "I never preached so plainly in my life, so directly at the heart and conscience, as I am striving to do now. The place of a Methodist Preacher is a very responsible one! I receive many baptisms from above myself; but I need an abiding nearness to God, and without it I cannot be as useful as I otherwise might." The pointed style referred to did not lessen the number of hearers, but the contrary: "Our congregations were never so large in Frederick-street chapel since it was built as now." This speaks well for their good sense, and their desire to profit by the word preached.

Already, Mr. Tackaberry has been exhibited as an example of strong and unceasing filial affection. Among the many refreshing manifestations of it, the following claims the attention of children professing godliness:—"I often pray for you, and sometimes feel as if I had

power and prevailed. O, may every blessing for time and eternity be the portion of my own dear mother!" And he seized the opportunity of festivals, as well as other particular occasions, to add to her happiness. This he does December 25, 1845: "I write to wish you the holy joys of the season. We are all alive, and in our usual health, surrounded with unnumbered blessings. And glory be to God that my dear, dear mother, now within eight months of her seventieth year, is alive to bless her offspring; and, better still, alive to God, and cherishing a good hope of life eternal! O my mother! We shall live for ever; live with all that is excellent and glorious in God's universe; live with God Himself! What shall we be this day ten thousand years!

"My days go on busily and happily. Yesterday, for the first time, I married two couples in one ceremony. In honour of that event I presented each of the ladies with a copy of our Hymns. At five went to see old Widow Magennis in the hospital. This poor woman had her ribs broken by a cart passing over her on the street; and when, on my seeing her first, I expressed a hope of her recovery, she said, if God would have mercy on her, she would rather die; for, if she left that house alive, she should be unable to earn her bread, and she had not a friend or relation to go to—no door open in this world to take her in. My heart ached for her. I pointed her to the open Door—to the sinner's Friend, the Friend of the friendless; and yesterday had the pleasure of hearing from her own lips, 'God has pardoned me; I feel peace; Christ will save me.' O, what a Saviour is He! At eight I went to a Temperance tea-meeting, held in connexion with one of the great flax-mills in this town, and was not home till twelve. Not

having preparation made for morning, I sat until near two in my study, slept little, preached at half-past six, married another couple at eleven, and have now sat down to write to my beloved mother."

The formation of the Evangelical Alliance was hailed by him with unfeigned joy and lively hope. Speaking of Belfast, he says: "On Wednesday evening we had a meeting of Ministers of all the Protestant denominations in town, to form a branch of the Evangelical Alliance. I have seen no meeting in my life from which I augur so much good. Let that spirit be diffused, and the benefit to the church of God will be incalculable."

The original movement, unquestionably, was one in the right direction; and that much good has been done by it, few of my readers will deny. But whether the constitution of the Alliance is sufficiently complete, and whether the oneness of believers in the several churches of Protestantism has been manifested according to the will of Christ, may still admit of a doubt. The parties to such an Alliance should be the disciples of Christ,—“That THEY all might be one;” they should be members of the one SPIRITUAL church of which He is the Head, and the model of their union should be that subsisting between the Father and the Son,—“That they all may be one; as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in Us.” But how can such union exist, much less be developed, unless the members of the Alliance be *spiritual*, and consequently the subjects of *personal regeneration*? If the branches be not *vitally* united to the Vine, the members to the Head, how can they be sincerely and cordially united to one another? Whatever difficulty there may have been in organizing the Alliance upon other than a doctrinal basis, the will

of Christ, above referred to, indicates, with sufficient clearness, the necessity of individual spirituality, for the purposes of such a confederation. "He that loveth God" with filial affection, as the result of his own justification and adoption—and *he only*—will "love his brother also," "with a pure heart fervently." The filial relation is essential to the existence and manifestation of fraternal affection. And if the Alliance has not blessed "the world" to the extent desired and anticipated, will not these considerations serve, in great part, to explain the reason? Meanwhile, for the amount of good it has done all the friends of our common Christianity must rejoice.

Mr. Tackaberry's account of Alliance-meetings he attended at Liverpool shows how his heart went with the movement: "The Liverpool meetings are worth describing. I never saw—indeed I never expect to see—anything like them outside the gates of paradise. There were present about one hundred and fifty members of the Committee, amongst whom might be thirty laymen, representing seventeen Protestant denominations, and embracing in the representation several of the greatest and best Ministers in England, Ireland and Scotland. Of the English Episcopal Church, I admired Bickersteth, Haldane Stewart, Dr. Byrth, and Baptist Noel; of the Presbyterians, Dr. Buchanan, and Dr. King; of the Moravians, Latrobe; of the Independents, Dr. Raffles, and J. A. James; of the Wesleyans, Dr. Bunting, and T. Waugh. The object of the meetings was to bring together the truly excellent, in the various denominations, who will agree on the eight propositions of the Liverpool Conference of 1845. These eight propositions you must have seen in the public prints.

They are drawn up with admirable wisdom and skill. I never witnessed anything like the spirit of the meeting. Every morning we began by three prayers, a psalm, two hymns, and one or two chapters of God's word,—some eminent Minister presiding over the devotional exercises. Sir C. Eardley was the ordinary Chairman. No motion was passed at any sitting until every one in the room either approved of it, or, at least, was satisfied!

“The whole were entertained at the house of Christian friends, as our Preachers are at Conference. I stopped at the house of a Wesleyan, Thomas Davis, Esq., on the Birkenhead side of the Mersey. We all dined at two, in the school-room, under Mr. Lister's Baptist church. Dr. Raffles was Chairman at the dinner-table; and never in my life did I see such a mixture of the Christian spirit with the innocently playful, as at these dinner and tea meetings: for we took tea at four, and sat from five until ten. The Hon. and Rev. B. Noel and two Wesleyans stopped with a Baptist family. Since my return to Belfast, I was invited by the Ministers, who are members of the Committee, to meet them, and give an account of my mission; which I did at eleven on Monday. I had previously published to make a statement to my own congregation next Sunday evening. Meantime Mr. Gibson, the Minister of Dr. Hanna's church, waited on me, and requested me to let it be announced through town that I would occupy his pulpit on that evening, as his house would contain three thousand; but I declined, having been previously pledged to my own congregation.”

The attendance at the new chapel in Frederick-street, the principal chapel on his Circuit, continued to im-

prove. "The congregations are better," he says, "than at any period since the house was opened, taking the average. The chapel is always respectably attended on the Sabbath, generally full: but we have not a corresponding number of persons joining our classes. Did you hear the preaching they sit under, you would wonder either that they did not join the Society, or cease their attendance. We had a renewal of the Covenant after preaching last night, January 5, 1845, which will not soon be forgotten." The news of next month was still more cheering: "I have seen twenty and twenty-five profess conversion on a Sunday night. Still," he adds, fervently longing for yet greater displays of Divine power, "there is no right breaking down."

The increase of worshippers, also, in the Belfast South Circuit, required an increase of church-accommodation. To this he adverts, in reply to an inquiring friend: "You ask about the rebuilding of Donegal-square. So soon as Mr. Stewart can find £1,500, Mr. M'Connell will find an equal sum; and then, with £3,000 to commence, on it goes." Mr. Stewart did find the amount, having, by a Conference arrangement, travelled through the kingdom to procure it; and the noble-hearted WILLIAM M'CONNELL—the fondly attached and unswerving friend of Methodism—contributed the munificent sum of £1,500 towards the erection, which he rejoiced to see completed, and in which he worshipped, up to the time of his decease, with manifest delight and profit.

Having visited his friends in Tomagaddy, in the spring of 1846, Mr. Tackaberry writes to his mother on his return: "Short as my visit was, it did my spirit great good. To see my dear family, even for a little, is

to me no small gratification; while the hasty nature of our interviews, and the constant separations, tell me afresh, 'This is not our rest.' O mother! if we get to heaven after all, will it not be glorious? My mind turns to it; my heart longs for it; I hope yet to be there." He was distinguished for fraternal kindness as well as for filial tenderness: "Remember me to my dear, dear, dear sisters and brothers. It does my heart good to see them." Here ends his correspondence from Belfast.

Mr. Tackaberry was appointed, by the Conference of 1846, to the Sligo Circuit, where his ministry terminated with his life. Little did his Belfast friends anticipate, vigorous and energetic as he was, and likely to run his race of holy zeal and usefulness for many years, that in less than twelve months he should finish his course, and that they should see his face no more. The mournful sequel is fraught with lessons of solemn instruction and warning.

Immediately on his revival, to relieve the anxieties of his "dearest mother," he informs her: "All the children are very well, and quite taken up with the newness of everything here.....Mr. Jas. S. Waugh, my helper, is very much beloved; and I hope to show him a little kindness in return for that his father showed me twenty-two years ago, when I travelled with him. We have a small Society and congregation here, compared with that to which I have been accustomed the last three years: however, I believe there is room for us to enlarge our borders, if we can. The people have received us as sent of God; and, if He be with us, all will be right."

The picture he draws of the town, and of the appear-



ance, manners, and habits of the people, is sufficiently sombre, because, as yet, PROTESTANTISM had not been permitted to exert its elevating influence upon the masses of the population. These dark pencillings might, if need were, serve as a back-ground for the following religious intelligence :—"The fortnight I spent in London was very agreeable. The Alliance movement I consider a remarkable and hopeful one. Indeed, if this spirit continue to prevail, it cannot fail to do good in the church and the world. We held our District-Meeting in Ballina on Wednesday. It was a profitable time; and, what is not often the case, all appeared pleased with the division made of the Contingent grant." (Mr. Tackaberry was the Chairman.) "The young brethren on trial have agreed to prepare for an examination, at the May District, in Wesley on 'Original Sin,' the first volume of Horne's 'Introduction to the Critical Study of the Scriptures,' D'Aubigné's 'Reformation,' and the Epistles to the Romans and Hebrews. I am not without hope that this examination will be made useful to them, to myself, and the brethren. The more I know of the Circuit, I like it the better. Prayer and expectation are in exercise, and I trust God will favour us with a good year."

Thenceforward, his home-correspondence is chiefly a history of the potato blight, and the famine, with a frightful train of calamities,—calamities which deeply affected his sympathetic nature, and, there is room to fear, predisposed him for the disease which terminated his valuable life. A correct idea may be formed of the condition of the country from such extracts as the following :—"October 1. I believe things are now at the worst, and provisions higher than they will be

before next August; but the people are within an inch of desperation. I think we will soon have thousands of tons of Indian corn from America, which has not yet had time to arrive, and then prices must fall; but those who ought to soothe the public mind, and from their position might do so, are mad! They 'must have their rents or their land,' is the cry to a starving, maddened tenantry; but not a word of explanation or comfort. Human nature cannot long bear up under such privations and sufferings. My heart aches for the people. A teeming population; no potatoes, and nothing in their stead! Still, as David thought, it is better to fall into the hands of God than into the hands of man."

"November 28. We are well, thank God, and have food to eat. At any time these are mercies, but this year especially so. O, the starvation I have witnessed the last three weeks! Were it not for the public works, we should have robbery and plunder on a broad scale; but, though productive of much good, they cannot meet the case. Hundreds in this country will, I think, die of hunger this year. On Thursday we got a soup-kitchen opened. I purchased a few tickets for gratuitous distribution; but the poor do not much care for it without bread. The state of things is unfavourable to piety; the public eye and ear are so occupied with sights and tales of woe. There seems scarcely room for any subject but, 'What shall I eat?' It is truly appalling!"

"December 2. Within the last three weeks I visited, in town and country, about sixty of the poorest families I could hear of. Such scenes of wretchedness these eyes never witnessed! Cottiers and conacre-men are very badly off; but squatters, hundreds of whom are in

this country, worst of all. A squatter is one who builds a temporary cabin upon a bog or mountain, (the former of choice, as furnishing firing,) and reclaims a spot on which he plants a few potatoes, and these are all his. He pays no rent, owns no landlord, keeps possession while he may, and, when disturbed or driven off, has little to leave when abandoning his cabin. We have no appearance of a turning to God as the result of all this; no, not the least sign of it. Indeed Popery, under the rod, waxes worse and worse! And then the gentry are at their wit's end. I have discovered whole families living on one meal of boiled cabbage each day for five days preceding my inquiry! You see I consider our condition here very unfavourable to piety. The mind is filled with this state of things; *filled*,—no room for anything else. You see my own mind is full of it; and so would yours, if you were here. Our Sunday and week-evening congregations are noble for Sligo."

"December 5. We have good congregations, but little beside which gives promise of a revival: indeed, such is the state of the public mind that every subject is precluded but the all-absorbing one—food. I have kept an account of every family I visited who were in extreme want, principally with the view of stirring up others to visit them; or, at least, to direct public attention to them. You would be surprised at the number of persons who have made up their minds to stay within doors and die,—ay, to die of want! and no one is seeking out in order to relieve these sons and daughters of destitution. True, they are, for the most part, Romanists; but are they to be let die?" Deeply engrained as was his aversion to Popery, thus compassionately did he distinguish between the people and

the system. "I have almost wished to be in America the last week. What to do for the thousands who are starving I know not, and it is hard to look at them."

The view is somewhat relieved in his next: "Of my family I have good to tell. We are wonderfully well, and have *food to eat*. Never did I feel that so great a mercy as now. I am endeavouring to keep my eye on a better country, and to do a little good while in this.

"There are a few old Methodists on this Circuit,—fine specimens of a former race. Old Mr. Lytle, one for seventy years, aged eighty-four. He was brought to God through Mr. Graham's instrumentality, before he went out as a Preacher. Mr. Lytle heard the venerable Wesley three or four times. Mr. Smith Henry, aged eighty-five, many years a Wesleyan. Both have been Leaders for many years."

In February he writes: "The state of this town and Circuit is awful beyond anything which can be imagined, unless you saw it. No written statements can convey to you the reality: famine, dysentery, fever, death, *everywhere*. O! 'tis positively appalling! Since the 9th of November, I have given from three to five hours a day in town, and often in the country, to visiting the poor, the sick, and dying; and I generally visit three Romanist families for one Protestant. On Saturday I found in a small room a woman and her two children in one bed in fever, and in another a woman and child, and no one to give them meat or drink!"

The money raised by the Wesleyans in England for the relief of Irish distress was to be distributed, according to Dr. Bunting's suggestion, to Roman Catholics as well as Protestants. To this a friend having objected, Mr. Tackaberry rejoins: "I do not think so unfavourably

of Dr. Bunting's plan as you do. *Part* will be reserved as a special fund to be given to Wesleyans. I found a case in point this week,—an interesting girl, with a widowed mother, and three younger sisters, all lying in bed a whole Sabbath fasting; but no complaint, no application, nor could Leader or Preacher elicit their circumstances. I have been much among the poor the last month; and things, I assure you, are in an awful state. Many are dying. Many must die! O the misery I witness! Want of night and day clothing, firing, and food! First weak, then sick, then very ill, then dying, and none to save, and then *dead!* Jehovah's red right arm is bared, is stretched forth. His lightning flashes; but who regards it?.....Before I leave for the country to-morrow, I rejoice to tell you, at the close of another fortnight, that, in the midst of the general destitution, we have food, fuel, clothing; in the midst of sickness, health; and, surrounded with moral darkness, darkness that may be felt, we have light in our dwelling, and the door-post of our house is sprinkled with the blood."

Mr. Tackaberry eagerly availed himself of the opportunities thus afforded him for doing spiritual good also: "I have got tracts from our Book-Room, which I give and lend as I visit. I pray with most of the Protestants, and I tell the Romanists of Him who made satisfaction for them on Calvary." At last the mental pressure became such as to endanger his own life. "About six weeks since, my mind sunk very much for a week or two, from beholding the misery around me: I found myself often affected to tears, when I went into my study, or whenever I was alone. But I thought this would expose me to the influence of fever, disqualify

me for usefulness, and dispirit me in every effort I might make: so I looked up for help, shook it off, and am myself again." "I would be glad to lie by for awhile; but this is out of the question. Good Mr. Graham used to say, 'The life of a Methodist Preacher was to keep him poor and busy;' so that we have life here to perfection!"

By this time (April) the price of food was lower; there were not so many in a starving condition; and Mr. Tackaberry was, to a great extent, "himself again." Ever ready to see, feel, and express his motives for gratitude, he says: "Healthy, in the midst of sickness; happy in the midst of misery; cheerful, generally, in the midst of gloom; abounding in the midst of want; have not I cause to be thankful?" He had other causes as well: "Our Missionary Meetings are over, and they were interesting, numerous attended, *good*. I was at Annadale and Drumshambo yesterday, and was glad to meet some to whom the Lord made me useful three-and-twenty years ago, steadily pious, and going on their way rejoicing."

The last letter he ever wrote is the fruit of filial affection undiminished. It refers to a prevailing epidemic by which he was attacked, but from which he speedily recovered; and describes the condition in which he found the boy from whom it is believed he took the fever of which he died:—

"MY DEAREST MOTHER,—Since I wrote you last, I have had to conduct the business of our District-Meeting, attend Missionary Meetings, and look after various other matters, beside my ordinary duties. However, I have been very well, and very cheerful, everything

considered, excepting the one day's attack of which I wrote you. Sunday and Monday, April 25-6, a burning wind passed over this part of the country, which was very injurious to vegetable life. The hedge-rows appeared—indeed, appear still—as if a red-hot brand had been passed along them; and nearly every second person was attacked with bowel affection.

“I was driven, on Monday last, to seek shelter for self and horse, from a violent shower, in a poor cabin. In a shed, at the end of it, lay a poor orphan boy of ten years old, who was taken from the side of his brother's dead body, in a wood, four days previously. The little wretch soon had his story told. ‘His father, a tailor, died five years ago; his mother, soon after, leaving three sons. The eldest, sixteen, went off seeking work, and was not heard of since; the second, aged fourteen, worked in spring and harvest for his bit, but this hard year could get no one to employ him. They begged, but got little for begging, every one bidding them go away. They became ragged, dirty, sickly-looking; the people were afraid they had fever, and would not let them in. They slept under hedges, went into the wood, lay under a holly-tree; the elder gave all he got to the younger, and lived himself on water-grass. He soon became weak, and died four days ago.’ This poor child was all but dead when discovered. There he was now in the shed, and the poor man could get no one to take him away; while his own large family were not far removed from starving.

“On Tuesday I hired a car, took cap, shirt, vest, coat, trousers, stockings, boots; comb, scissors, soap, towel, brush. His condition I shall not attempt to describe. I had his hair cut close, and himself washed and brushed

with soap and warm water again and again and again; lifted him naked into the cabin, and dressed him from head to foot. His first remark was, 'Ah! if any one had done this for my poor brother, he would not have died.'

"I have him at lodging in this town. He is an intelligent little fellow; and, I think, of an affectionate disposition; and I hope Patrick Feeny will soon be able to go out as an errand-boy or servant, if we can procure a place for him. He could not have lived many days in the shed.—All very well; and all send loves to grandma.

"Your affectionate old son,

"F. TACKABERRY."

This letter was written on the 13th of May; and on the 20th he returned to Sligo from the Boyle Circuit, where he had been at Missionary Meetings; on which day he first complained of indisposition. His disease proved to be typhus-fever, which baffled all medical skill and attention. He did not speak much during his illness; but, while consciousness remained, frequently uttered short exclamations of praise and prayer. "Thank God," he said at one time, "my lamp is trimmed." He frequently repeated Heb. iv. 16, and with peculiar emphasis, pausing at each clause, as if to ponder its meaning: "Let us therefore—come boldly—unto the throne—of grace—that we may obtain—mercy—and find—grace to help—in—time of need." His disease soon rendered articulation imperfect, and in a few days impossible. This eminently devoted and useful servant of Jesus Christ entered into the joy of his Lord, June 3, 1847, in the fifty-first year of his age, and twenty-fifth of his ministry.

During his residence in Sligo, short as it was, he



secured the esteem and affection of all who knew him. His public intercessions became more fervent, and his preaching more powerfully impressive, as his end drew near. His friendly and pastoral intercourse was pervaded by a spirit of still deeper piety, of still holier zeal. The increase of his spirituality was observed with admiration and encouragement by the people of his charge. He had morning prayer-meetings established, visited the sick poor *everywhere*,—in the lanes and alleys of the town, and in the remotest districts of the country where he could have access; often leaving his horse in the care of a man on the road-side, and traveling over bogs and ditches in quest of the sons and daughters of want and suffering, of whom he had heard. These visits he made the occasion of administering spiritual counsel and consolation, as well as physical relief. His brethren at the District-Meeting were much struck with the spirit in which he conducted the official business,—so solemn, so heavenly. At his desire, they commemorated with him the love of Christ in the Sacramental Supper, never more to enjoy such privilege together until they should drink the new wine in the kingdom of God.

For three months before his death, his prayers at family-worship were more earnest, varied, and importunate than ever. His seasons for retirement were observed with greater regularity and punctuality. He and his esteemed colleague often conversed and prayed together. The Evangelical Alliance meetings in Sligo yielded him much hallowed enjoyment. One who knew the fact says he could scarcely have been happier out of paradise. He was, consequently, much beloved by the members of that Alliance.

From the first he had no hope of recovery. The fourth morning of his illness, hearing singing and prayer in the chapel, he expressed delight that the prayer-meetings had not been given up, evincing strong desire for the prosperity of the Sligo Society. One day, at an advanced stage of the disease, after being apparently for a length of time unconscious, he opened his eyes and prayed: "O Holy Spirit, the Comforter, comfort my wife!" Often, during his illness, did he thank God for the kind hands that ministered to him. Several Roman Catholics came miles to attend his funeral at eight o'clock in the morning. His funeral sermon was preached by the Rev. Noble Shepherd, Independent Minister, to an excessively crowded congregation. To him, therefore, whose "life and labours" form the subject of these pages, the lines of Dr. Watts will be regarded as strikingly applicable:

"How fine has the day been! How bright was the sun!  
How lovely and joyful the course that he run!  
Though he rose in a mist, when his race he begun,  
And there follow'd some droppings of rain:  
But now the fair traveller comes to the west,  
His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best;  
He paints the sky gay, as he sinks to his rest,  
And foretells a bright rising again."

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## CHAPTER X.

## CONCLUSION.

THE main features of Mr. Tackaberry's portrait, intellectual, spiritual, ministerial, having been brought out in the foregoing narrative, it is believed that any who ever saw and heard him will not need doubtingly to inquire, "Is it like?" It only remains, therefore, in conclusion, to blend those delineations by a few finishing-strokes, so as to render the picture somewhat more complete.

His general manner was easy, affable, affectionate, highly calculated to please all for their good to edification. He was respectful to the aged, regarding those with a truly religious veneration whose hoary head was found in the way of righteousness; kindly assiduous in his attention to the young, in whose welfare he ever discovered a lively interest, by a winning carriage, and by the familiar communication of scriptural knowledge;—always aiming to render the impression deep and permanent by the consideration of eternal rewards and punishments. Unambitious to mind high things, he condescended to men of low estate. For such reasons, it might almost be said he was universally beloved in those circles where he had friendly or official intercourse.

The graciousness of his manner was not assumed: it was the natural fruit of a benevolent disposition. To

this disposition, itself Divinely implanted, are to be traced his efforts, from the first, to alleviate human misery. Before he entered the ministry, (so had the grace and providence of God disposed and enabled him,) he did incalculable good to poor Romanists and Protestants alike, by administering medicine, in which, by study, he had acquired some skill, and by donations of money, as urgent necessity required. "Never," says his aunt Morris, "could I forget the benignant kindness of his look and manner one morning that he came to preach to us, the door not having been opened, and a large number of respectable friends waiting outside, when a poor squalid old man, tottering from the opposite side, made known his complaint, and asked his advice. He stopped, bent toward him, heard him out, told him what to do, and put the means of relief into his hand."

His piety was deep and unaffected; and the spirit which he breathed was that of a Christian whose love abounded "yet more and more in knowledge and in all judgment." His conversation, sermons, and prayers were those of one who was a conscious partaker of the Divine favour and image. His constant and touching references to the atonement and priesthood of the Son of God gave evidence of the heartfelt delight he felt in dwelling on these glorious themes. Seldom have I met any person in whom religion appeared more attractive. In his demeanour there was no repulsive moroseness; nothing that could tempt an observer to confound godliness with gloom. In him cheerfulness and seriousness were instructively blended. Some there are, whose piety we are unwilling to question, who dwell so continually, in thought and word, on sombre subjects,—

temptations, deficient grace, and impracticable requirements,—as to produce the impression on the pleasure-loving world, that they serve a hard taskmaster. Not so Mr. Tackaberry. In his case duty was esteemed as privilege; his work was his pleasure; so that he could say, “I find Thy service my reward.” His own will lost in the will of God, he felt it delightfully easy to bear the yoke of Him whom he regarded as his Master, Friend, and Saviour. Thus did he prove that “love is the fulfilling of the law.” By a diligent use of the means of grace, especially in private, he sought to obtain a constant increase of this love. He was emphatically a man of prayer; and it has already been seen that it was in the exercises of the closet chiefly he rose to that spirituality for which he was so distinguished. Hence the holy unction, the powerful demonstration of the Spirit which marked his public ministrations.

“When one that holds communion with the skies  
Has fill’d his urn where these pure waters rise,  
And once more mingles with us meaner things,  
'Tis e’en as if an angel shook his wings;  
Immortal fragrance fills the circuit wide,  
That tells us whence his treasures are supplied.”

If ever Mr. Tackaberry’s cheerfulness seemed to pass the proper line,—and occasionally his ordinarily good spirits might be said to overflow,—it rarely, if ever, degenerated into pointless humour, much less into profane levity. At such times it would rather be regarded by the candid and charitable observer as a constitutional playfulness, or the extreme joyousness of a man who had cast *all* his care on God. That his piety was always unalloyed, no one acquainted with him would venture to assert. To affirm that he uniformly

made the best use of money, that he never spoke with undue warmth of those whose conduct he disapproved, or, that his feelings never ran before his judgment, would be saying more than the facts would warrant. But, as the needle, slightly disturbed by magnetic influences in passing the coast, soon recovers from its vibrations, the vessel still urging her way safely; so speedily did his tender spirit rally, while he prosecuted his heavenward voyage "with steady helm and well-bent sail." He was a diligent student. Having a large and well-selected library, he was anxious to cultivate every branch of useful knowledge. He prized the attainment of scientific or literary information, in proportion as it enabled him to understand and elucidate the word of God. Generally, he was deeply engaged in such pursuits soon after five o'clock in the morning. With a volume of his Walton's Polyglot before him, and with Lexicons, Commentaries, and other works of reference, he searched the Oracles Divine earnestly, assiduously, prayerfully; desirous that the word of Christ might dwell in him richly in all wisdom. His etymological knowledge often enabled him to clothe, with all the charms of novelty, subjects which otherwise might have been commonplace and uninteresting. Although he read the Scriptures with more or less facility in six or seven different languages, the simple object of these studies was not that he might become a thorough linguist, but that he might understand, appreciate, and expound those truths which God has revealed for the instruction and salvation of the children of men.

He delighted in expository preaching, for which he was himself peculiarly adapted. His style was not

florid, nor did he aim at being euphonious. He was clear, laconic, forcible; and, when greatly excited, diffuse and declamatory,—at such times stirring the deepest emotions of the heart. His aim, however, was to *teach*—not merely to convince, warn, persuade—in every sermon; and hence his efforts to enrich his mind with such varied information as might enable him to array Divine truth in the most attractive garb. His knowledge of history, and of the arts and sciences, often gave him a facility in presenting the themes of his discourses under aspects singularly striking and impressive. He had a decided preference for the study of Oriental languages and usages, and a singular aptitude for illustrating Christian doctrine by the Jewish ceremonial, and by the manners and customs of ancient nations. Lightfoot, Kitto, Roberts, and others, who have been expositors of the Mosaic economy, were with him favourite authors. He has been sometimes heard to say that the kind of sermon most pleasing to him would be one in which luminous exposition was intermingled with striking eastern illustrations, and wound up with a pointed and powerful application. He was well read in the writings of the principal Puritan divines; but while, in some respects, he most admired Howe, he rather modelled his style after Baxter. The pathetic fervour with which he appealed to the heart, combined with his other qualities, made him popular everywhere.

In his ministry no maudlin sentimentality was ever allowed to dilute the sincere milk of the word. He magnified the law, and dwelt with much fidelity on the evil and demerit of sin, as the transgression of that law. So vivid and graphic have been his descriptions of pre-

vailing vices, that many of his guilty auditors felt his words were as "arrows in the heart of the King's enemies." His sermons were effective, because he did not preach *for* his congregations, but *to* them. Never could they forget that his business was with them *individually*. To stand in the pulpit merely to repeat *before* the audience an ingenious essay; to seek applause by the gracefulness of his gestures, or the harmony of his sentences,—making such applause his end; was, in his judgment, to desecrate the sacred office, contract fearful guilt, and incur the Divine displeasure. He preached to sinners as if he had just received his commission at the foot of the Cross. Losing sight of himself, this EARNEST MINISTER came amongst them,

"With cries, entreaties, tears, to save,  
To snatch them from the gaping grave!"

He preached as if he felt all the solemn weight, all the eternal importance, of the message he delivered. Yet his clear and rapid enunciation, his energetic but pleasing action, his frequent transitions from one correlative topic to another, gave to his sermons all the variety, distinctness, and harmony which are combined in a well-executed picture; his beaming countenance, meanwhile, expressing the thrilling emotions which struggled within for utterance. These sentences may call to mind Cowper's description of "a preacher such as Paul:"

"I would express him simple, grave, sincere;  
In doctrine uncorrupt;—in language plain,  
And plain in manner; decent, solemn, chaste,  
And natural in gesture; much impress'd  
Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,



And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds  
May feel it too; affectionate in look,  
And tender in address, as well becomes  
A messenger of grace to guilty men.  
He 'stablishes the strong, restores the weak,  
Reclaims the wanderer, binds the broken heart,  
And, arm'd himself in panoply complete  
Of heavenly temper, furnishes with arms,  
Bright as his own, and trains, by every rule  
Of holy discipline, to glorious war,  
The sacramental host of God's elect."

Mr. Tackaberry's constant reference to the atonement in his sermons and prayers has been already mentioned: not, indeed, that there is anything remarkable in the fact that a Christian Minister makes Christ crucified the Alpha and Omega. What impressed his hearers was the *manner* in which he descanted upon "Love's redeeming work." In *heart* he glorified in the Cross. When preaching, praying, or administering the Lord's Supper, he often seemed as if Christ were evidently set forth crucified before him; his sublime, his *only* aim, to persuade all present to "behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

The effect of Richard Baxter's tones, in preaching, was peculiar; and there was an indescribable pathos of imploring earnestness in Mr. Tackaberry's voice and manner, accompanied generally by a powerful unction from above, which often melted a whole congregation into tears. The gracious fruit of his overwhelming appeals and entreaties, at such times, continues, in numerous instances, to this day.

To conclude: If, in early life, he was not favoured by the God of Providence with superior educational advantages; if other Ministers have been endowed by the God of nature with higher qualities of intellect,

imagination, or eloquence;—the God of all grace dealt the more bountifully with him and with the church, in that, like the son of consolation, “he was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith: and much people was added unto the LORD.”

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